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A Godspeed

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

God speed Old Glory when she takes the road to France!
Through the thundering of the legions where the bugles play advance
God speak: "The fight is mine. Carry you my conquering lance."
God speed Old Glory on!

God send Old Glory first and foremost in the fight!
Fling her far, O God of battles, in the van, for the right.
Lift our hearts up to our freedom's flag of red-and-blue-and-white.
God fling Old Glory far!

God guard Old Glory clean through battle grime and sweat!
Consecrate the men who serve her so that none may e'er forget
How the honor of the colors lies within his keeping yet.
God guard Old Glory clean!

God bring Old Glory home in honor, might, and pride!
Battle-black and bullet-slashed and stripes streaming wide,
Gorgeous with the memories of men who greatly died—
God bring Old Glory home!

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A MISFIT

By L. Allen Harker

Illustrations by Denman Fink

RONNIE left the beach and climbed the steep slope till he reached the summit, where rough grass and stones edged golden corn-fields that stretched inland as far as the eye could see.

No one noticed that he had gone. Miss Biddle, the holiday governess, sat reading in the shade of the cliff, absorbed in "The Blue Necklace." His cousins, Cedric and Githa, both older than he, were building an elaborate sand-castle according to a diagram spread on the sand and held in place by stones laid on the four corners.

When he reached the top he turned his back upon the beach and sat down on a big stone, elbows on knees, and hands clasped under the sharp little chin that rested on them. The yellow corn-fields became blurred and dim as he gazed, for Ronnie was lonely and dreadfully home-sick. Everybody he cared for seemed so far away—even Uncle Gerald, the kind and understanding, was shooting in Scotland and seemed remote as father and mother in India.

The big tears brimmed over and fell. Then everything grew clear again. It was very pretty, the corn, billowing in golden waves under the soft wind; but its beauty did not cheer him. Rather did he remember dismally that last time he sat beside it, insects, that he decided must be singularly silent, and stealthy mosquitoes came out and bit him so that he was all over itching lumps afterward. All the same, he didn't move; he was too miserable. Moreover, he had that morning come to the conclusion that something must be done. He had no idea what. But ideas came with reflection. So, after a sniff or two, he unclasped his hands, polished his nose with his sleeve, and then sat very still, going over in his mind all the time since he came home to try and discover why there should be

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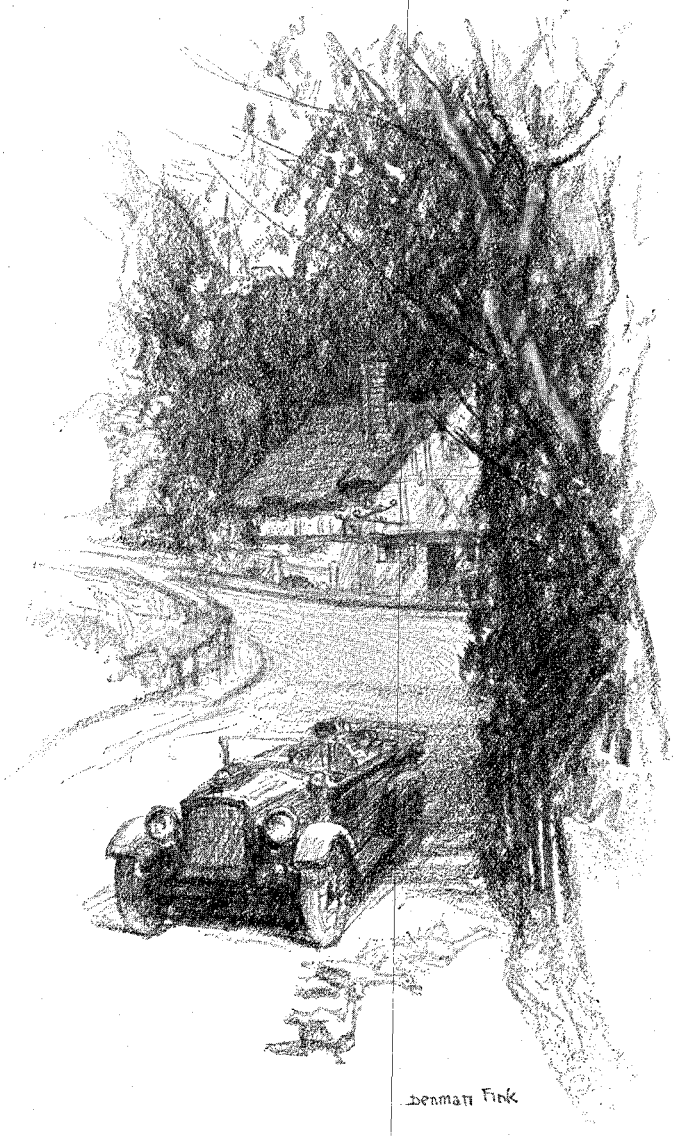
what he called "a kind-of-a-ness" over everything.

He was quite fair. He recognized that it was partly his own fault for getting him with. He had been coming for good next hot weather, when he would be seven, with mother and baby brother. They were coming then for certain. But



A long drive in a motor through green country lanes.—Page 648.

fever in the cold weather. Then, too, fate had conspired against him, for the Friths were coming home in the middle of May. If they hadn't been sailing then there would have been nobody to send a whole year, to a child, seems an interminable, abysmal space that no hopes can bridge.

He had known all along that he was to go to Aunt Hildegarde till mother came

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back—Aunt Hildegarde, who lived in a place called Golder's Green. He knew that there was an Uncle Edward and two cousins; in fact he faintly remembered having seen them last time he came home, but as he was only three then his impressions were somewhat hazy.

Perhaps if he had come straight to these relatives he might have shaken down better, but the fates had settled otherwise. Just as the P. & O. reached Marseilles, Cedric and Githa got measles; and Aunt Hildegarde, who was most conscientious, decided that she couldn't possibly allow Ronnie to run the risk of infection. She therefore appealed to Uncle Gerald to take him till all danger was past.

This, had Ronnie known it, was asking a good deal; for Uncle Gerald, who was his father's uncle, was an elderly bachelor of fairly fixed habits. Nevertheless, as he was fond of Ronnie's parents and there really seemed to be nobody else, he agreed to take the little boy till such time as the nursery at Golder's Green was ready to receive him. He even came up himself to Charing Cross to meet the P. & O. express, and took over Ronnie from kind Mrs. Frith, who, with three children of her own to look after, had yet found room in her heart to love Ronnie quite a lot.

As he sat there in the sunshine gazing at the golden waves, he thought of the blue-green waves that washed around the big home-bound steamer, and in remembering the voyage unconsciously compared his aunt and Mrs. Frith, wondering why it was Aunt Hildegarde made you "feel so different." Mrs. Frith was often hasty—four children and an ayah in the Red Sea are enough to put an edge on the smoothest temper—but she was always fair even in her hastiness. And she judged the exasperating conduct of Ronnie with precisely the same amount of irritation as she brought to bear on that of her own offspring. Aunt Hildegarde kept a quite separate compartment in her mind for the consideration of Ronnie. He was conscious of this and resented it. Then memory swung back to Uncle Gerald—Uncle Gerald coming down the drive in a cloud of dogs.

As he thought of the dogs the big tears welled up again and rolled down his cheeks. Everything about that first day in England seemed to stand out before him in a series of pictures like those he had once seen at a theatre in India. There was all the bustle and rushing at Charing Cross. Uncle Gerald, tall, with closely trimmed gray beard and kind, keen eyes under his bald forehead—such a lot of forehead Uncle Gerald had. Ronnie even remembered hearing Mrs. Frith say: "Oh, he's a dear little soul—very talkative and officious, but quite affectionate; cheerful, too—which is a great matter with children, don't you think?" Then there was a scramble for luggage. Ronnie's little cabin trunk was disentangled. He was embraced by all the Frith family and Ayah, and hand in hand with this tall, unknown Uncle Gerald hurried down the big station to a taxi-cab. They drove across London to another station, where they had tea, and into the train again, for quite a short journey this time. Then a long drive in a motor through green country lanes till they turned into some big gates and drove up to a house whence issued a most tremendous barking and yapping. The door was opened and four dogs rushed out—long-bodied, rough-haired, West Highland terriers, their color ranging from almost black to lightish gray—who jumped all over Uncle Gerald with noisy manifestations of delight, sniffed curiously at Ronnie, and, as he was not in the least afraid of them, took him into favor at once and jumped on him.

Collum and Puddock, and Mona their mother, and frisky, cheeky little Rannoch, who was no relation to any of them and took the greatest liberties with all three.

All Uncle Gerald's servants had been with him for untold ages, and all were elderly excepting the housemaid, who had only been there a short ten years and occasionally was still spoken of as "that new girl." Her name was Grace, and she came from somewhere near Perth, and it was to her care that Ronnie was intrusted for such matters as bathing and dressing and hair-brushing.

Before he slept that night he knew all about Grace, and decided that she was a person to be cultivated. But he felt that about all of them. His coming into that

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Before he slept that night he knew all about Grace.—Page 648.

silent (save for the dogs), regular house was something of an adventure. The household rose to it, and the loquacious, inquisitive, lively little boy never even knocked at their hearts but walked straight in and took possession. He decided that England was a nice place: a bit cold, perhaps, when one got up in the morning, but very pretty and full of interesting things to do. He gardened with the three gardeners, wasting hours of their time and starting endless horticultural experiments which were wholly without result. He cleaned the motor with Robinson, and got so wet that Grace, looking out of the pantry window, caught him and changed all his clothes, which he thought very unnecessary. It was her one fault—she was always so suspicious of damp.

He penetrated to the kitchen and discussed its small resemblance to an Indian kitchen with Mrs. Robinson, who was Robinson's wife. He was very fond of telling them about India, and thoroughly enjoyed their respectful astonishment at some of his tallest stories, and when he wasn't telling things himself he asked questions. All day long he asked questions, so that when he was safe in bed and asleep Uncle Gerald would take down large, heavy tomes from the bookcases

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and prime himself with useful knowledge for the morrow.

Into every corner of that big old house did Ronnie poke his inquisitive curly head, and the more he saw of it the better he liked it. It was such a kind, welcoming sort of house. Of course, sometimes he wanted his mother pretty badly, and then he sought Uncle Gerald, who seemed to know exactly what was wrong, and, no matter what he was doing, would find time for a homesick little boy; and by the charms of his conversation, and sometimes without any conversation at all, would so steep Ronnie in an atmosphere of warm friendship that the curious ache would depart, leaving no remembrance of it.

And now, as he sat looking into the forest of corn, there came to his mind a piece of poetry that he had learned, to please Uncle Gerald. It was a very great adventure that led to the learning of these verses, and Ronnie thrilled with the remembrance. One night early in that June, one never-to-be-forgotten night, Uncle Gerald came into his room and woke him up, made Grace put on his clothes, and then wrapped him up in a blanket and carried him out to the back of the house, where there was a little copse.

The dogs were not allowed to come.

It was a brilliant, moonlight night—almost like a night in India, except that it was nothing like so warm. The copse looked very black against the sky, but they didn't go into it; they stayed outside just beside the wire fence, and some way off he could see the servants standing in a group.

"I felt I must wake you," Uncle Gerald whispered, just as though he were at a concert and feared to disturb the artists; "it's the first of the nightingales—listen!"

Ronnie held his breath and listened with all his might; but at first all he could hear was a soft, whispering sort of note that seemed to say tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tik!

He pressed his cheek against Uncle Gerald's and yawned. The soft note changed to a full-throated song full of trills and cascades and roulades, and occasional odd chuckles. He supposed it was very wonderful (though he infinitely preferred Robinson's whistling of "The Sailor's Star"), but he was not so much interested in the nightingales as in the night. It was so big and mysterious and scented and silvery out in that moonshine; so warm and safe in Uncle Gerald's arms. It was such *fun* to be out so late, and to hear nightingales like a grown-up person.

Ronnie's little soul was flooded with an immense content.

They listened for what seemed to him a very long time, and he was nearly falling asleep again when Uncle Gerald said suddenly, still in that hushed, concerty sort of voice: "There! isn't that fine? But I must take you home to bed." And as they went back Uncle Gerald repeated some poetry to himself. Ronnie didn't understand it in the least, but next day asked his uncle to "tell again that bit about fairy lands for lawns."

Uncle Gerald laughed and said it wasn't quite that, but he "told it again," and then suggested that it would be nice if Ronnie, having heard one, learned what a poet called Keats had said about a nightingale, and Ronnie, who had a quick ear and retentive memory, learned two long verses—the end of the poem, Uncle Gerald said—and used to repeat them to his uncle to their mutual pride and satisfaction.

And now as he sat beside this corn-field there sounded in his head the lines:

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
. . . . . .
Forlorn! the very word is like a knell. . . ."

That was just what Ronnie was. He spared no pity for Ruth, though he knew all about her—for Uncle Gerald had told him. At all events *she* had not had to go and live with an aunt at Golder's Green, and with odious, priggish, plump cousins who made fun of the way he talked and took no interest whatever in India.

He detested Golder's Green. The house seemed so small and pokey and the garden so prim after the great rooms in India and Uncle Gerald's kindly, wandering old house and big friendly garden.

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Drawn by Denman Fink.

He gardened with the three gardeners, . . . starting endless horticultural experiments.—Page 649.

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The trim roads and jumbled, pretty little houses weighed upon him with a deadly weight of depression, though he couldn't have told why. There were no dogs either, only a large, aloof cat, called "Ra," that Aunt Hildegarde used to enthrone on a cushion placed on a kind of pillar, while she and visiting ladies, attired in straight, sad-colored garments, sandals, and digitated socks, sat round about upon the floor and enthused upon his wondrous beauty and wisdom. Ronnie would have liked Ra if he might have stroked and cuddled him, but the children were not allowed to touch him, as he was supposed to be fierce and resentful of such attentions.

Ronnie was always in trouble, always doing or, even more often, saying what he ought not. Seeing ladies who wore veils on their heads and had bare feet and sandals, he asked if they were ayahs; on being told hastily "of course not," he suggested that they were Parsi ladies and was severely snubbed in consequence.

He was slow and clumsy over the little handicrafts his cousins practised with such skill and industry, and when Cedric and Githa irritated him beyond bearing he tried to beat them, which caused a frightful commotion and filled the whole household with consternation.

His aunt and uncle were not like Uncle Gerald in the matter of answering questions. To be sure, they told him all sorts of things he didn't particularly want to know, or knew already, but they refused to answer questions. They held his cousins up to him as models, a fatal thing to do, and they made no allowance for a lonely little boy suddenly transported to an entirely new environment. They were cold, too, sniffy and uninterested in all he had to say about Uncle Gerald, and this he resented extremely. He could not know that they were a centre of light and leading in the most superior set in Golder's Green, and that there existed between them and Uncle Gerald the deep-seated, never-expressed, hearty dislike of the *poseur* for the simple and sincere.

Had he but known it, Uncle Gerald took care that he never came across them more often than the very remote connection warranted. But Aunt Hildegarde was mother's only sister, and she seemed the natural guardian for Ronnie, and Uncle Gerald never interfered in other people's concerns. But he had his doubts, and his heart was sore for the frank, talkative little boy when he left him.

Nobody was actively unkind. He had plenty to eat, a nice room which he shared with Cedric, who was destined for a school all fads and flannel shirts, and already could make his own bed and empty his washing-basin—matters wherein Ronnie was hopelessly ignorant and showed no aptitude when Cedric tried to teach him. That was the mischief: Cedric and Githa were always teaching and let him know it, and it roused every evil disposition in Ronnie, so that he was rapidly becoming a sort of Ishmael both in feeling and in fact.

Then Miss Biddle brought them to the seaside while aunt and uncle went for a walking tour in Wales.

The soft wind blew a cloud over the sun. Ronnie shivered and arose from his stone. Cedric and Githa were still absorbed in their plan. Miss Biddle was breathlessly following the fortunes of "The Hon. Jane." Ronnie, wilfully disobedient, decided to go for a walk by himself along the edge of the corn-field. No ideas had come to him except the omnipresent determination to go back to Uncle Gerald till mother should come home.

But how?

He was sensible and sophisticated enough to know he couldn't walk there, and that he hadn't enough money to go by train. He had, to be precise, exactly one penny in the world: the weekly penny given to each of them every Monday by Miss Biddle on behalf of Uncle Edward. He couldn't write, and he knew that it would both distress and annoy his aunt if she heard that he was unhappy in her house. She would never *see* he was unhappy; he was sure of that. She would only see that he was "unpleasant."

He stumped along, picking his way through the stones and thistles, big with an entirely vague purpose, when suddenly he came upon a man sitting as he himself had been sitting a few minutes ago, on a big stone; only this man had a blotting-pad upon his knees and was writing very fast. He wore a panama hat tilted almost over his nose to shelter

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Drawn by Denman Fink.

Ronnie was always in trouble, always doing . . . what he ought not.—Page 652.

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his eyes, big, round spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and as he finished a sheet he laid it on a pile of others that, like Cedric's plan, were kept from blowing away by the stones laid upon them. Ronnie watched him breathlessly. How fast he wrote! Uncle Gerald could write like that, and Daddie . . . and thinking of Daddie there came into his mind the picture of a busy Eastern street and the *likhnè-wālā* (letter-writer), sitting on the curbstone in the sunshine, ready to write letters for those who could not write themselves . . . if they could pay him.

Was this man a *likhnè-wālā ?*

He looked like a sahib, but then so did Robinson, and he was Uncle Gerald's *gharri-wallah.*

Ronnie drew a little nearer.

If this man was a *likhnè-wālā*, would he—oh, would he—write a letter for *one* anna?

Ronnie felt it was a very small sum to offer, but the man looked kind, and he could write so fast. It wouldn't take him long.

Perhaps if he was approached very politely . . . Ronnie crept a bit nearer and the man looked up and saw him.

The little boy joined his hands and, touching his forehead, bowed his body as he had seen men in India bow when they came before his father to ask for something.

"Sahib," he said earnestly, "could you write a letter for one anna?"

"Hullo, shrimp!" said the man. "Have you sprung right out of the Shiny into here?"

"I know it's very little moneys," Ronnie continued apologetically, "*very* little moneys, but I do want that letter wrote, so badly. I've truly got an anna; here it is."

The man held out his hand, and Ronnie laid the penny on his palm.

The man closed his hand upon it.

"Now," he said, "what shall I write?"

He took a fresh sheet of paper and looked at Ronnie, and the little boy saw that the eyes behind the round glasses were bright and kind.

"Dear Uncle Gerald," Ronnie began. "Please come, I do not like it here. I want to come back to you. It is forlorn here not fairy-lands——"

"Eh, what's that?" asked the man. "You dictate very fast. 'Not fairy-lands'? Yes?"

"I am mizzable," Ronnie continued. "Please come quickly and take me away. Cejic and Githa do not like me, they are so pompshus——"

"What's that?" asked the man.

"I do not like them," Ronnie went on. "I like the dogs much better; kiss them all on their foreheads for me—not their noses, they are too wet—especially Rannoch. Please come quick. I am so mizzable. Your loving Ronnie. . . . That's all, thank you."

"Mizzable, eh?" the man repeated. "Is it indiscreet to ask why?"

"I don't know exactly myself," said Ronnie. "It just *is*."

"Ah," said the man. "I know that; that's the very worst kind. Long since you came home?"

"Oh, very long," Ronnie answered sadly. "Ages and ages."

"Hm-m-m," said the man. "With relations?"

"Yes; but Uncle Gerald's a relation too, you know, only he's a nice one—oh, a 'dorable relation."

"How is it you're here and not with him then?" asked the man.

"It was arranged," Ronnie said solemnly. "*I* didn't do it."

"I see," said the man. "It was an order—and what will the parents out in the Shiny say?"

Ronnie looked grave. "I b'lieve they'd like it," he said after a moment's thought. "*They* 'dore Uncle Gerald, too."

"Hm-m-m—seems a popular person," said the man. "What's his name?"

"Same as Daddie's and mine."

"Yes, and yours?"

"Ronald Forsyth Hardy."

"Then he's Gerald Hardy, I suppose? And where is he at present?"

"Scotland," said Ronnie promptly.

"But that's a bit vague—what part of Scotland?"

"Oh, they're sure to know him there; he goes every year, he told me so."

"Were you there with him?"

"No, I was in his own bungalow. He went to Scotland after I left."

"Can you remember the name of his bungalow?"

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"Yes; Longhope."

"Any station?"

"There *is* a station, but it's very far off, and I don't remember its name. Won't my letter get to him?" the little boy asked anxiously.

of yours—I'm going to town this afternoon and I'll look him up in Burke."

"Oh, he's not in Burke," Ronnie declared positively. "He's in Scotland; he's wrote to me from there."

"All right," said the man. "I'll try

"Sahib," he said earnestly, "could you write a letter for one anna?"—Page 654.

The man looked through his bright spectacles straight into Ronnie's large brown eyes. He noticed that the child was very thin and that he hunched his shoulders and drooped his head.

The man laid his writing-pad upon the ground and lifted Ronnie onto his knee.

"Old chap," he said, "you've got the blues, and you're a bit of a misfit. That's what's the matter with you. But it won't last. Believe me, it won't last. I'll do my best to find this Uncle Gerald and get the letter to him somehow. But you mustn't expect too much. It may not be overeasy for Uncle Gerald to do anything, and it takes a deuce of a time for letters to go to Scotland."

"Longer than to Burke?"

"Hark!" said the man. "Isn't that some one calling?"

"It's for me," exclaimed Ronnie, jumping off his knee. "I expect it's time to go to dinner. You won't forget? You do promise? You won't tell them?" For

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Drawn by Denman Fink.

"I never thought you would come," he said, safe in the shelter of those kind arms.—Page 657.

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he saw Miss Biddle and Cedric and Githa arrive breathlessly at the top of the slope.

"Honest-Injun," said the man. "But it'll take a good week. Then you'll hear *some*thing. If Uncle Gerald's the man I take him for."

They shook hands; Miss Biddle and his cousins were quite close, and he turned to meet them. Their questions and reproaches passed over his head lightly. He didn't care. He had *done* something at last, and he believed in the *likhnè-wālā*.

"How long is a week?" he asked when the enormity of his conduct had been thoroughly thrashed out.

"Seven days, of course. You *are* an ignorant little boy," said Githa.

As it happened, Uncle Gerald *was* in Burke, so the *likhnè-wālā* found his home address, and Ronnie's letter reached him three days later, when he came back from a long day on the moors. There was another letter, also, from the *likhnè-wālā*, and in it he used the very phrase he had used to Ronnie. "I fear," he said, "the little chap is a misfit, and it's a painful game to play when one is a kiddy. He looked peaked and thin and timid, and he ought to be such a jolly little chap."

He said a great many other things, did the *likhnè-wālā*, and the name he signed at the end of his letter was one well known to Uncle Gerald as the author of certain books he knew and cared for.

The week dragged on. It rained a lot and the days were long for Ronnie in the seaside lodgings. He kept count of the days, though, and at last it reached the sixth day from the time he met the *likhnè-wālā*, and no answer had come to his letter. Yet he never doubted him. He was convinced that somehow or other his letter would reach Uncle Gerald.

It was on Monday he had met the *likhnè-wālā*, and on Saturday evening after tea it cleared up, and they went out to the sands. They were to return to Golder's Green next week, and Ronnie dreaded it unspeakably, for he felt that if nothing happened before he did that, then he was indeed abandoned and forlorn. Cedric and Githa would not let him dig with them because his methods were too erratic. Miss Biddle had finished "The Blue Necklace" and started on "Love is a Snare," and found it equally enthralling.

Ronnie was digging by himself, a lonely little figure apart from the rest, and talking to himself as he worked. He had built a bungalow and had just flattened out the compound round about it and was beginning on the servants' quarters, when he looked up to see a solitary figure coming across the ribbed and glistening sand. The tide was out and there seemed miles of beach between him and the sea. They had had their tea extra early, and the beach was almost deserted, for it was just five o'clock. Ronnie watched the distant figure and his heart seemed to jump up and turn over, for there was something dear and familiar about it, and yet . . . he didn't dare to hope.

Then suddenly his long sight told him there was no mistake. It was, it *was* the Uncle Gerald of his hopes and dreams! He started to run, and the figure made the glad assurance doubly sure by taking off its hat and waving it. Then Ronnie saw the dear, tall forehead that, as he once pointed out to his uncle, "went right over to the back"; after that there could be no mistake.

"I never thought you would come," he said, safe in the shelter of those kind arms, "and if you did I always thought all the dogs would be bound to come, too."

The *likhnè-wālā* was quite right when he said it would not be "overeasy" for Uncle Gerald.

It wasn't.

It required a deal of diplomacy, and only Uncle Gerald's charm and tact carried the matter through without a serious breach between the Golder's Green relations and Ronnie's parents. It cost a small fortune in cables, too.

But in the end it was managed, and Ronnie went back to Longhope, where he fitted so uncommonly well.

"I must say," said Uncle Gerald, "you've a nice taste in amanuenses."

"What's that?" asked Ronnie.

"Well, I believe you call it a *likhnè-wālā*," said Uncle Gerald. "Both are long, rather clumsy names, and there's not much to choose between them."

"He was a nice *likhnè-wālā*," said Ronnie; "and very cheap."

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FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

A REMINISCENCE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THE tides of the war were washing up millions of wrecked lives on all the shores; and what mattered the flotsam of a conscripted deep-sea Breton fisherman, slowly pining away for lack of all he was accustomed to; or the jetsam of a tall glass-blower from the "invaded countries," drifted into the hospital—no one quite knew why—prisoner for twenty months with the Boches, released at last because of his half-paralyzed tongue—What mattered they? What mattered anything, or any one, in days like those?

Corporal Mignan, wrinkling a thin, parchmenty face, full of suffering and kindly cynicism, used to call them "*mes deux phénomènes.*" Riddled to the soul by gastritis, he must have found them trying room-mates, with the tricks and manners of sick and naughty children toward a long-suffering nurse. To understand all is to forgive all, they say; but, though he had suffered enough to understand much, Mignan was tempted at times to deliver judgment—for example, when Roche, the Breton fisherman, rose from his bed more than ten times in the night to wander out into the little courtyard of the hospital and look at the stars, because he could not keep still within four walls—so unreasonable of the "*type.*" Or when Gray, the tall glass-blower—his grandfather had been English—refused with all the tenacity of a British workman, to wear an undervest, with the thermometer below zero, Centigrade.

They inhabited the same room, Flotsam and Jetsam, but never spoke to one another. And yet in all that hospital of French soldiers they were the only two who, in a manner of speaking, had come from England. Fourteen hundred years have passed since the Briton ancestors of Roche crossed in their shallow boats. Yet he was as hopelessly un-French as a Welshman of the hills is to this day un-English. His dark face, shy as a wild animal's, his peat-brown eyes, and the rare, strangely sweet smile that once in a way strayed up into them; his creased brown hands always trying to tie an imaginary cord; the tobacco pouched in his brown cheek; his improperly buttoned blue trousers; his silence eternal as the stars themselves; his habit of climbing trees—all marked him out as no true Frenchman. Indeed, that habit of climbing trees caused every soul who saw him to wonder if he ought to be at large; monkeys alone pursue this pastime. And yet—surely one might understand that trees were for Roche the masts of his far-off fishing barque, each hand-grip on the branch of plane or pine tree, stay to his overmastering hunger for the sea. Up there he would cling, or stand with hands in pockets, and look out, far over the valley and the yellowish gray-pink of the pantiled town roofs, a mile away, far into the mountains where snow melted not, far over this foreign land of "*midi trois quarts,*" to an imagined Breton coast and the seas that roll from there to Cape Breton where the cod are. Since he never spoke unless spoken to—no, not once—it was impossible for his landsmen comrades to realize why he got up those trees, and they would summon each other to observe this "*phénomène,*" this human orang-outang, who had not their habit of keeping firm earth beneath their feet. They understood his other eccentricities better: For instance, he could not stay still even at his meals, but must get up and slip out, because he chewed tobacco, and, since the hospital regulations forbade his spitting on the floor, he must naturally go and spit outside. For "*ces types-là*" to chew and drink was—life! To the

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presence of tobacco in the cheek and the absence of drink from the stomach they attributed all his un-French ways, save just that mysterious one of climbing trees.

And Gray—though only one-fourth English—how utterly British was that "arrogant civilian" as the "*poilus*" called him. Even his clothes, somehow, were British—no one knew who had given them to him; his short gray workman's jacket, brown dingy trousers, muffler, and checked cap; his long, idle walk, his absolute *sans-gêne*, regardless of any one but himself; his tall, loose figure, with a sort of grace lurking somewhere in its slow, wandering movements, and long, thin fingers. That wambling, independent form might surely be seen any day outside a thousand British public houses, in time of peace. His face, with its dust-colored hair, projecting ears, gray eyes with something of the child in them, and something of the mule, and something of a soul trying to wander out of the forest of misfortune; his little, tip-tilted nose that never grew on pure-blooded Frenchman; under a scant moustache his thick lips, disfigured by infirmity of speech, whence passed so continually a dribble of saliva—Sick British workman was stamped on him. Yet he was passionately fond of washing himself, his teeth, his head, his clothes. Into the frigid winter he would go, and stand at the "*Source*" half an hour at a time, washing and washing. It was a cause of constant irritation to Mignan that his "phénomène" would never come to time, on account of this disastrous habit; the hospital corridors resounded almost daily with the importuning of those shapeless lips for something clean—a shirt, a pair of drawers, a bath, a handkerchief. He had a fixity of purpose; not too much purpose, but so fixed—Yes, he was English!

Corporal Mignan.

For "*les deux phénomènes*" the soldiers, the servants, and the "Powers" of the hospital—all were sorry; yet they could not understand to the point of quite forgiving their vagaries. The twain were outcast, wandering each in a dumb world of his own, each in the endless circle of one or two hopeless notions. It was irony—or the French system—that had ordered the Breton Roche to get well in a place whence he could see nothing flatter than a mountain, smell no sea, eat no fish. And God knows what had sent Gray there. His story was too vaguely understood, for his stumbling speech simply could not make it plain. "*Les Boches—ils vont en payer cher—les Boches*," muttered fifty times a day, was the burden of his song. Those Boches had come into his village early in the war, torn him from his wife and his "*petite fille*." Since then he had "had fear," been hungry, been cold, eaten grass; eyeing some fat little dog, he would leer and mutter: "*J'ai mangé cela, c'est bon!*" and with fierce triumph add: "*Ils ont faim, les Boches!*" The "arrogant civilian" had never done his military service, for his infirmity, it seemed, had begun before the war.

Dumb, each in his own way, and differing in every mortal thing except the reality of their misfortunes, never were two beings more lonely. Their quasi-nurse, Corporal Mignan, was no doubt right in his estimate of their characters. For him, so patient in the wintry days with his "*deux phénomènes*," they were divested of all that halo which misfortune sets round

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the heads of the afflicted. He had too much to do with them, and saw them as they would have been if undogged by Fate. Of Roche he would say: "*Il n'est pas mon rêve. Je n'aime pas ces types taciturnes ; quand même, il n'est pas mauvais. Il est marin—les marins—!*" and he would shrug his shoulders, as who should say: "Those poor devils—what can you expect?" "*Mais ce Gray*"—it was one bitter day when Gray had refused absolutely to wear his greatcoat during a motor-drive —"*c'est un mauvais type! Il est malin—il sait très bien ce qu'il veut. C'est un égoiste!*" An egoist! Poor Gray! No doubt he was instinctively conscious that if he did not make the most of what little personality was left within his wandering form, it would slip and he would be no more. Even a winter fly is mysteriously anxious not to become dead. That he was "*malin*"—cunning—became the accepted view about Gray; not so *malin* that he could "cut three paws off a duck" as the old gray Territorial, *grandpère* Poirot, would put it, but *malin* enough to know very well what he wanted and how, by sticking to his demand, to get it. Mignan, typically French, did not allow enough for the essential Englishman in Gray. Besides, one *must* be *malin* if one has only the power to say about one-tenth of what one wants, and then not be understood once in twenty times. Gray did not like his greatcoat—a fine old French-blue military thing with brass buttons—the arrogant civilian would have none of it! It was easier to shift the Boches on the Western front than to shift an idea, once in his head. In the poor soil of his soul the following plants of thought alone now flourished: Hatred of the Boches; love of English tobacco—"*Il est bon—il est bon!*" he would say, tapping his Virginian cigarette; the wish to see again his "*petite fille*"; to wash himself; to drink a "*café natur*" and bottled beer every day after the midday meal; and to go to Lyons to see his uncle and work for his living. And who shall say that any of these *idées fixes* were evil in him?

But back to Flotsam, whose *idée fixe* was Brittany! Nostalgia is a long word, and a malady from which the English do not suffer badly, for they carry their country on their backs, walk the world in a cloud of their own atmosphere, making that world England. The French have eyes to see; and, not surrounded by houses that have flatness, shutters, and subtle coloring—yellowish, French-gray, French-green; by cafés, plane-trees, French-women, scents of wood-smoke and coffee roasted in the streets; by the wines, and infusions of the herbs of France; by the churches of France and the beautiful, silly chiming of their bells—when not surrounded by all these, they know it, feel it, suffer. But even they do not suffer so dumbly and instinctively, so like a wild animal caged, as that Breton fisherman, caged up in a world of hill and valley—not the world as he had known it. They called his case "shell-shock"—for the French system would not send a man to convalescence for anything so essentially civilian as homesickness, even when it had taken a claustrophobic turn. A system recognizes only causes that you can see: holes in the head, ham-strung legs, frost-bitten feet, with other of the legitimate consequences of war. But it was not shell-shock. Roche was really possessed by the feeling that he would never get out, never get home, never smell fish and the sea, watch the green breakers roll in on his native shore, the sun gleaming through wave-crests lifted and flying back in spray, never know the accustomed heave and roll under his feet, or carouse in a seaport cabaret, or see his old mother, *la veuve* Roche. And after all there was a certain foundation for his fear. It was not as if this war could be expected to stop some day. There they were in the trenches, they and the enemy set over against each other "like china dogs," in the words of *grandpère* Poirot; and there they would be, so far as Roche's ungeared nerves could grasp, forever. And, while like china dogs they sat, he knew that he would not be released, not allowed to go back to the sea and the smells and the sounds thereof; for he had still all his limbs, and no bullet-hole to show under his thick dark hair. No wonder he got up the trees and looked out for sight of the waves, and fluttered the weak nerves of the hospital "Powers," till they saw themselves burying him with a broken spine, at the expense of the subscribers. Nothing to be done for the poor fellow, except to

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He would . . . look out, far over the valley and . . . far into the mountains . . . to an imagined Breton coast.—Page 658.

take him motor-drives, and to insist that he stay in the dining-room long enough to eat some food.

Then, one bright day, a "Power," watching his hands, conceived the idea of giving him two balls of string, one blue, the other buff, and all that afternoon he stayed up a single tree, and came down with one of his rare, sweet smiles and a little net, half blue, half buff, with a handle covered with a twist of turkey-red twill—such a thing as one scoops up shrimps with. He was paid for it, and his eyes sparkled. You see, he had no money—the "*poilu*" seldom has; and money meant drink, and tobacco in his cheek. They gave him more string, and for the next few days it rained little nets, beautifully if simply made. They thought that his salvation was in sight. . . . It takes an eye to tell salvation from damnation, sometimes. . . . In any case he no longer roamed from tree to tree, but sat across a single branch, netting. "The Powers"

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began to speak of him as "rather a dear," for it is characteristic of human nature to take interest only in that which by some sign of progress makes you feel that you are doing good.

Next Sunday a distinguished doctor came, and, when he had been fed, some one conceived the notion of interesting him, too, in Flotsam. A learned, kindly, influential man — well-fed — something might come of it, even that "*réforme*," that sending home, which all agreed was what poor Roche needed, to restore his brain. He was brought in therefore amongst the chattering party, and stood, dark, shy, his head down, like the man in Millet's "Angelus," his hands folded on his cap, in front of his unspeakably buttoned blue baggy trousers, as though in attitude of prayer to the doctor, who, uniformed and gray-bearded, like an old, somnolent goat, beamed on him through spectacles with a sort of shrewd benevolence. The catechism began. So he had something to ask, had he? A swift, shy lift of the eyes: "Yes." "What then?" "To go home." "To go home? What for? To get married?" A swift shy smile. "Fair or dark?" No answer, only a shift of hands on his cap. "What! Was there no one—no ladies at home?" "*Ce n'est pas ça qui manque!*" Before the laughter greeting that dim flicker of wit the uplifted face was cast down again. That lonely, lost figure must suddenly have struck the doctor, for his catechism became a long, embarrassed scrutiny; and with an: "*Eh bien! mon vieux, nous verrons!*" ended. Nothing came of it, of course. "*Cas de réforme?*" Oh, certainly, if it had depended on the learned, kindly doctor. But the system—and all its doors to be unlocked! Why, by the time the last door was prepared to open, the first would be closed again! So the "Powers" gave Roche more string—so good, you know, to see him interested in something. . . . It does take an eye to tell salvation from damnation! . . . He began to go down now of an afternoon into the little old town—not smell-less, but most quaint—all yellowish gray, with rosy-tiled roofs. Once it had been Roman, once a walled city of the Middle Ages; never would it be modern. The dogs ran muzzled; from a first-floor a goat, munching green fodder, hung his devilish black beard above your head; and through the main street the peasant farmers, above military age, looking old as sun-dried roots, in their dark pelerines, drove their wives and produce in little, slow carts. Parched oleanders in pots one would pass, and old balconies with faded flowers hanging down over the stone, and perhaps an umbrella with a little silver handle, set out to dry. Roche would go in by the back way, where the old town gossips sat on a bench in the winter sunshine, facing the lonely cross shining gold on the high hilltop opposite, placed there in days when there was some meaning in such things; past the little "Place" with the old fountain and the brown plane-trees in front of the Mairie, past the church, so ancient that it had fortunately been forgotten, and remained unfinished and beautiful. Did Roche, Breton that he was, ever enter the church in passing? Some rascal had tried to burn down its beautiful old door from the inside, and the flames had left on all that high western wall smears like the finger-marks of hell, or the background of a Velasquez Crucifixion. Did he ever enter, and stand knotting his knot that never got knotted, in the dark loveliness of that grave building, where in the deep silence a dusty-gold little angel blows on his horn from the top of the canopied pulpit, and a dim carved Christ of touching beauty looks down on his fellow men from above some dry chrysanthemums; and a tall candle burned quiet and lonely here and there, and the flags of France hung above the altar, that men might know how God—though resting—was with them and their country? Perhaps! But more likely he passed it, with its great bell riding high and open among scrolls of iron-work, and —Breton that he was—entered the nearest cabaret, kept by the woman who would tell you that her soldier husband had passed "within two fingers" of death. One cannot spend one's earnings in a church, nor appease there the inextinguishable longings of a sailor.

And lo!—on Christmas day Roche came back so drunk that his nurse Mignan took him to his bedroom and turned the key of the door on him. But you must not do this to a Breton fisherman

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He would leer and mutter: *"J'ai mangé cela, c'est bon!"*—Page 659.

full of drink and claustrophobia. It was one of those errors even Frenchmen may make, and be sorry for afterward. One of the female "Powers," standing outside, heard a roar, the crash of a foot against the panel of a door, and saw Roche, "like a great cat," come slithering through the hole. He flung his arm out, brushed the "Power" back against the wall, cried out fiercely: *"La boîte—je ne veux pas la boîte!"* and rushed for the stairs. Here were other female "Powers," he dashed them aside and passed down. But in the bureau at the foot was a young Corporal of the "Légion Etrangère"—a Spaniard who had volunteered for France, great France; he ran out, took Roche gently by the arm, and offered to drink with him. And so they sat, those two, in the little bureau, drinking black coffee, while the young Corporal talked like an angel and Roche like a wild man—about his mother; about his dead brother, who had been sitting on his bed, he said; about

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"*la boîte*," and the turning of that key. And slowly he became himself—or so they thought, and all went in to supper. Ten minutes later, one of the "Powers," looking for the twentieth time to make sure he was eating, saw an empty place—he had slipped out like a shadow and was gone again. A big cavalryman and the Corporal retrieved him that night from a café near the station; they had to use force at times to bring him in. Two days later he was transferred to a town hospital, where discipline would not allow him to get drunk or climb trees. For the "Powers" had reasoned thus: To climb trees is bad; to get drunk is bad; but to do both puts on us too much responsibility; he must go! They had, in fact, been scared. And so he passed away to a room under the roof of a hospital in the big town miles away —*la boîte* indeed!—where for liberty he must use a courtyard without trees, and but little tobacco came to his cheek; and there he eats his heart out to this day, perhaps. But some say he had no heart —only the love of drink, and climbing. Yet, on that last evening, to one who was paying him for a little net, he blurted out: "Some day I will tell you something—not now—in a year's time. *Vous êtes le seul—!*" What did he mean by that, if he had no heart to eat? . . . The night after he had gone a little black dog strayed up, and among the trees barked and barked at some portent or phantom. "Ah! the camel! Ah! the pig! I had him on my back all night!" *grandpère* Poirot said next morning. And that was the very last of Flotsam. . . .

And now to Jetsam! It was on the day but one after Roche left that Gray was reported missing. For some time past he had been getting stronger, clearer in speech. They began to say of him: "It's wonderful—the improvement since he came—wonderful!" His salvation also seemed in sight. But from the words: "He's rather a dear!" all recoiled, for as he grew stronger he became more stubborn and more irritable—"cunning egoist" that he was! According to the men he was beginning to show himself in his true colors. He had threatened to knife any one who played a joke on him—the arrogant civilian! On the day that he was missing it appears that after the midday meal he had asked for a "*café nature*" and for some reason had been refused. Before his absence was noted it was night already, clear and dark; all day something as of Spring had stirred in the air. The Corporal and a "Power" set forth down the wooded hill into the town, to scour the cafés and hang over the swift, shallow river, to see if by any chance Gray had been overtaken by another paralytic stroke and was down there on the dark sand. The sleepy gendarmes too were warned and given his description. But the only news next morning was that he had been seen walking on the main road up the valley. Two days later he was found, twenty miles away, wandering toward Italy. "*Perdu*" was his only explanation, but it was not believed, for now began that continual demand: "*Je voudrais aller à Lyon, voir mon oncle—travailler!*" As the big cavalryman put it: "He is bored here!" It was considered unreasonable, by soldiers who found themselves better off than in other hospitals; even the "Powers" considered it ungrateful, almost. See what he had been like when he came—a mere trembling bag of bones, only too fearful of being sent away. And yet, who would not be bored, crouching all day long about the stoves, stanching his poor dribbling mouth, rolling his inevitable cigarette, or wandering down, lonely, to hang over the bridge parapet, having thoughts in his head and forever unable to express them? His state was worse than dumbness, for the dumb have resigned hope of conversation. Gray would have liked to talk if it had not taken about five minutes to understand each thing he said—except the refrain which all knew by heart: "*Les Boches—ils vont en payer cher—les Boches!*" The idea that he could work and earn his living was fantastic to those who watched him dressing himself, or sweeping the courtyard, pausing every few seconds to contemplate some invisible difficulty or do over again what he had just not done. But with that new access of strength, or perhaps the open weather—as if Spring had come before its time—his *idée fixe* governed him completely; he began to threaten to kill himself if he could not go to work and see his uncle at Lyon; and every five days or so he had to be brought back from far

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Drawn by Reginald Birch.

The catechism began. So he had something to ask, had he?—Page 662.

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up some hill road. The situation had become so ridiculous that the "Powers" said in despair: "Very well, my friend! Your uncle says he can't have you, and you can't earn your own living yet; but you shall go and see for yourself!" And go he did, a little solemn now that it had come to his point—in specially bought yellow boots—he refused black—and a specially bought overcoat with sleeves—he refused a *pèlerine*, the arrogant civilian, as firmly as he had refused the military *capote*. For a week the hospital knew him not. Deep winter set in two days before he went, and the whole land was wrapped in snow. The huge, disconsolate crows seemed all the life left about the valley, and poplar trees against the rare blue sky were dowered with miraculous snow-blossoms, beautiful as any blossom of Spring. And still, in the winter sun, the town gossips sat on the bench under the wall, and the cross gleamed out, and the church-bell, riding high in its whitened ironwork, tolled almost every day for the passing of some wintered soul, and long processions, very black in the white street, followed it, followed it—home. Then came a telegram from Gray's uncle: "Impossible to keep Aristide (the name of the arrogant civilian), takes the evening train to-morrow. Albert Gray." So Jetsam was coming back! What would he be like now that his fixed idea had failed him? Well! He came at midday; thinner, more clay-colored in the face, with a bad cold; but he ate as heartily as ever, and at once asked to go to bed. At four o'clock a "Power," going up to see, found him sleeping like a child. He slept for twenty hours on end. No one liked to question him about his time away; all that he had said—and bitterly—was: "They wouldn't let me work!" But the second evening after his return there came a knock on the door of the little room where the "Powers" were sitting after supper, and there stood Gray, long and shadowy, holding onto the screen, smoothing his jaw-bone with the other hand, turning eyes like a child's from face to face, while his helpless lips smiled. One of the "Powers" said: "What do you want, my friend?"

"*Je voudrais aller à Paris, voir ma petite fille.*"

"Yes, yes; after the war. Your *petite fille* is not in Paris, you know."

"*Non?*" The smile was gone; it was seen too plainly that Gray was not as he had been. The access of vigor, stirring of new strength, "improvement" had departed, but the beat of it, while there, must have broken him, as the beat of some too strong engine shatters a frail frame. His "improvement" had driven him to his own undoing. With the failure of his pilgrimage he had lost all hope, all "egoism." . . . It takes an eye, indeed, to tell salvation from damnation! . . . He was truly Jetsam now—terribly thin and ill and sad; and coughing. Yet he kept the independence of his spirit. In that bitter cold, nothing could prevent him stripping to the waist to wash, nothing could keep him lying in bed, or kill his sense of the proprieties. He would not wear his overcoat—it was invalidish; he would not wear his new yellow boots and keep his feet dry, except on Sundays; "*Ils sont bons!*" he would say. And before he would profane their goodness, his old worn-out shoes had to be reft from him. He would not admit that he was ill, that he was cold, that he was—anything. But at night, a "Power" would be awakened by groans, and, hurrying to his room, find him huddled nose to knees, moaning. And now, every evening, as though craving escape from his own company, he would come to the little sitting-room, and stand with that deprecating smile, smoothing his jaw-bone, until some one said: "Sit down, my friend, and have some coffee." "*Merci, ma sœur—il est bon, il est bon!*" and down he would sit, and roll a cigarette with his long fingers, tapering as any artist's, while his eyes fixed themselves intently on anything that moved. But soon they would stray off to another world, and he would say thickly, fiercely: "*Les Boches—ils vont en payer cher—les Boches!*" On the walls were some trophies from the war of 'seventy. His eyes would gloat over them, and he would get up and finger a long pistol, or old papier-maché helmet. Never was a man who so lacked *gêne*—at home in any company; it inspired reverence, that independence of his, which had survived twenty months of imprisonment with those who, it is said, make their victims salute them—to such

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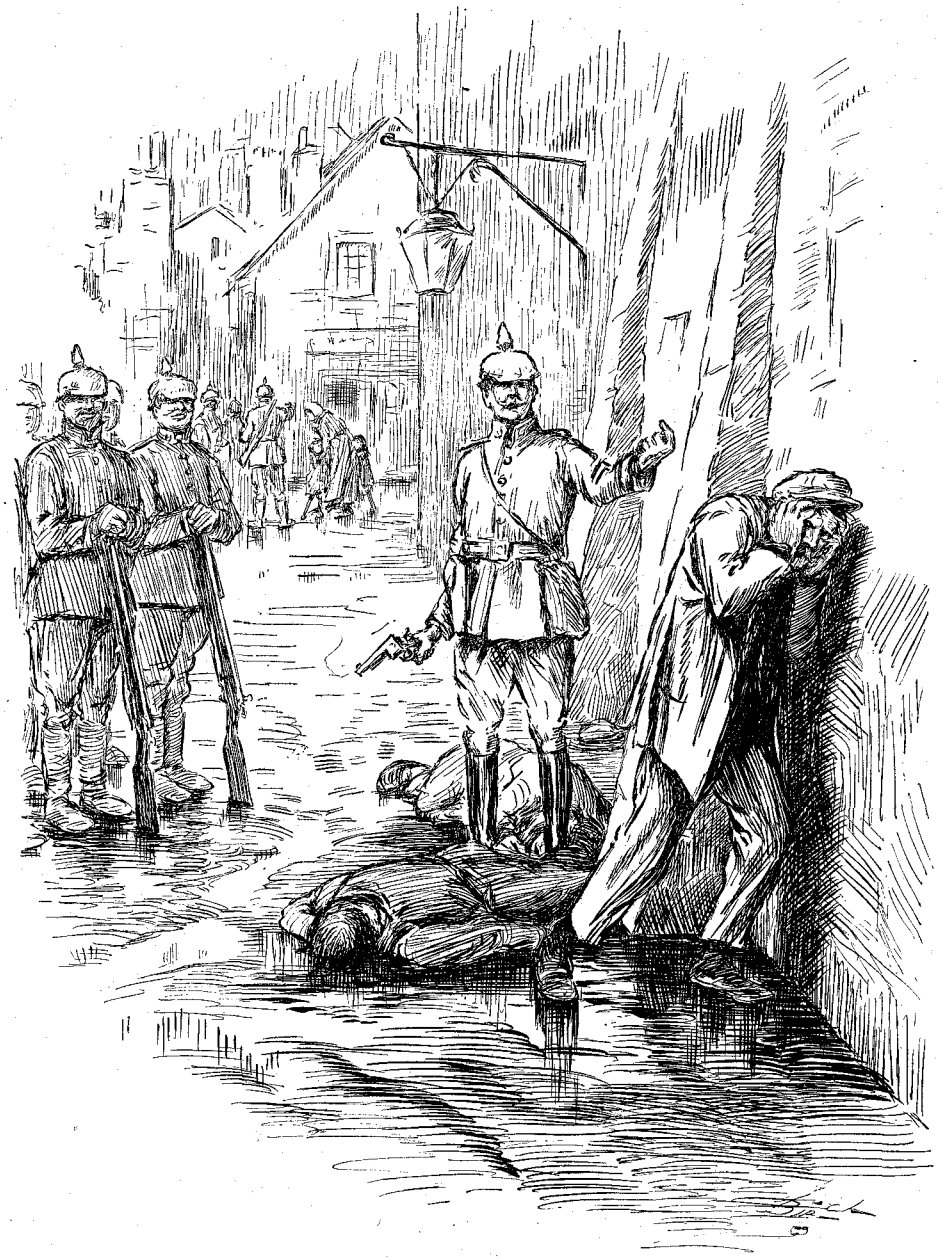

The Boches . . . had put him and two others against a wall, and shot those other two.

a depth has their civilization reached. One night he tried to tell about the fright he had been given. The Boches—it seemed—had put him and two others against a wall, and shot those other two. Holding up two tapering fingers, he mumbled: "*Assassins—assassins! Ils vont en payer cher—les Boches!*" But sometimes there was something almost beautiful in his face, as if his soul had rushed from behind his eyes, to answer some little kindness done to him, or greet some memory of the days before he was done for—*foutu* as he called it.

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One day he admitted a pain about his heart.

One day he admitted a pain about his heart; and time too, for at moments he would look like death itself. His nurse, Corporal Mignan, had long left his "*deux phénomènes*," having drifted away on the tides of the system, till he should break down again and drag through the hospitals once more. Gray had a room to himself now, the arrogant civilian's groaning at night disturbed the others. Yet, if you asked him in the morning if he had slept well, he answered invariably: "*Oui—oui—toujours, toujours!*" For, according to him, you see, he was still strong; and would double his arm and tap his very little muscle, to show that he could work. But he did not believe it now, for one day a "Power," dusting the men's writing-room, saw a letter on the blotter, and with an ashamed eye read these words:

"*Cher Oncle,*

"*J'ai eu la rage contre toi, mais c'est passé maintenant. Je veux seulement me reposer. Je ne peux pas me battre pour la*

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France—j'ai voulu travailler pour elle; mais on ne m'a pas permi.

"Votre neveu, qui t'embrasse de loin."

Seulement me reposer—only to rest! Rest he will, soon, if eyes can speak. Pass, and leave forever that ravished France for whom he wished to work—pass, without having seen again his *petite fille*. No more in the corridor above the stove, no more in the little dining-room or the avenue of pines will be seen his long, noiseless, lonely figure, or be heard his thick stumbling cry:

"Les Boches—ils vont en payer cher—les Boches!"

FLOOD-TIDE OF FLOWERS IN HOLLAND

By Henry van Dyke

THE laggard winter ebbed so slow,
With freezing rain and melting snow,
It seemed as if the earth would stay
Forever where the tide was low,
In sodden green and watery gray.

But now from depths beyond our sight,
The tide is turning in the night,
And floods of color long concealed
Come rising gently toward the light,
Through garden bare and empty field.

And first, along the sheltered nooks,
The crocus runs in little brooks
Of joyance, till by light made bold
They show the gladness of their looks
In shining pools of white and gold.

The tiny scilla, sapphire blue,
Is gently seeping in, to strew
The earth with heaven; and sudden rills
Of glorious yellow, sweeping through,
Spread into lakes of daffodils.

The hyacinths, with fragrant heads,
Have overflowed their sandy beds,
And fill the earth with faint perfume,
The breath that Spring around her sheds,—
At last the tulips break in bloom!

A sea, a rainbow-tinted sea,
A splendor and a mystery,
Floods o'er the fields of faded gray:
The roads are full of folks in glee,
For lo,—to-day is Easter Day!

A memory of April, 1916.

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THE TRUE ITALY

BY WILLIAM KAY WALLACE

Author of "Greater Italy"

PREJUDICES die hard. Ideas soon become fixed. Only a great upheaval such as a war, or other stern ordeal, moves us to revise our preconceived notions and examine the truth of our premises.

Nations at war, like men in their cups, are apt to reveal the whole truth. Shams, make-believes, sterile hypocrisies fall to earth, the traditional self fades into a dim background, and a nation stands forth naked, its true self.

Latent passions fanned to flame by war sear the soul and fuse inherited characteristics into new elements, so that the real temper of a people stands revealed, illumined by the fires that burn along its battle line.

So it is with Italy!

Most of us love Italy, few know her. Too few have troubled to study the recent development of this great and gifted race of men which has come to take up again the heritage of ancient Rome.

Now that we have departed from our century-old policy of isolation and have entered into close communion with the peoples of Europe, it would seem opportune to consider briefly the position of Italy in world affairs.

Of all the modern Europeans the Italians have hitherto been the least understood. To many of us Italy is still the land of orange-blossoms and blue skies, of museums and old masters, of hill towns and tenors, of beggars and bandits—the land of the *far niente*, where golden days are passed in a flood of eternal springtide, where work is left until to-morrow, and nothing is done to-day. Even those of us who have spent some time in Italy outside of its art galleries and museums, are long in realizing the true temper of present-day Italy.

Why then this misunderstanding?

The Italian people are plain-spoken. What they have accomplished during the past half-century speaks straightforwardly, eloquently.

What a galaxy of heroes mark the milestones of the struggles for Italian liberty and national unity! Mazzini at Rome, Manin at Venice blazed the trail. Then came Garibaldi, the warrior-champion of liberty, whose mighty blows forged the last links in the chain of Italian unity. In the background, guiding the new state through the treacherous waters of international intercourse, we discern the figure of Count Cavour, the master builder of Italian unity.

Italian unity meant Italian liberty. For, in order that Italy might become a united nation, the corrupt, despotic government of the Bourbon kings of the Two Sicilies had to be overthrown. Rome and the surrounding territory of the Patrimony of St. Peter had to be wrested from the grip of the Pope, who clung with desperate tenacity to his temporal sovereign rights. Tuscany was a duchy ruled by an Austrian princeling, as were the duchies of Parma and Modena, while Lombardy and Venetia, conquered provinces incorporated in the Hapsburg em-

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pire, groaned under the yoke of the despised Austrian.

No more thrilling and at the same time vital episode in the history of the nineteenth century can be found than that of a king of the most ancient and aristocratic royal house in Europe enlisting in his service that stanch republican Garibaldi, who had always loudly affirmed that he never had been a partisan of kings, but, convinced that the princes of Savoy had the liberation of Italy at heart, gladly gave his own and his followers' service to the King of Piedmont in order that Italy might be free. Then we find Victor Emmanuel placing himself at the head of armed revolutionaries, overthrowing the other sovereign princes of Italy, including the Pope, and creating the united Italian state.

The unification of Italy was thus brought about by the active, intimate, and constant collaboration of the most radical revolutionary, as well as the most aristocratic and conservative elements of the country. This must be constantly borne in mind in considering the fundamental forces of present-day Italy.

Italian unity, the dominant preoccupation of all patriotic Italians for the past three hundred years, owes its actual accomplishment to the strong hand and daring initiative of the royal House of Savoy. It was the head of this ruling house, guided by the wise counsel of his able minister, Count Cavour, who presented the question of Italian unity to the attention of Europe, thus securing the active assistance of Napoleon III, and the co-operation of the French, without which the task of driving out the Austrians would have been impossible.

This is the debt that Italy owes its present ruling dynasty. And though republican sentiment is still strong throughout the peninsula, and the impelling force in the creation of united Italy, "love of liberty," still remains, the kings of the House of Savoy have reconciled themselves so well with this modern spirit that to-day they are not to be considered constitutional monarchs in the much diluted form as in England, but rather what may be justly called representatives of "Royal Republicanism."

With so involved a political origin, it is not surprising that from the very beginning the aims and motives of the new united Italian state, though they have contributed fundamentally in shaping the course of the history of our epoch, should have been disregarded, neglected.

Students of international affairs, whether statesmen or publicists, keenly critical in their scrutiny of the plans and policy of England, Germany, France, Austria, Russia, Japan, and even of the Balkan States, were in the habit of passing by very casually all reference to Italian participation in world events. The world at large still preferred to dwell upon the Italy of the past; on the Rome of the Empire; on the Italy of the Renaissance. The Italy of the present seemed of lesser interest.

This is in a measure accounted for by the fact that Italy as a nation came into being the petted godchild of Europe. All the older nations were in a festive mood at her christening. Even the rictus of Austria seemed like a smile. For it was a new experiment in nation-building that was being inaugurated: *A state founded on racial unity!*

Cavour, assisted by King Victor Emmanuel of Piedmont, held the infant state at the fount, while Napoleon III, looking not unlike Don Quixote, and feeling much as the gallant knight must have felt when he returned from tilting with the windmills, was at hand already busily planning how best that which he had given might be taken away. Pompous British statesmen hovered in the background and smilingly gave their blessing to the new Italy; while in the sandy marshes of Brandenburg, in the then provincial city of Berlin, Bismarck was whispering to his Hohenzollern master: "The Savoy princes have begun; go thou and do thou likewise."

The Italians had at last, after countless reverses, won national independence. The long-cherished theory that all men of the same language, customs, and traditions have the right to form a separate political entity was realized. Nor must we fail to record that they were the first to demonstrate that this great experiment in statecraft, which was to become the directing force in nation-building during the ensuing decades, was wholly practical.

Italy was the first great state to assert boldly this principle of nationality as the basis of the modern state. Nationalism

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as interpreted by the Italians was soon to become one of the most important single factors of political development of our times.

As France a century before had lit the torch of individual liberty, so Italy first championed successfully the belief that national liberty, which is merely the extension of the idea of individual liberty to include all individuals of a kindred race, is the most valuable asset of mankind.

The European War is a struggle for the preservation of this principle. The Allies are maintaining the right of national independence of smaller states against the Germanic idea of a state composed of a motley of races, marshalled under the hegemony of the strongest.

During the ensuing years the work of unification continued, and the growth of Italy as a united nation was rapid. So that when two decades later Victor Emmanuel the Liberator, as he came to be called, died in 1878, the first king of united Italy, he was not buried in the Superga, the small chapel which crowns the soft green hill above Turin, the burial-place of his house, but in the Pantheon at Rome, built in the days of the Cæsars, an imperial resting-place.

The people of Italy, no longer ruled over by petty despots chiefly of foreign origin, began to think nationally, to feel themselves a part of a greater universe. This broadening of point of view brought about an increase in moral stature, a strengthening of the spiritual fibre of the nation.

The Italians were now eager to enjoy a share of the material well-being which other peoples possessed. The fecund soil of northern Italy was no longer rich enough to support the teeming millions who under a beneficent and enlightened government were at last permitted to have a share of this wealth and well-being. Great industrial enterprises sprang up. Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia were quickly dotted with a vast network of thriving industrial centres.

Italy prospered. She even acquired a colonial domain in the face of jeering onlookers. But the growth of her prosperity did not keep pace with her increase in numbers, more particularly in the south of Italy, where the debilitating effects of centuries of corrupt government still showed deep traces in the backwardness of the population.

Soon the surplus began to spread over the New World. In South America, though late-comers, the Italians quickly won their way to positions of wealth and influence in the republics of the River Plate and Brazil. Elsewhere they kept to humbler occupations, and built with their own hands the great network of railways, bridges, aqueducts which spread over the face of the earth. Whether at home or abroad, the Italians were building, toiling, moiling ceaselessly. Yet throughout these years to the casual observer Italy remained the land of the *far niente*, the land of romance.

In reality few races are possessed with such dynamic creative energy as are the Italians. The *far niente* is but a thin veneer, like the patina on an antique bronze; the hard durable metal lies beneath the iridescent surface.

For twenty centuries Italy has been the cultural focus of Western Europe. No other race of men can show so long a line of pre-eminent genius. The civilization of the West owes its present direction to the impulse received from Italy.

In all fields of human endeavor Italy has stood forth the master; the Western World has listened obediently, learned, and then followed the current of the mighty stream of civilization which rose beyond the Alps, among the hills of Rome, in Umbria, Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venetia, to spread over Europe and the world.

Letters, art, and science, religion, jurisprudence, war, all owe to Italy the tribute of their most luminous flowering. Cæsar the conqueror, Cicero the orator, Virgil the poet, and the long line of Romans who were the first Italians, belong to the first epoch of Western history.

Then, after a period of darkness, out of the night, in letters of indelible purity and beauty, shine the names of Dante and Petrarch, the precursors of a new era. Painting is revived and finds a Giotto, whose art is carried to a climax by a Leonardo and a Titian. Galileo revolutionizes the accepted concepts of cosmography, and a Christopher Columbus discovers a New World.

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This same race of men brought forth a Lucrezia Borgia and a St. Catherine of Sienna; a Benvenuto Cellini, a Machiavelli, and a St. Francis of Assisi.

There followed a period of relative decay, until from the north came Winckelmann and Goethe, Shelley and Browning. Italy still remained the teacher; the past became sanctified, glorified by these new disciples.

Then came the invasions of Ruskin and his phalanx, who made of Italy a shrine. The new votaries from all parts of the world sang pæans of praise of the Italy of the past, and gave to the Italy of the present no thought.

Like a race of servile pygmies modern Italians trod among the Titan figures of the past. Men refused to consider Italy in any other light than as a treasure-house of ancient glory; the holders of a sacred trust, the Italians must aspire to no other rôle.

The dank romanticism of the early nineteenth century, though swept aside by a ruthless realism in other countries, still lingered in association with the name of Italy.

National independence in Italy had been achieved; by her new strength Italy had begun to assert her position as a world power, but to the world at large Italy remained a museum.*

"We have made Italy; we must now make Italians," was the spontaneous outcry after the great ordeal of unification had passed.

Oppressed by the grandeur of the past, by their long and illustrious heritage, vexed at the condescension of foreigners toward their aspiration for modern development, already during the first days of national existence a few Italians realized that Italy, in order to develop nationally, must trample under foot the ever-present past. Italy must become something more than a haven for dilettante art critics and artists, the birthplace of tenors, the refuge of idyllic lovers. The Italians were sick unto death at hearing the glories of the Renaissance discussed and commented upon by foreign observers; sated by the universal and eternal repetition of the "Cinque Cento," as though Italy had ceased to exist since the days of Michelangelo. While the world prattled on about Italian art, and thought of modern Italy in the same old romantic strain, the Italians, by a stern realism, by closing their eyes to the past, by concerning themselves with the present, and by looking to the future, rung by rung were winning their way up to recognition as a world power.

Though many refused to consider the Italians other than as an old, worn-out race, the people of Italy were daily more vigorously and lustily asserting their rejuvenescence.

More than this, the hardness of the Italians, in the Nietzschean sense of the word, made it possible for them to combat with success, in moments of grave crisis, the various extraneous influences which sought to undermine the fabric of the state. At the same time it led them to face political problems with the keenest realist perception.

It is only by a clear understanding of this phase of Italian ideology that we can arrive at an explanation of Italy's entrance into the Triple Alliance—the making friends with her despised enemy Austria.

To appreciate fully the real import of this act it must be borne in mind that this alliance was as unpopular and distasteful to the majority of the Italian people as an alliance with Germany would have been to a Frenchman. So that at a time when the world at large was still considering Italy in the old romantic manner, Italian statesmen by adopting a rigorous realism in their conduct of international affairs, entered upon an alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary, believing that this policy served the best interests of the state.

With peculiar clearness of vision the people of Italy perceived that the Prussian system of efficiency and organization in all spheres of human activity, commercial, industrial, military, technical, and scientific, would lead most rapidly to the economic and social development of the state. Success had become a god in Italy as much as in any other country. Furthermore, it must be remembered that Italy as a nation was young and fired with all the exuberant enthusiasms of youth. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the Italians were cheerfully willing to work under no matter what

* See "Greater Italy," page 33 *et seq.*

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master as long as the work was lucrative, and brought with it material well-being, the outward token of success.

Politically there was a strong motive for this whole-hearted espousal of Germanism. Italy feared her elder Latin sister, France. France, regretting the assistance given to the people of Italy to liberate them from the yoke of the Austrian in 1859, a very few years later delayed the further aggrandizement of the kingdom by preventing the incorporation of Rome within the new Italy.

When after the battle of Sedan and the overthrow of the Napoleonic régime the Italians occupied Rome, the new French Republic continued the policy of hostility toward Italy, and thwarted the first imperial longing of the Italian people by inconsiderately snatching the rich colonial plum—Tunis—out of Italian hands when all Italy was already boisterously rejoicing that the bejewelled bauble across the Mediterranean was to be hers.

Within a year thereafter Italy had become a partner in the Triple Alliance, and a new orientation in world politics was inaugurated. For many years the Italian people could not forgive the affronts they believed they had suffered at the hands of the French, and henceforth the paths of France and Italy lay far apart, while the Italians, the junior partners in the Triple Alliance, drew closer and closer to Germany.

Three decades later Italy had become Germanized. Talented pupils, the Italians had quickly learned all that their German teachers could teach them, and had profited greatly thereby. Yet in their youthful eagerness they made one grave error. In swinging wide open their doors to Germany the Italians had snapped off the hinges and the Germanic hordes from the north poured in unchecked. Within a few years Italian commercial, industrial, and even political life was honeycombed with German and pro-German agents.

But Rome has witnessed so many barbarian invasions all traces of which soon vanished, while Rome stands eternally imperial!

This Germanic invasion was, however, the more insidious in that prosperity followed in the wake of the invaders whom the Italians themselves had called in. Few Italians realized that their new German friends and allies who flocked in such great numbers to Italy were carrying on a methodically planned and carefully executed programme of "peaceful penetration" as part of a larger plan of German world dominion.

It was only natural that the Italians should imagine that because Italy was prosperous, because her commerce and industry were increasing relatively more rapidly than those of any other country, that this prosperity was their own. So busy were they piling up what was for them undreamed-of riches that, though a government in power, in protecting Italian interests, now and then "flirted" mildly with France, England, or Russia, the nation remained faithful to its German taskmaster. All too late was it perceived that the Germans had fixed themselves lecherously at the heart of Italy and intended to remain.

At the outbreak of the European War in August, 1914, Italy awoke suddenly to the perils of her position. The mass of the people at large were still ignorant of the plight of their country. Those who could gauge rightly the real condition of affairs were afraid to tear out with one mighty wrench the German parasite. By a series of operations as skilfully conceived as they were to be deftly executed, Italy made ready to rid herself of the German.

Italy had linked her fortunes with Germany for the purpose of growing strong and self-reliant, in order that the state might be in a position to stand secure as an independent nation. The people of Italy now began to realize that their paramount interests demanded that they detach themselves from the Central Empires, and by a close study of events adapt policy to circumstance.

During the nine months of neutrality, from August, 1914, to May, 1915, by a slow and cautious mode of procedure Italy one by one cut the ties which bound her to her former allies. Notwithstanding the fact that the Triple Alliance had endured for a generation, in those few months the vast superstructure of German penetration in Italy was undermined, and at a given signal crashed to earth.

It is no exaggeration to say that no

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country entered the war in the face of such desperate attempts made, within its own boundaries, to prevent it. Nowhere was German propaganda more blatantly bold, enlisting in its behalf the Vatican, the Socialists, and all the pacifist, pro-German and other subversive elements, which were not inconsiderable. It was then that a leader was found in the person of the great poet d'Annunzio, who returned to Italy at this juncture, and by his flaming appeals to their nobler sentiments of patriotism, loyalty, and love of liberty bade his countrymen take up arms on the side of the Allies, in defense of those sovereign rights of national independence which the Italian people had so valiantly championed half a century before.

In no country has the spiritual revolution more completely transformed the nation; for now the people of Italy see plainly the distressing *impasse* into which their vassalage to Germany has led them.

To-day the Italians are confronted with the task not merely of waging a terrible war in the most difficult terrain in Europe, but at the same time they have been compelled to build from the ground up an almost wholly new economic edifice.

Italy since the days of her foundation as a united kingdom has pursued a policy of caution, dictated by concern for her immediate safety. For many years, rather than precipitate an international crisis which would have inevitably led to a world war, she has time and again put aside her legitimate ambitions to redeem the Italian lands of the Trentino and the eastern Adriatic still remaining in the hands of Austria. This is the *Italia Irredenta*. Here dwell the Italians who remained outside the boundaries of united Italy when the nation was made one. Though numerically this group is relatively insignificant, numbering not more than seven hundred thousand souls, yet every Italian feels the burden of responsibility for the rescue of these "unredeemed" brethren.

It cannot be gainsaid that when after the outbreak of the European War the opportunity presented itself to the Italian people to realize their plans of gaining control of these regions and thus at last uniting in one great state all Italians, this became one of the chief incentives for Italian participation in the war on the side of the Allies.

Italy is fighting to attain two main objectives: freedom from German economic control and the redemption of the Italian lands still in the hands of the Hapsburg monarchy.

It would seem probable that with these aims realized, Italy is destined to become one of the leading factors in international affairs of our times. In population the new Italy will equal that of France, and owing to the fecundity of the race may in the very near future outdistance the latter. Under the stress of war, the economic development of the country has been so intensified that at the close of the war we shall in all probability find Italy in a position to play an important part in the rehabilitation of Europe. Furthermore, the old unnatural antagonism toward France is vanishing, and the two Latin states which have done so much to give to the Western world its cultural imprint may be relied upon to work in close harmony for the common benefit of mankind.

As long as Italy was bound to Austria and Germany by the ties of the Triple Alliance, France and Great Britain looked askance at Italian aspirations in the Adriatic, which they believed to be part of a broader Central European scheme. Italian participation in the war on the side of the Allies conclusively proves that these fears were unfounded.

With the United States the new Italy is destined to have intimate intercourse. Throughout the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula the influence of America is already potently felt. By the hundred thousand are to be counted the Italians who have spent longer or shorter periods in our country, and have returned to Italy inspired by the lessons they have learned here, to introduce into the rural and more backward regions something of our modern efficiency methods; while within our boundaries over two million Italians are permanently at home. Though so many return to Italy after a brief sojourn among us, it is chiefly because of the deep love of the Italians for their native land. This living patriotism is the corner-stone of their national existence. It is the basis of their great experiment in nation-building, which em-

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bodies the principle of nationality and the inalienable right of racial groups to form separate states, in itself an underlying cause of the World War.

Italy, from the very first day of the war, has had unwavering confidence in the final and complete triumph of the Allied cause. Her armies in the field have recently suffered serious reverses. However, the defeat of Prussianism, the emancipation of their country from German economic control, and the redemption of the Italian lands still held by Austria, including the incorporation of *Italia redenta* in the kingdom, still remain the high purpose of the people of Italy.

THE FRENCH

(AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN)

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

THE president of an American university, lately called to France on business connected with the war, owned to me the other day, with a boyish pleasure in the confession: "I'm head over ears in love with France. I've completely lost my balance, and the passion grows with every day I spend here."

The state of being "in love with France" is no new one to Americans; but hitherto it has usually been the result of some social or æsthetic attraction. Many Americans have been in love with France because of her cathedrals and her museums; some because of her conversation and her manners; others because of her philosophy and her literature; the greater number, probably, because of her clothes and her cooking.

None of these elements entered—unless indirectly—into the pure flame with which the speaker burned. Summoned to France (where he had not been for many years) to undertake an urgent task, he had put his hand to it at once, without allowing himself even a day of private delectation; and what he was in love with, to the point of dithyramb and disequilibrium, was the beauty of the French character as revealed to him after three years of an unparalleled ordeal.

The interest of the confession is in the fact that he had been brought in contact with French character at the point where it is supposed to be weakest. He had been invited, as an acknowledged expert, to infuse up-to-date "efficiency" into obsolete methods; he had been caught in the net of official red tape, had breathed the stagnant air of an old bureaucracy, had bumped into prejudices of which the origin is lost in the mist of ages, had struggled against inertia and tried to put form into vagueness; and he had emerged from the conflict the humble and fervent admirer of the people whom Americans, just now, are perhaps a shade too prone to think it their special mission to educate and enlighten.

The incident raises certain questions in the impartial mind; and the first is, whether the particular kind of efficiency that America is so eagerly and affectionately bringing to France is quite as important in the making of national character as it would flatter us to think. No one, probably, doubts whether it is useful for France to acquire better commercial and industrial methods; certainly the French do not appear to. Their eagerness for enlightenment is touching—and perilous to the modesty of the enlighteners. But the fact remains that here is a people avowedly backward in all that America includes in the vast term of "business methods," and yet so forward in other qualities that such witnesses as my university president, and

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every other American observer of his stamp, concur in admitting—or rather glory in proclaiming—the superiority of the people they have been called upon to teach.

The obvious conclusion seems to be that, useful as our type of efficiency is to a nation in France's present situation, there are other elements more essential in the long run to the making of national greatness; and that France has had the gift of secreting these elements from the very dawn of her long and magnificent history.

The next question is: What are the elements? But the answer must be prefaced by a word of restriction.

II

THERE are only two ways of judging the character of a people: either, if one is of them, by finding the clew to their idiosyncrasies in one's self and one's antecedents; or, if one is a stranger, by seeking it in the contrasts between the aspirations and the results of the race one is studying and those of one's own people. If a stranger presumes to judge the character of a nation, it can be only relatively, obliquely, and on the basis of perpetual comparison and qualification. The observer must say, not, "The French are this or that," but, "The French seem to me, an American" (or whatever else), "this or that." The moment the critic forgets this, his comments become impertinence, his conclusions fatuity.

This does not necessarily imply that foreign observation is without interest, either to the foreigner or to the race he tries to interpret. The very quality of foreignness has its use in testing national character; it is often the acid that brings out the invisible writing. Facts which seem small and insignificant to people to whom they are a part of daily habit may have unsuspected importance in the explanation of national peculiarities; and just such facts often take extraordinary relief in the eye of the alien observer. The man who writes his memoirs too often forgets to tell you what the house he was born in looked like; his foreign biographer notes every detail of its furniture. Nothing is everywhere and always insignificant, and the chief excuse of observation from the outside is that it often emphasizes (even if it also distorts) the importance of unregarded facts.

III

THIS restriction established, one may turn back to the question: What are the elements of character that have made France *France?*

One of the best ways of finding out why a race is what it is, is to pick out the words that preponderate in its speech and its literature, and then try to define the special meaning it gives them.

The French people are one of the most ascetic and the most laborious in Europe; yet the four words that preponderate in French speech and literature are: Glory, love, voluptuousness, and pleasure. Before the Puritan reflex causes the reader to fling aside the page polluted by this statement, it will be worth his while to translate these four words into *la gloire, l'amour, la volupté, le plaisir*, and then (if he knows French and the French well enough) consider what they mean in the language of Corneille and Pascal. For it must be understood that they have no equivalents in the English consciousness, and that, if it were sought to explain the fundamental difference between the exiles of the *Mayflower* and the conquerors of Valmy and Jéna, it would probably best be illustrated by the totally different significance of "love and glory" and "amour et gloire."

To begin with "la gloire": we must resign ourselves to the fact that we do not *really know* what the French mean when they say it—what, for instance, Montesquieu had in mind when he wrote of Sparta: "The only object of the Lacedæmonians was liberty, the only advantage it gave them was glory." At best, if we are intelligent and sympathetic enough to have entered a little way into the French psychology, we know that they mean something infinitely larger, deeper, and subtler than we mean by "glory." The proof is that the Anglo-Saxon is taught *not* to do great deeds for "glory," while the French, unsurpassed in great deeds, have always avowedly done them for "la gloire."

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It is obvious that the sense of duty has a large part in the French conception of glory: perhaps one might risk defining it as duty with a *panache*. But that only brings one to another untranslatable word. To put a *panache*—a plume, an ornament—on a prosaic deed is an act so eminently French that one seeks in vain for its English equivalent; it would verge on the grotesque to define "la gloire" as duty wearing an aigrette! The whole conception of "la gloire" is linked with the profoundly French conviction that the lily *should* be gilded; that, however lofty and beautiful a man's act or his purpose, it gains by being performed with what the French (in a word which for them has no implication of effeminacy) call "elegance." Indeed, the higher, the more beautiful, the gesture or the act, the more it seems to them to call for adornment, the more it gains by being given relief. And thus, by the very appositeness of the word *relief*, one is led to perceive that "la gloire" as an incentive to high action is essentially the conception of a people in whom the plastic sense has always prevailed. The idea of "dying in beauty" certainly originated with the Latin race, though a Scandinavian playwright was left, incongruously enough, to find a phrase for it.

The case is the same with "love" and "amour"; but here the difference is more visible, and the meaning of "amour" easier to arrive at. Again, as with "gloire," the content is greater than that of our "love." "Amour," to the French, means the undivided total of the complex sensations and emotions that a man and a woman may inspire in each other; whereas "love," since the days of the Elizabethans, has never, to Anglo-Saxons, been more than two halves of a word—one half all purity and poetry, the other all pruriency and prose. And gradually the latter half has been discarded, as too unworthy of association with the loftier meanings of the word, and "love" remains—at least in the press and in the household—a relation as innocuous, and as undisturbing to social conventions and business routine, as the tamest ties of consanguinity.

Is it not possible that the determination to keep these two halves apart has diminished the one and degraded the other, to the loss of human nature in the round? The Anglo-Saxon answer is, of course, that love is not license; but first let us see what meaning is left to "love" in a society where it is supposed to determine marriage, and yet to ignore the transiency of sexual attraction. At best, it seems to designate a boy-and-girl fancy not much more mature than a taste for dolls or marbles. In the light of that definition, has not license kept the better part?

It may be argued that human nature is everywhere fundamentally the same, and that, though one race lies about its deepest impulses, while another speaks the truth about them, the result in conduct is not very different. Is either of these affirmations exact? If human nature, at bottom, is everywhere the same, such deep layers of different habits, prejudices, and beliefs have been formed above its foundation that it is rather misleading to test resemblances by what one digs up at the roots. Secondary motives of conduct are widely divergent in different countries, and they are the motives that control civilized societies except when some catastrophe throws them back to the state of naked man.

To understand the difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon idea of love one must first of all understand the difference between the Latin and Anglo-Saxon conceptions of marriage. In a society where marriage is supposed to be determined solely by reciprocal inclination, and to bind the contracting parties not only to a social but to a physical lifelong loyalty, love, which never has accepted, and never will accept, such bonds, immediately becomes a pariah and a sinner. This is the Anglo-Saxon point of view. How many critics of the French conception of love have taken the trouble to consider first their idea of marriage?

Marriage, in France, is regarded as founded for the family and not for the husband and wife. It is designed not to make two people individually happy for a longer or shorter time, but to secure their permanent well-being as associates in the foundation of a home and the procreation of a family. Such an arrangement must needs be based on what is

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most permanent in human states of feeling, and least dependent on the accidents of beauty, youth, and novelty. Community of tradition, of education, and, above all, of the parental feeling, are judged to be the sentiments most likely to form a lasting tie between the average man and woman; and the French marriage is built on parenthood, not on passion.

An illustration of the radical contradiction between such a view of marriage and that of the English races is found in the following extract from a notice of a play lately produced (with success) in London:

"After two months of marriage a young girl discovers that her husband married her because he wanted a son. *That is enough. She will have no more to do with him.* So he goes off to fulfil a mining engagement in Peru, and she hides herself in the country. . . ."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the bewilderment and disgust with which any wife or husband in France, whether young or middle-aged, would read the cryptic sentences I have italicized. "What," they would ask, "did the girl suppose he had married her for? And what did she *want* to be married for? And what is marriage for, if not for that?"

The French bride is no longer taken from a convent at sixteen to be flung into the arms of an unknown bridegroom. As emancipation has progressed, the young girl has been allowed a voice in choosing her husband; but what is the result? That in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred her choice is governed by the same considerations. The notion of marriage as a kind of superior business association, based on community of class, of political and religious opinion, and on a fair exchange of advantages (where one, for instance, brings money and the other position), is so ingrained in the French social organization that the modern girl accepts it intelligently, just as her puppet grandmother bowed to it passively.

From this important act of life the notion of love is tacitly excluded; not because love is thought unimportant, but on account of its very importance, and of the fact that it is not conceivably to be fitted into any stable association between man and woman. It is because the French have refused to cut love in two that they have not attempted to subordinate it to the organization of the family. They have left it out because there was no room for it, and also because it moves to a different rhythm, and keeps different seasons. It is because they refuse to regard it either as merely an exchange of ethereal vows or as a sensual gratification; because, on the contrary, they believe, with Coleridge, that

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
> All are but ministers of Love,
> And feed his sacred flame,"

that they frankly recognize its right to its own place in life.

What, then, is the place they give to the disturbing element? They treat it—the answer might be—as the poetry of life. For the French, simply because they are the most realistic people in the world, are also the most romantic. They have judged that the family and the state cannot be built up on poetry, but they have not felt that for that reason poetry was to be banished from their republic. They have decided that love is too grave a matter for boys and girls, and not grave enough to form the basis of marriage; but in the relations between grown people, apart from their permanent ties (and in the deepest consciousness of the French, marriage still remains indissoluble), they allow it, frankly and amply, the part it furtively and shabbily, but no less ubiquitously, plays in Puritan societies.

It is not intended here to weigh the relative advantages of this view of life and the other; what has been sought is to state fairly the reasons why marriage, being taken more seriously and less vaguely by the French, there remains an allotted place for love in their more precisely ordered social economy. Nevertheless, it is fairly obvious that, except in a world where the claims of the body social are very perfectly balanced against those of the body individual, to give such a place to passion is to risk being submerged by it. A society which puts love beyond the law, and then pays it such heavy toll, subjects itself to the most terrible of Camorras.

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The French are one of the most ascetic races in the world; and that is perhaps the reason why the meaning they give to the word "volupté" is free from the vulgarity of our "voluptuousness." The latter suggests to most people a cross-legged sultan in a fat seraglio; "volupté" means the intangible charm that imagination extracts from things tangible. "Volupté" means the "Ode to the Nightingale" and the "Ode to a Grecian Urn"; it means Romeo and Juliet as well as Antony and Cleopatra. But if we have the thing, one may ask, what does the word matter? Every language is always losing word-values, even where the sense of the word survives.

The answer is that the French sense of "volupté" is found only exceptionally in the Anglo-Saxon imagination, whereas it is part of the imaginative make-up of the whole French race. One turns to Shakespeare or Keats to find it formulated in our speech; in France it underlies the whole view of life. And this brings one, of course, to the inevitable conclusion that the French are a race of creative artists, and that artistic creativeness requires first a free play of the mind on all the facts of life, and secondly the sensuous sensibility that sees beyond tangible beauty to the aura surrounding it.

The French possess the quality and have always claimed the privilege. And from their freedom of view combined with their sensuous sensibility they have extracted the sensation they call "le plaisir," which is something so much more definite and more evocative than what we mean when we speak of pleasure. "Le plaisir" stands for the frankly permitted, the freely taken, delight of the senses, the direct enjoyment of the fruit of the tree called golden. No suggestions of furtive vice degrade or coarsen it, because it has, like love, its open place in speech and practice. It has found its expression in English also, but only on the lips of genius: for instance, in the "bursting of joy's grape" in the "Ode to Melancholy" (it is always in Keats that one seeks such utterances); whereas to the French it is part of the general fearless and joyful contact with life. And that is why it has kept its finer meaning, instead of being debased by incomprehension.

IV

The French are passionate and pleasure-loving; but they are above all ascetic and laborious. And it is only out of a union of these supposedly contradictory qualities that so fine a thing as the French temperament could have come.

The industry of the French is universally celebrated; but many—even among their own race—might ask what justifies the statement that they are ascetic. The fact is, the word, which in reality indicates merely a natural indifference to material well-being, has come, in modern speech, to have a narrower and a penitential meaning. It is supposed to imply a moral judgment, whereas it refers only to the attitude taken toward the creature comforts. A man, or a nation, may wear homespun and live on locusts, and yet be immoderately addicted to the lusts of the eye and of the flesh. Asceticism means the serene ability to get on without *comfort*, and comfort is an Anglo-Saxon invention which the Latins have never really understood or felt the want of. What they need (and there is no relation between the needs) is splendor on occasion, and beauty and fulness of experience always. They do not care for the raw material of sensation: food must be exquisitely cooked, emotion eloquently expressed, desire emotionally heightened, every experience must be transmuted into terms of beauty before it touches their imagination.

This fastidiousness, this tendency always to select and eliminate, and refine their sensations, is united to that stoic indifference to dirt, discomfort, bad air, damp, cold, and whatever Anglo-Saxons describe as "inconvenience" in the general organization of life, from the bathroom to the banking system, which gives the French leisure of spirit for enjoyment, and strength of heart for war. It enables, and has always enabled, a people addicted to pleasure and unused to the discipline of sport, to turn at a moment's notice into the greatest fighters that history has known. All the French need to effect this transformation is a "great argument"; once the spring of imagination touched, the body obeys it with a

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dash and an endurance that no discipline, whether Spartan or Prussian, ever succeeded in outdoing.

This fearless and joyful people, so ardently individual and so frankly realistic, have another safeguard against excess in their almost Chinese reverence for the ritual of manners. It is fortunate that they have preserved, through every political revolution, this sense of the importance of ceremony, for they are without the compensating respect for the rights of others which eases intercourse in Anglo-Saxon countries. Any view of the French that considers them as possessing the instinct of liberty is misleading; what they have always understood is *equality*—a *different matter*—and even that, as one of the most acute among their recent political writers has said, "on condition that each man commands." Their past history, and above all the geographical situation which has conditioned it, must be kept in view to understand the French indifference to the rights of others, and the corrective for that indifference which their exquisite sense of sociability provides.

For over a thousand years France has had to maintain herself in the teeth of an aggressive Europe, and to do so she has required a strong central government and a sense of social discipline. Her great kings were forever strengthening her by their resistance to the scattered feudal opposition. Richelieu and Louis XIV finally broke this opposition, and left France united against Europe, but deprived of the sense of individual freedom, and needing to feel the pressure of an "administration" on her neck. Imagination, intellectual energy, and every form of artistic activity, found their outlet in social intercourse, and France created polite society—one more work of art in the long list of her creations.

The French conception of society is hierarchical and administrative, as her government (under whatever name) has so long been. Every social situation has its appropriate gestures and its almost fixed vocabulary, and nothing, for example, is more puzzling to the French than the fact that the English, a race whose civilization they regard as in some respects superior to their own, have only two or three ways of beginning and ending their letters.

This ritual view of politeness makes it difficult of application in undetermined cases, and therefore it often gets left out in emergencies. The complaint of Anglo-Saxons that, in travelling in France, they see little of the much-vaunted French courtesy, is not unjustified. The French are not courteous from any vague sense of good-will toward mankind; they regard politeness as a coin with which certain things are obtainable, and being notably thrifty they are cautious about spending it on strangers. But the disillusion of the traveller often arises in part from his own ignorance of the most elementary French forms: of the "Bonjour, Madame," on entering and leaving a shop, of the fact that a visitor should always, on taking leave, be conducted to the outer door, and a gentleman (of the old school) bidden not to remain uncovered when he stops to speak to a lady in the street; of the "Merci" that should follow every service, however slight, the "Après vous" which makes way, with ceremonious insistence, for the person who happens to be entering a door with one. In these respects, Anglo-Saxons, by their lack of "form" (and their lack of perception), are perpetually giving unintentional offense. But small social fashions are oddly different in different countries and vary absurdly in succeeding generations. The French gentleman does not uncover in a lift or in a museum, because he considers these places as public as the street; he does not, after the manner of the newest-of-all American, jump up like a Jack-in-the-box (and remain standing at attention) every time the woman he is calling on rises from her seat, because he considers such gymnastics fatal to social ease; but he is shocked by the way in which Americans loll and sprawl when they *are* seated, and equally bewildered by their excess of ceremony on some occasions, and their startling familiarity on others.

Such misunderstandings are inevitable between people of different speech and traditions. If French and Americans are both (as their newspapers assure us) "democratic," it gives a notion of how much the term covers! At any rate, in the older race there is a tradition of

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trained and cultivated politeness that flowers, at its best, into a simplicity democratic in the finest sense. Compared to it, our politeness is apt to be rather stagy, as our ease is at times a little boorish.

V

It will be remembered that Paolo and Francesca are met by Dante just beyond the fatal gateway, in what might be called the temperate zone of the infernal regions. In the society of dangerously agreeable fellow-sinners they "go forever on the accursèd air," telling their beautiful tale to sympathizing visitors from above; and as, unlike the majority of mortal lovers, they seem not to dread an eternity together, and as they feel no exaggerated remorse for their sin, their punishment is the mildest in the poet's list of expiations. There is all the width of hell between the "Divine Comedy" and the "Scarlet Letter"!

Far different is the lot of the dishonest man of business and of the traitor to the state. For these two offenders against the political and social order the ultimate horrors of the pit are reserved. The difference between their fate and that of the lovers is like that between the lot of an aviator in an eternally invulnerable aeroplane and of a stoker in the burning hold of an eternally torpedoed ship. On this distinction between the two classes of offenses—the antilegal and the antisocial—the whole fabric of Latin morality is based.

The moralists and theologians of the Middle Ages, agitated as no other age has been by the problem of death and the life after death, worked out the great scheme of moral retribution on which the "Divine Comedy" is based. This system of punishment is the result of a purely Latin and social conception of order. In it individualism has no place. It is based on the interests of the family, and of that larger family formed by the commune or the state; and it distinguishes, implicitly if not outspokenly, between the wrong that has far-reaching social consequences and that which injures only one or two persons, or perhaps only the moral sense of the offender.

The French have continued to accept this classification of offenses. They continue to think the sin against the public conscience far graver than that against any private person. If in France there is a distinction between private and business morality it is exactly the reverse of that prevailing in America, and the French conscience rejects with abhorrence the business complaisances which the rigidly virtuous American too often regards as not immoral because not indictable. "Business" tends everywhere to subdue its victims to what they work in, and it is not meant to suggest that every French financier is irreproachable, or that France has not had more than her share of glaring financial scandals, but that among the real French, uncontaminated by cosmopolitan influences, and especially in the class of small shopkeepers and in the upper bourgeoisie, business probity is higher, and above all *more sensitive*, than in America. It is not only, or always, through indolence that France has remained backward in certain forms of efficiency.

It would be misleading to conclude that this sensitiveness is based on a respect for the rights of others. The French, it must be repeated, are as a race indifferent to the rights of others. In the people and the lower middle class (and how much higher up!) the traditional attitude is: "Why should I do my neighbor a good turn when he may be getting the better of me in some way I haven't found out?" The French are not generous, and they are not trustful. They do not willingly credit their neighbors with sentiments as disinterested as their own. But deep in their very bones is something that was called "the point of honour" when there was an aristocracy to lay exclusive claim to it, but that has, in reality, always permeated the whole fabric of the race. It is just as untranslatable as the "panache" into which it has flowered on so many immortal battle-fields; and it regulates the conscience of one of the most avaricious and least compassionate of peoples in their business relations, as it regulated the conduct in the field of the knights of chivalry and of the *parvenu* heroes of Napoleon.

It all comes back, perhaps, to the extraordinarily true French sense of values.

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As a people, the French have moral taste, and an ear for the "still small voice"; they know what is worth while, and they despise most of the benefits that accrue from a clever disregard of their own standards. It has been the fashion among certain of their own critics to inveigh against French "taste" and French "measure," and to celebrate the supposed lack of these qualities in the Anglo-Saxon races as giving a freer play to genius and a larger scope to all kinds of audacious enterprise. It is evident that if a new continent is to be made habitable, or a new prosody to be created, the business "point of honour" in the one case, and the French Academy in the other, may seriously hamper the task; but in the minor transactions of commerce and culture perhaps such restrictive influences are worth more to civilization than a mediocre license.

VI

MANY years ago, during a voyage in the Mediterranean, the yacht on which I was cruising was driven by bad weather to take shelter in a small harbor on the Mainote coast. The country, at the time, was not considered particularly safe, and before landing we consulted the guidebook to see what reception we were likely to meet with.

This is the answer we found: "The inhabitants are brave, hospitable, and generous, but fierce, treacherous, vindictive, and given to acts of piracy, robbery, and wreckage."

Perhaps the foregoing attempt to define some attributes of the French character may seem as incoherent as this summary. At any rate, the endeavor to strike a balance between seemingly contradictory traits disposed one to indulgence toward the anonymous student of the Mainotes.

No civilized race has gone as unerringly as the French toward the natural sources of enjoyment; none has been so unashamed of instinct. Yet none has been more enslaved by social conventions, small complicated observances based on long-past conditions of life. No race has shown more collective magnanimity on great occasions, more pettiness and hardness in small dealings between individuals. Of no great people would it be truer to say that, like the Mainote tribesmen, they are generous and brave, yet fierce and vindictive. No people are more capable of improvising greatness, yet more afraid of the least initiative in ordinary matters. No people are more sceptical and more religious, more realistic and more romantic, more irritable and nervous, yet more capable of a long patience and a dauntless calm.

Such are the conclusions to which the foreign observer is perplexedly led. It would probably take kinship of blood to resolve them into a harmonious interpretation of the French character.

All that the looker-on may venture is to say: Some of the characteristics I have noted seem unamiable, others dangerously disintegrating, others provokingly unprogressive. But when you have summed up the whole you will be forced to conclude that as long as enriching life is more than preserving it, as long as culture is superior to business efficiency, as long as poetry and imagination and reverence are higher and more precious elements of civilization than telephones or plumbing, as long as truth is more bracing than hypocrisy, and wit more wholesome than dulness, so long will France remain greater than any nation that has not her ideals.

The best answer to every criticism of French weakness or French shortcomings is the conclusive one: *Look at the results!* Read her history, study her art, follow up the current of her ideas; then look about you, and you will see that the whole world is full of her spilt glory.

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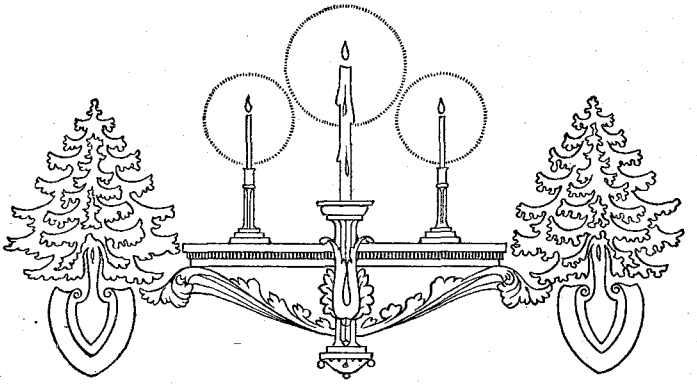

THE RED CANDLE

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

IT was so cold that the world seemed as stiff and stark as a poet's hell. A little moon was frozen against a pallid sky. The old dark houses with their towers and gables wore the rigid look of iron edifices. The saint over the church door at the corner had an icicle on his nose. Even the street lights shone faint and benumbed through clouded glass.

Ostrander, with his blood like ice within his veins, yearned for a Scriptural purgatory with red fire and flame. To be warm would be heaven. It was a wise old Dante who had made hell cold!

As he crossed the threshold of his filthy tenement he felt for the first time a sense of its shelter. Within its walls there was something that approached warmth, and in his room at the top there was a bed with a blanket.

Making his way toward the bed and its promise of comfort, he was stopped on the second stairway by a voice which came out of the dark.

"Mr. Tony, you didn't see our tree."

Peering down, he answered the voice: "I was going up to get warm."

"Milly said to tell you that we had a fire."

"A real fire, Pussy? I didn't know that there was one in the world."

He came down again to the first floor. Pussy was waiting—a freckled dot of a child tied up in a man's coat.

The fire was in a small round stove. On top of the stove something was boiling. The room was neat but bare, the stove, a table, and three chairs its only furnishing. In a room beyond were two beds covered with patchwork quilts.

On the table was a tree. It was a Christmas tree—just a branch of pine and some cheap spangly things. The mother of the children sewed all day and late into the night. She had worked a little longer each night for a month that the children might have the tree.

There was no light in the room but that of a small and smoky lamp.

Milly spoke of it. "We ought to have candles."

Ostrander, shrugged close to the stove, with his hands out to its heat, knew that they ought to have electric lights, colored ones, a hundred perhaps, and a tree that touched the stars!

But he said: "When I go out I'll bring you a red candle—a long one—and we'll put it on the shelf over the table."

Milly, who was resting her tired young body in a big rocker with the baby in her arms, asked: "Can we put it in a bottle or stand it in a cup? We haven't any candlestick."

"We can do better than that," he told her, "with a saucer turned upside down and covered with salt to look like snow."

Pussy, economically anxious, asked, "Can we eat the salt afterward?"

"Of course."

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Drawn by John Newton Howitt.

"Well, once upon a time, there was a tree in a great house . . . and it was set in a great room. . . ."—Page 686.

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"Then, may we do it, Milly?"

"Darling, yes. How nice you always fix things, Mr. Tony!"

Long before he had known them he had fixed things—things which would have turned this poor room into an Aladdin's palace. There was that Christmas Eve at the Daltons'. It had been his idea to light the great hall with a thousand candles when they brought in the Yule log, and to throw perfumed fagots on the fire.

He came back to the round stove and the tiny tree. "I like to fix things," he said. "Once upon a time——"

They leaned forward eagerly to this opening.

"Of course you know it isn't true," he prefaced.

"Of course it couldn't be true"—Pussy was reassuringly sceptical—"the things that you tell us couldn't really happen—ever——"

"Well, once upon a time, there was a tree in a great house by a great river, and it was set in a great room with squares of black-and-white marble for a floor, and with a fountain with goldfish swimming in its basin, and there were red-and-blue parrots on perches, and orange-trees in porcelain pots, and the tree itself wasn't a pine-tree or a fir or a cedar; it was a queer round, clipped thing of yew, and it had red and blue and orange balls on it, and in the place of a wax angel on top there was a golden Buddha, and there were no candles—but the light shone out and out of it, like the light shines from the moon."

"Was it a Christmas tree?" Pussy asked, as he paused.

"Yes, but the people who trimmed it and the ones who came to see it didn't believe in the Wise Men, or the Babe in the Manger, or the shepherds who watched their flocks by night—they just worshipped beauty and art—and other gods—but it was a corking tree——"

"You use such funny words," Pussy crowed ecstatically. "Who ever heard of a corking tree?"

He smiled at her indulgently. He was warmer now, and as he leaned back in his chair and unbuttoned his coat he seemed to melt suddenly into something that was quite gentlemanly in pose and outline.

"Well, it really was a corking tree, Pussy."

"What's a Buddha?" Milly asked, making a young Madonna of herself as she bent over the baby.

"A gentle god that half of the world worships," Ostrander said, "but the people who put him on the tree didn't worship anything—they put him there because he was of gold and ivory and was a lovely thing to look at——"

"Oh," said Pussy, with her mouth round to say it, "oh, how funny you talk, Mr. Tony!" She laughed, with her small hands beating her knees.

She was presently, however, very serious, as she set the table. There was little formality of service. Just three plates and some bread.

Milly, having carried the baby into the other room, was hesitatingly hospitable. "Won't you have supper with us, Mr. Tony?"

He wanted it. There was a savory smell as Milly lifted the pot from the stove. But he knew there would be only three potatoes—one for Pussy and one for Milly and one for the mother who was almost due, and there would be plenty of gravy. How queer it seemed that his mind should dwell on gravy!

"Onions are so high," Milly had said, as she stirred it. "I had to put in just a very little piece."

He declined hastily and got away.

In the hall he met their mother coming in. She was a busy little mother, and she did not approve of Ostrander. She did not approve of any human being who would not work.

"A merry Christmas," he said to her, standing somewhat wistfully above her on the stairs.

She smiled at that. "Oh, Mr. Tony, Mr. Tony, they want a man in the shop. It would be a good way to begin the New Year."

"Dear lady, I have never worked in a shop—and they wouldn't want me after the first minute——"

Her puzzled eyes studied him. "Why wouldn't they want you?"

"I am not—dependable——"

"How old are you?" she asked abruptly.

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"Twice your age——"

"Nonsense ——"

"Not in years, perhaps—but I have lived—oh, how I have lived——!"

He straightened his shoulders and ran his fingers through his hair. She had a sudden vision of what he might be if shorn of his poverty. There was something debonair—finished—an almost youthful grace—a hint of manner——

She sighed. "Oh, the waste of it!"

"Of what?"

She flamed. "Of you!"

Then she went in and shut the door.

He stood uncertainly in the hall. Then once again he faced the cold.

Around the corner was a shop where he would buy the red candle. The ten cents which he would pay was to have gone for his breakfast. He had sacrificed his supper that he might not go hungry on Christmas morning. He had planned a brace of rolls and a bottle of milk. It had seemed to him that he could face a lean night with the promise of these.

"A merry Christmas," he said to her, standing somewhat wistfully above her on the stairs.—Page 686.

There were no red candles in the shop. There were white ones, but a red candle was a red candle—with a special look of Christmas cheer. He would have no other.

The turn of a second corner brought him to the great square. Usually he avoided it. The blaze of gold on the west side was the club.

A row of motors lined the curb. There was Baxter's limousine and Fenton's French car. He knew them all. He remembered when his own French car had overshadowed Fenton's Ford.

There were wreaths to-night in the club windows, and when Sands opened the doors there was a mass of poinsettia against the hall mirror.

How warm it looked with all that gold and red!

In the basement was the grill. It was a

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night when one might order something heavy and hot. A planked steak—with devilled oysters at the start and a salad at the end.

And now another motor-car was poking its nose against the curb. And Whiting climbed out, a bear in a big fur coat.

Whiting's car was a closed one. And it would stay there for an hour. Ostrander knew the habits of the man. From the office to the club, and from the club—home. Whiting was methodical to a minute. At seven sharp the doors would open and let him out.

The clock on the post-office tower showed six!

There was a policeman on the east corner, beating his arms against the cold. Ostrander did not beat his arms. He cowered frozenly in the shadow of a big building until the policeman passed on.

Then he darted across the street and into Whiting's car!

Whiting, coming out in forty minutes, found his car gone. Sands, the door man, said that he had noticed nothing. The policeman on the corner had not noticed.

"I usually stay longer," Whiting said, "but to-night I wanted to get home. I have a lot of things for the kids."

"Were the things in your car?" the policeman asked.

"Yes. Toys and all that——"

Ostrander, with his hand on the wheel, his feet on the brakes, slipped through the crowded streets unchallenged. It had been easy to unlock the car. He had learned many things in these later years.

It was several minutes before he was aware of faint fragrances—warm tropical fragrances of flowers and fruits and spices—Christmas fragrances which sent him back to the great kitchen where his grandmother's servants had baked and brewed.

He stopped the car and touched a button. The light showed booty. He had not expected this. He had wanted the car for an hour, to feel the thrill of it under his fingers, to taste again the luxury of its warmth and softness. He had meant to take it back unharmed—with nothing more than the restless ghost of his poor desires to haunt Whiting when again he entered it.

But now here were toys and things which Whiting, in a climax of generosity, had culled from bake-shop and grocer, from flower-shop, fruit-shop, and confectioner.

He snapped out the light and drove on. He had still a half-hour for his adventure.

It took just three of the thirty minutes to slide up to the curb in front of the tall tenement. He made three trips in and up to the top floor. He risked much, but Fate was with him and he met no one.

Fate was with him, too, when he left the car at a corner near the club, and slipped out of it like a shadow, and thence like a shadow back to the shop whence his steps had tended before his adventures.

When he returned to the tall tenement the small family on the first floor had finished supper, and the mother had gone back to work. The baby was asleep. Milly and Pussy, wrapped up to their ears, were hugging the waning warmth of the little stove.

"Mr. Tony, did you get the candle?" Pussy asked as he came in.

"Yes. But I've been thinking"—his manner was mysterious—"I don't want to put it on the shelf. I want it in the window—to shine out——"

"To shine out—why?"

"Well, you know, there's St. Nicholas."

"Oh——"

"He ought to come here, Pussy. Why shouldn't he come here? Why should he go up-town and up-town, and take all the things to children who have more than they want?"

Milly was philosophic. "St. Nicholas is fathers and mothers——"

But Pussy was not so sure. "Do you think he'd come—if we did? Do you really and truly think he would?"

"I think he might——"

The candle set in the window made a fine show from the street. They all went out to look at it. Coming in, they sat around the stove together.

Pussy drew her chair very close to Ostrander. She laid her hand on his knee. It was a little hand with short, fat fingers. In spite of lean living, Pussy had managed to keep fat. She was adorably dimpled.

Ostrander, looking down at the fat little

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Then he darted across the street and into Whiting's car!—Page 688.

hand, began: "Once upon a time—there was a doll—a Fluffy Ruffles doll, in a rosy gown——"

"Oh!" Pussy beat the small, fat hand upon his knee.

"And pink slippers—and it travelled miles to find some one to—love it. And at last it said to St. Nicholas, 'Oh, dear St. Nick, I want to find a little girl who hasn't any doll——'"

"Like me?" said Pussy.

"Like you——"

"And St. Nicholas said, 'Will you keep your pink slippers clean and your nice pink frock clean if I give you to a poor little girl?' and the Fluffy Ruffles doll said 'Yes,' so St. Nicholas looked and looked for a poor little girl, and at last he came to a window—with a red candle——"

The fat little hand was still and Pussy was breathing hard.

"With a red candle, and there was a little girl who—didn't have any doll——"

Pussy threw herself on him bodily. "Is it true? Is it true?" she shrieked.

Milly, a little flushed and excited by the story, tried to say sedately: "Of course it isn't true. It couldn't be—true——"

"Let's wish it to be true—" Ostrander said, "all three of us, with our eyes shut——"

With this ceremony completed the little girls were advised gravely to go to bed. "If Fluffy Ruffles and old St. Nick come by and find you up they won't stop——"

"Won't they?"

"Of course not. You must shut the door and

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creep under your quilt and cover up your head, and if you hear a noise you mustn't look."

Milly eyed him dubiously. "I think it is a shame to tell Pussy such——"

"Corking things?" He lifted her chin with a light finger and looked into her innocent eyes. "Oh, Milly, Milly, once upon a time there was a Princess, with eyes like yours, and she lived in a garden where black swans swam on a pool, and she wore pale-green gowns and there were poppies in the garden. And a Fool loved her. But she shut him out of the garden. He wasn't good enough even to kneel at her feet, so she shut him out and married a Prince with a white feather in his cap."

He had a chuckling sense of Whiting as the white-feathered Prince. But Milly's eyes were clouded. "I don't like to think that she shut the poor Fool out of the garden."

For a moment he cupped her troubled face in his two hands. "You dear kiddie." Then as he turned away he found his own eyes wet.

As he started up-stairs Pussy peeped out at him.

"Wouldn't it be—corking—to see a Fluffy Ruffles doll—a-walking up the street?"

In a beautiful box up-stairs the Fluffy Ruffles doll stared at him. She was as lovely as a dream, and as expensive as they make 'em. There was another doll in blue, also as expensive, also as lovely. Ostrander could see Milly with the blue doll matching her eyes.

There were toys, too, for the baby. And there was a bunch of violets. And boxes of candy. And books. And there were things to eat. Besides the fruits a great cake, and a basket of marmalades and jellies and gold-sealed bottles and meat pastes in china jars, and imported things in glass, and biscuits in tins.

Ostrander, after some consideration, opened the tin of biscuits and, munching, he wrote a note. Having no paper, he tore a wrapper from one of the boxes. He had the stub of a pencil, and the result was a scrawl.

"My dear Whiting:

"It was I who borrowed your car—and who ran away with your junk. I am putting my address at the head of this, so that if you want it back you can come and get it. But perhaps you won't want it back.

"I have a feeling that to you and your wife I am as good as dead. If you have any thought of me it is, I am sure, to pity me. Yet I rather fancy that you needn't. I am down and out, and living on ten dollars a month. That's all I got when the crash came—it is all I shall ever get. I pay four dollars a month for my room and twenty cents a day for food. Sometimes I pay less than twenty cents when I find myself in need of other—luxuries. Yet there's an adventure in it, Whiting. A good little woman who lives in this house begs me to work. But I have never worked. And why begin? I've a heritage of bad habits, and one does not wish to seem superior to one's ancestors.

"The winters are the worst. I spend the summers on the open road. Ask Marion if she remembers the days when we read Stevenson together in the garden? Tell her it is like that—under the stars—. Tell her that I am getting more out of it than she is—with you——

"But the winters send me back to town—and this winter Fate has brought me to an old house in a shabby street just a bit back from the Club. On the first floor there is a little family. Three kiddies and a young mother who works to keep the wolf from the door. There's a Pussy-Kiddie, and a Milly-Kiddie, and a baby, and they have adopted me as a friend.

"And this Christmas I had nothing to give them—but a red candle to light their room.

"When I got into your car it was just for the adventure. To breathe for a moment the air I once breathed—to fancy that Marion's ghost might sit beside me for one little moment, as she will sit beside you to the end of your days.

"I have played all rôles but that of robber—but when I saw the things that you had bought with Marion's money for Marion's children—it went to my head—and I wanted them in the worst way for those poor kiddies—who haven't any dolls or Christmas dinners.

"I am playing Santa Claus for them to-night. I shall take the things down

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and leave them in their poor rooms. It will be up to you to come and take them away. It will be up to you, too, to give this note to the police and steal my freedom.

"You used to be a good sport, Whiting. I have nothing against you except that you stole Marion—perhaps this will square our accounts. And if your children are, because of me, without their dolls to-morrow, you can remember this, that the kiddies are happy below stairs—since Dick Turpin dwells aloft!

"From among the rest I have chosen for myself a squat bottle, a box of biscuits, and a tin of the little imported sausages that you taught me to like.

"Well, my dear fellow, happy days! To-morrow morning I shall breakfast at your expense, unless you shall decide that I must breakfast behind bars.

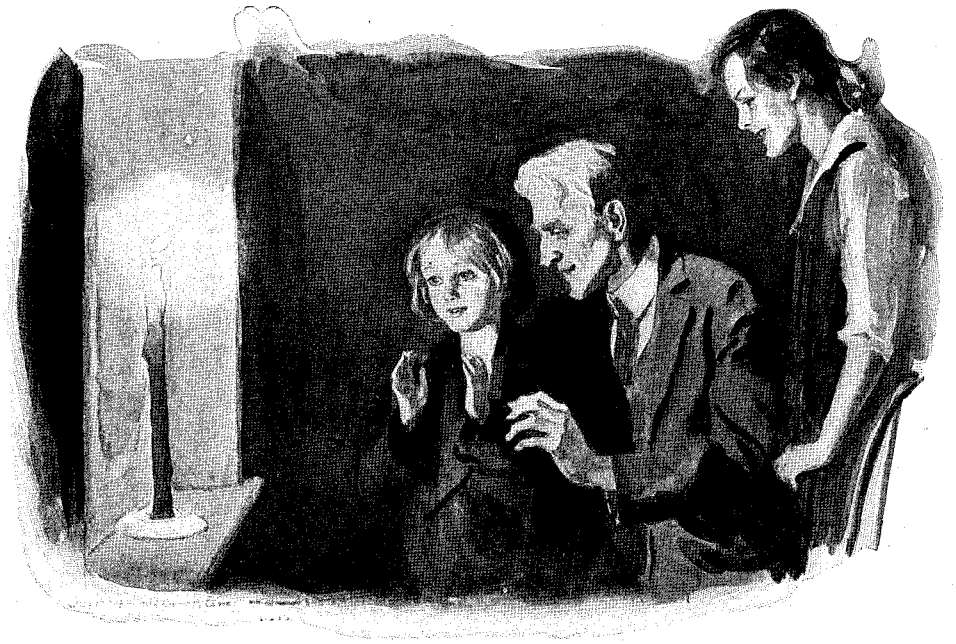
"If you should come to-night, you will find in the window a red candle shining. They have put it there to guide St. Nicholas and a certain Fluffy Ruffles doll!

"Ever yours,

"TONY."

He found an envelope, sealed, and addressed it. Then he went to work.

Four trips he made down the stairs. Four times he tiptoed into the shadowed room, where the long red candle burned. And when he turned to take a last look there on the table beside the tree stood the blue doll for Milly and the Fluffy Ruffles doll for Pussy and the rattles and



The candle set in the window made a fine show from the street.—Page 688.

rings and blocks for the baby, and on the chairs and the shelf above the tree were the other things—the great cake and the fruit and the big basket and the boxes of candy.

And for the little mother there were the violets and a note:

"The red candle winked at your window and brought me in. It is useless to search for me—for now and then a Prince passes and goes on. And he is none the less a Prince because you do not know him."

And now there was that other note to deliver. Out in the cold once more, he found the moon gone and the snow falling. As he passed the saint on the old church it seemed to smile down at him.

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Four times he tiptoed into the shadowed room, where the long red candle burned —Page 691.

The towers and gables were sheeted with white. His footsteps made no sound on the padded streets.

He left the note at Whiting's door. He fancied that, as the footman held it open, he saw Marion shining on the stairs!

He was glad after that to get home and to bed, and to the warmth of his blanket. There was the warmth, too, of the wine.

In a little while he was asleep. On the table by his untidy bed was the box of biscuits and the bottle and the tin of tiny sausages.

If all went well he would feast like a lord on Christmas morning!

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THE FACE OF PARIS

By George McLean Harper

HOW does Paris look by this time? How does a city look when its fate hangs on the strength of a line of men only seventy miles away? Are the people anxious? Is there any laughter in the houses, any light in women's faces, any spring in children's feet? Are there signs of discouragement? Is food scarce? Is there much discontent? Is man-power much depleted? These are questions which are likely to be put to a person who has been in Paris recently. If some tourist agency could arrange for a three hours' visit to Paris, taking up the travellers from their homes in America, bringing them by wireless to the Place de l'Etoile, conducting them through those parts of the city that are most worth seeing, and then setting them down, safe and sound, at their own dinner-tables, it might charge a very considerable price and yet do an immense business. Many stay-at-home Americans would be glad to have that experience.

In my walks here I like to fancy myself dropped down thus for a three hours' visit, a precious only visit, and try to note everything significant and memorable. I shut my eyes, count five, and open them again, pretending that I have just arrived by magic. Then I busily record every unwonted aspect and incident. I did this once in a trolley-car that was climbing a hill from the Seine in Saint Cloud, and the first thing I saw beside the track was a group of very ragged, dirty, and barefoot children. "This is war," I sighed. "I never saw the like in ante-bellum France." A turn in the road disclosed a gypsy camp, into which the children darted, and I laughed at myself, realizing that they were not French nor in all probability either hungry or unhappy.

But in the matter of impressions there is no time like the first twenty-four hours, and I attach considerable barometric value to the fluctuations of my spirits on the fifteenth of May, when I found myself, after five years' absence, on the Quai d'Orsay outside the railway station, in a new and yet strangely familiar Paris. There were only half a dozen cabs in sight where there used to be a hundred, and some of the drivers were women, dressed, from the waist up, as nearly as possible like the traditional *cocher*, in red vests, blue coats with metal buttons, and glazed round hats. Passengers from the trains were walking off with their own bags and bundles. Here were two slender girls carrying a trunk between them. They put it down to breathe when they reached the Pont Royal. The motor-buses, which used to come thundering and screeching down the Rue du Bac, were not running, so that it was easier than it had been before the war to understand why Madame de Sévigné sighed for the gutter of that ancient thoroughfare. It was a pleasure to see old people and children stringing across that once dangerous crossing without terror. "War," I thought, "has one good side if it has restored Paris to the pedestrian."

The sun was setting behind the Arc de Triomphe, and for a few moments a golden light flared from the river and danced among the leaves of the poplars that line the quays. With a shock of pleased surprise I saw that the book-stalls were still in place on the parapet and open and full of books and maps and engravings, more or less worthless, but always stimulating to curiosity. Somehow I had supposed that the book-stalls would have been among the first features of Paris to disappear. But there they were, just like the river itself, and the old women who guard them with such apparent indifference were still knitting and looking the other way, so as not to make shy purchasers nervous. From the Quai Voltaire I turned in at a familiar door to a hospitable and quiet hotel which had often sheltered me in years gone by. The old landlord, who remembered me, showed no surprise. Perhaps it was a war econ-

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omy, but in any case it pleased me to see that the same old carpet was on the stairs. I knew by the shaking of the house that the underground trains were still running. The river steamboats flashed past as usual and the slow barges nosed their way between the arches of the bridge just as they always did. Breakfast next morning was the same as before the war, except that the bread was made from whole-wheat flour and the lumps of sugar for my coffee were exactly the number that a reasonable man would require, and no more. And the price had not changed. In old days this hotel was the resort of a few American and British families and of sedate French people from the country; now I noticed various pieces of uniform hanging in the hall and inferred that the house was full of officers on short leave.

Going out into the morning streets, I found them certainly less crowded than before the war. Almost as many soldiers were to be seen as civilians, and among the latter there were few foreigners. Motor-trucks, carrying aeroplanes and military supplies, were more noticeable and perhaps more frequent than ordinary business lorries. There was no hurry, and no one looked anxious, though it was plain enough that a deep seriousness possessed the minds of all adults. The latter half of May was a period of depression in France. A winter almost without coal had left many people suffering from colds and chilblains. The April offensive, though not altogether unsuccessful, had fallen far short of what was expected. Men wounded in that great attack and kept hitherto in base hospitals were now being brought into Paris. The extent of Russia's defection was beginning to be appreciated. There were some strikes in the clothing trade, not in themselves very important, but full of menace. Women, under their black veils, looked sad. No one, except soldiers in uniform, looked really cheerful. It was then that the face of Paris, the physical loveliness of this queen of cities, helped to keep up the courage of the people. The city government had wisely paid at least as much attention as usual to the parks and public gardens; flowers were blooming in every open plot of ground; the parterres in the Tuileries were glorious; and I have no doubt that the beauty of Paris, appealing to a sensitive population, went far to turn the winter of their discontent into the summer of hope that presently arose. The newspapers were unnecessarily pessimistic in May, and their foolish headlines gave currency to exaggerated reports of strikes and revolts. It was wonderful to see the change that sunshine and success brought about by the middle of July. In the interval Russia had had one of her favorable turns, the British had won a splendid victory near Arras, the French themselves had repulsed a fierce attack before Verdun, and American troops had been *seen* in France. There is nothing like seeing. The French have never doubted the fidelity and tenacity of Britain, but that the United States would actually send an army was seriously disbelieved. The welcome given to our men on the Fourth of July had in it therefore something of the frankness of a confession.

Since then a splendid summer has made people forget the coal problem, abundant crops have reduced the cost of food, the quality of bread has improved, fewer recently wounded men are to be seen and more German prisoners, several lines of motor omnibuses are operated, more underground trains are run, more shops are open, and a general feeling of relief is evident everywhere. Bread is cheaper than in the United States, though the quality, as compared with the yard of golden-brown ambrosia that ten sous would buy before the war, leaves much to be desired. Notwithstanding that there are two meatless days a week and two days when the sugar-loving American cannot purchase chocolate or confectionery, a good meal may still be had for three or four francs in most of the restaurants of Paris. In spite of the supposed shortage of gasolene, taxicabs are equal to the demand, which of course is not great, and the fares are much lower than in New York. One can cross the street without much risk in places like the corner of the rue de Rivoli and the rue Royale. Young and middle-aged men in civilian garb are few and far between. Even more noticeable is the absence of overdressed people, wasters, and those who cater to the fancies of the idle rich. The plain people possess Paris,

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which is rather gain than loss. A good many shops are closed, but if you examine their signs you see that what was formerly sold in them were goods not strictly necessary to life and happiness. Luxury trades have suffered, but the dealing in essentials goes on about as usual. To any one accustomed to think of Paris chiefly as a city of luxurious refinements, it must be surprising to observe how little difference is made by the closing of jewellers' shops and how the genuine Paris has revealed itself. An old Parisian friend of mine once told me that no city in the world contained more men and women devoted to serious pursuits, and I believe he was right.

Though there must be many families with broken fortunes, nobody seems to be out of work. I have seen only two or three beggars in three months, except the gypsy children in Saint Cloud. I have seen no bread-lines. On the other hand, I have seen very few dresses that look new or fashionable. Women appear to have turned over the contents of their wardrobes and to have exercised their individual tastes. The results are charming. The serious question is: "How are we to keep warm next winter?" Every bit of bark that falls from the sycamores in Neuilly, every dead branch that drops in the Bois de Boulogne, every piece of board and every box are being gathered against the coming cold. Housekeepers are saving paper, which they roll into balls with some sticky substance, to use as fuel.

It is hardly proper to speak of the face of Paris, for the city has many parts and aspects. Between Neuilly, for example, modern, sanitary, with wide, well-shaded avenues, and the Latin Quarter, still mediæval notwithstanding some regrettable reforms, there can be no measure of comparison. Passy, rising above the Seine on the right bank, is a town by itself. The hasty traveller remembers only the Champs Elysées, the Grands Boulevards, and the adjacent streets, but Montmartre and Belleville are here to assert their rights, and the rue de la Paix is not so rootedly Parisian as the rue de l'Arbre Sec or the rue du Pot de Fer or the rue du Puits de l'Ermite. Yet, after all, if the war has made any impression, it will be seen plainly enough in the course of a walk from the Place de l'Etoile to the Louvre, then across the Pont Royal and along the Quai Voltaire and the Quai des Grands Augustins to the Boulevard Saint Michel, and thence by a winding way to the Panthéon, the Luxembourg Garden, and the Odéon.

No other thoroughfare in Paris shows the effect of the war so much as the Champs Elysées. At the very top of it stands a great hotel that has been turned into a hospital for French wounded, over which floats the Union Jack, for it is maintained by the British as a fraternal offering to France. As we go down the avenue we pass a Russian hospital, likewise in a celebrated hotel, and through the windows of the ground floor we see big Russian soldiers lying in gilt beds in an overdecorated dining-room. Roumanian, Montenegrin, and French hospitals, a shop for the sale of goods made by wounded men, the headquarters of an American relief association, the warehouses of the American Fund for French Wounded, closed lace, fur, and tapestry stores, mark the way to the Place de la Concorde. Nearly all the men one meets are in uniform, or perhaps it would be truer to say multiform. British and Belgians are in khaki. The Montenegrin doublets of dust-colored gray and trousers of dark blue and long black boots are different from any other costume, and the men that wear them are the tallest. Australians are distinguishable from New Zealanders by their hats. The Russians, who were numerous in May, have disappeared. Here and there one meets a Portuguese officer in a neat pea-green uniform. American, British, and Canadian officers look much alike to any but the sharpest eyes. The variety of the French uniforms is bewildering. At first it seemed as if I must conclude "motley's the only wear," but soon I observed that the youngest, dustiest, most weary-looking men, with hard-set faces, who glanced neither to right nor left but lunged painfully forward under enormous packs, men with the mark of great memories on their brows and a stern determination in their legs, men from the trenches whose feet the pavement hurt, wore tunics and breeches and puttees and helmets all of a

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steel-gray blue, and I decided that this was the real thing. The men in brown velveteen, yellow khaki, and the red trousers and blue coats of the old infantry, the men in red fezes and wide red pantaloons and other fantastic finery of the zouaves, the men in various experiments in protective coloration, were reservists and *permissionaires*.

It is a strange sight, this mingling of types in the Champs Elysées. Homesick French boys wandering aimlessly along; energetic English subalterns bent on having some fun; Highlanders whose mien accords fully with the French saying, "Fier comme un Ecossais"; tall, thin Senegalese taller and blacker than any American negroes; brown Algerians; American ambulance-drivers, waiting with sorely tried patience for something to do; little yellow soldiers from Annam who look like girls—it is, indeed, a military kaleidoscope. But most noticeable of all are the wounded, generally in groups and always pitiful; and, on the whole, the Champs Elysées presents a depressing spectacle.

It is only when one reaches the Place de la Concorde, surely the centre of the finest panorama in any city, that one feels relief from the sense of war's wastefulness, for here one enters a region of great and permanent monuments and the Seine comes into view, with its bridges and curving quays, and the poplars whisper their old song, and the barges drift slowly by, and on the other side lies a more ancient and fascinating Paris, which the war has touched only to make more distinct and true to itself. In the garden of the Tuileries the fountains play as usual and children sail toy boats in the basins. In the Place de Rivoli, Joan of Arc still rides to victory, and who that sees her can doubt or despair? Only, O Maid in Armor, it is the race bred from your old foes the Anglois* who with your own heroic countrymen will free the soil of your Lorraine.

There is unfortunately no name except the awkward and inadequate compound "Anglo-Saxon" to designate the English-speaking people, but however called and under whatever flag, it is the men of British origin and English speech who will have to finish this war. France is capable of holding her own, and doubtless will hold her own, along the line she has reserved for herself, but it would be too much to expect her to lead in the next great offensive. Even now her losses appear to be far short of those which the British are suffering. She has not yet been obliged to send her boys under twenty-one to the front, and it is to be hoped she will not have to send them. I make these statements merely from personal observation and without paying much attention to published figures. Judging from the small number of recently wounded men who came to the hospitals of Paris and its environs during the summer, I should say that the French were suffering smaller losses than the British, and from the ages of the men I am confident that the younger classes have been held in reserve. No one observing the high proportion of women who wear mourning could demand greater sacrifices than they have made. I have witnessed nothing that distressed me so much as the drilling of French youth from eighteen to twenty-one years old. They know what awaits them unless the war ends next summer. And one feels that they are doubly, trebly precious to their families and their country because of the losses already suffered in the classes that preceded them.

The Latin Quarter shows fewer traces of war than the city on the right bank, and such changes as have occurred have brought out the true character of that mountain of schools and busy homes. There is a feeling of neighborliness here, as if we were in a small town and among old acquaintances. On the quays and at the foot of the rue de Seine people still finger the soiled *bouquins* that are exposed for admiration and sale, and seem inspired with the old hope of finding a treasure. In this corner, dedicated to literature and the fine arts, surrounded by print-shops, the Institute, the palace of the Beaux Arts, and the river which was the cause of Paris and is still its chief ornament, stands the statue of Voltaire, contemplating with his astute smile the innocents who fish in the Seine for gudgeons and those equally hopeful optimists who turn the pages looking for

* Anglois, the *old* spelling.

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pearls of wisdom. How much of the best of all that is French is represented by these two statues, that of the devout heroine and this of the humane wit!

There still are cafés in the Boul' Miche' and the pace of the passing throng is leisurely as of yore, and half a dozen long-haired young-old men in velveteen jackets and Rembrandt hats are still to be seen; but they look strangely out of place and very lonely, and by ten o'clock at night quiet reigns from the Odéon to the Seine. The quarter has gained as well as lost by the war. Wisdom no longer cries aloud in the street, but neither does folly. Though the schools have suffered, they have kept open, and their work is intensely serious. The many women and the few men who attend lectures in the university realize that the tradition of sound learning must pass through them or be lost. And now that the human tide has ebbed, the architectural monuments, like rocks in shoal water, assert their ancient claims. If France had been conquered in 1914 and fallen to the rank of a second or third rate power, so that Paris remained only a relic of civilization, certain structures, like the cathedral of Notre Dame and the Panthéon, if the barbarians had spared them, would have kept a touching charm and a serene aloofness. Even now, because the flood of traffic is low and the noises of the street are stilled, their high qualities are enhanced. In the pale light of these summer evenings the Panthéon especially is a lonely figure of grandeur. The pavement around it is empty. The lines of the rue Soufflot converge without interruption till they embrace this edifice, Roman in its massive and simple outline, yet very French in its fine gray color. This monument, not only of great men but of a great country and a great age, would grace a Paris in ruins. One thinks of the temple of Neptune at Pæstum and of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn."

But the terrible and beautiful dream of a dead Paris lasts only a moment. The vast city still pulsates at our feet, and it is seldom, on the quietest nights, that the sound of the guns reaches our ears. There is some doubt as to how the deliverance was accomplished. In the ancient church of Saint Etienne du Mont, hard by the Panthéon, there is a votive tablet to the patron saint of Paris that gives one account and not the most fantastic; it reads: "Gratitude to Sainte Geneviève, who preserved Paris from the invasion of the modern Huns, September, 1914." For my part I have more faith in "la bonne Lorraine," and will confess to being deeply touched by a prayer, embroidered by the hands of a little girl and pinned to the statue of the heroine, in another church: "Jeanne d'Arc protégez mon Papa."

PARENTALIA

By John Myers O'Hara

With fruit and garland for the rustic shrine
Came Roman youth and maid,
And poured a fond libation with the wine
For each ancestral shade.

They came in their confiding faith to make
The old parental rite,
And dreamed the manes took the wheaten cake
Upon the altar white.

And so with kindred reverence I keep
The night that souls return,
But at my vigil window where I weep
The Christian candles burn.

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THE ADMIRAL'S BIRTHDAY

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY E. M. ASHE

ALTHOUGH it was a half-hour later than his usual breakfast-time, the admiral seemed in no hurry to leave the table. Idly his glance went from the large steel-and-glass case holding the silver service, presented by the ship's name-State, to the unnatural orderliness of the steel desk and the bare leather cushions on the steel sofa.

Outside, the bugler trailed by in the wake of the band; they had just finished playing the national anthem as the colors were hoisted, and a thrush, in a tasselled Chinese cage by the cabin port-hole, sang defiantly back. The admiral got up and looked thoughtfully at the bird.

"I never *could* get on happily aboard ship without a pet," he mused, and glanced toward the near-by shore. Fingering the catch, he unhooked and opened the little door.

"I can't carry a bird-cage about with me! I'd give you a *dot*—if I knew how, Dick—but you haven't been in captivity long enough to have forgotten all your old ways," he said.

The thrush hopped to the opening, balanced a moment there, and went back into the cage, peering with questioning, beadlike eyes at his friend.

"It's all right, Dick," said the admiral, and turned away. "After forty-six years in the navy, I won't know what to do with my liberty either," he mused, walking aimlessly about the cabin. Before a small cabinet he stopped and opened the glass door with a key on his key-ring. Lifting the contents out, he put them one by one on the table. Valueless objects they were—souvenirs of sport or achievement, of folly or tragedy; useless as the garbled gleanings from a small boy's pocket; but cherished from association, and interesting to the initiated because of the glistening thread of adventure brightening all the intricately woven fabric—that is life.

First came a photograph of a group of men on the deck of an ice-bound ship. The admiral examined it gravely. "My midshipman's cruise—three years' surveying duty around northern Alaska, in the old *Patterson*—and we all wore side-whiskers," he commented, and smiled. His wife had often remarked that if she had seen that photograph when she was engaged she would never have had the courage to marry him, for fear, in some misguided moment, he might be tempted to raise side-whiskers again.

Next he took out a string of fragile iridescent shells. Before him Samoa gleamed in the sunshine serene and golden; sweet with jessamine, colorful with Bougainvillea, with palm-trees moving in the trade-wind; while above the thatched roofs of the native huts the blue smoke of wood fires rose in the clear air; and at night the moonlight made a radiant pathway across the dark lagoons.

A small, square box lined with imperial yellow satin and containing a tiny silver sake cup incised with a crude plum blossom came next. The admiral's face was stern as he remembered the last Korean king and his pleasant, courteous speech, when he presented the little bowls as dinner souvenirs to the visiting American officers. "'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!' His wasn't uneasy for very long after that," commented the admiral dryly, and picked up a Hawaiian coin.

"Won it at poker . . . from Kalakaua! Always had to remind him 'ante up, king!' Those were the days!" smiled the admiral whimsically.

Then followed numerous mementos, conjuring up the memory of adventures on all the seven seas: a flint weather-charm that had guided the way through a blinding snow-storm in the devious Straits of Magellan; a long nail, bent into corkscrew-like spirals, told of a typhoon, with death and destruction in its wake, swooping across the Indian

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Ocean when the ship had trembled like an exhausted horse; a primitive barbed and feathered hook recalled an interrupted fishing expedition off Herschel's Island, where the sudden hurricane had caught and nearly overpowered the small boat among mountainous waves, and the sea-birds, wild with fright, had driven helplessly down the icy wind.

A small stone Kwanyin brought memories of gunboat days and the stupendous loveliness of the Yangtze valley. A piece of crude, mortuary, Ainu pottery told of a dangerous amateur excavating expedition under drifting cherry-blossom petals in northern Japan.

A thin scarlet card was the reminder of a presentation to the Dowager Empress in the Forbidden City—when that dominant lady had led the silent young Emperor about by the hand as though he were a bashful schoolboy.

A poisoned arrow-head told of uneasy days in the southern Philippines, where a molten, copper sun came up from behind the flaming fire-trees and showed the dense, tangled underbrush through which the Moro warriors crawled undetected to the water's edge. And at night, through the hot, muffling darkness, sounded the wistful, solitary piping of a reed flute. Blown by whom? And why?

Of a two years' tour of shore duty in Guam there was no souvenir, nor was one necessary. In the cemetery at remote Agaña was the grave of the admiral's only child . . . the wee daughter, whose tiny feet pattering unevenly on their short earthly pilgrimage still echoed across his heart and tightened his throat in a bitter memory of the futility of all available human skill. "If we had been where experienced doctors and specialists could have been called . . . ?" his sick spirit reiterated, unsolaced by time's effacing touch.

Leisurely the admiral cleared the cabinet and stood looking silently at his trophies. Turning, he rang for his mess-attendant. "You can pack these, Pedro; they're the last things, I think," he said.

Through the open port-hole a boyish voice sounded clearly: "I don't know *what* to say! You can't congratulate an officer on reaching a birthday that puts him on the shelf . . . cuts him away, clean and sharp, from the work of a lifetime . . . ," the voice trailed off. A knock sounded.

"Come in," called the admiral.

The ship's junior officers stood in the doorway, and a pleasant-faced ensign stepped forward. "Many happy birthdays to you, sir," he said shyly; "we knew we wouldn't get a chance later, so we came to tell you what an honor we consider it to have served on your flagship and how sorry we are that you are going to leave," he added.

The admiral's face brightened. "This is thoughtful of you," he said, realizing the good will behind their reticence. "The time comes to all of us . . . when we are towed into some landlocked backwater . . . and left there. It has to be —to make promotion."

The ensign spoke again. "We'd just as soon not be promoted if it means your going, sir," he said quickly, and the others murmured their agreement.

The admiral was pleased. "I'll be glad to remember that! And don't forget that I'll be watching your careers with interest," he said.

Pedro appeared at the stateroom door. "What uniform will you wear, sir?" he asked.

"Dress, with epaulets, cocked-hat, sword, and white gloves," answered the admiral.

The junior officers left. The admiral went into his stateroom; for the last time he put on his uniform, buckled his sword belt, took up his gloves, and went back into the cabin, where his aide and the captain of the ship were waiting for him. From outside the measured tramp of a thousand pairs of feet told that the crew were assembling on deck. A bugle sounded clear and high above the shrill crescendo of the boatswain's mate piping quarters.

The admiral, the captain, and the aide eyed each other with the inarticulate speechlessness of those who go down to the sea in ships, and each found comfort in the other's very apparent misery.

The admiral cleared his throat. "I've left everything in order, I think," he said; "you can turn those reports over to my relief . . . and the yeoman has typewritten copies of all letters. Come in!" he called.

"Officers and men up and aft, sir,"

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announced the executive officer from the doorway.

The admiral buttoned his gloves, took up the envelope containing his orders, and, followed by the captain and aide, walked to the door. In the opening he paused a second for a glimpse of the last ceremonial of his long career . . . trying to print ineffaceably on his memory the scene before him.

On one side of the wide deck the marines curved in long khaki-colored lines; on the other side the sailors massed in a great blur of blue and white. Across the deck a row of officers, junior officers, and petty officers added the glint of brass buttons and gold braid. The gun's crew stood ready at their posts and, by the after-mast, a quartermaster held the halyards of the blue, two-starred admiral's flag in his hand. A curious stillness rested over the scene, broken, as the admiral stepped forward, by the bugle call of "attention," and the officer of the deck's command: "Salute!"

The admiral returned the salute and walked across the deck to where the Stars and Stripes whipped sharply in the breeze, and the shadow of the flag flickered across the white planking. Against the background of this symbol to which he had dedicated a lifetime of clean, arduous service, he stood facing the crew of his last command and unfolded his orders. His voice was clear and even:

"'Office of the Secretary of the Navy,
Navy Department,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"'SIR:

"'On October 20, 1917, you will have attained the age of sixty-four (64) years, and will be transferred to the Retired List of Officers of the Navy, from that date, in accordance with the provisions of Section 1444 of the Revised Statutes.

"'On that date you will haul down your flag on board the U. S. S. *Idaho;* will regard yourself as detached from duty; will proceed to your home.

"'(Signed) SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,'"

read the admiral.

With the last word for a signal, the battery rang out in a salute of seventeen guns, and from the masthead the square flag started slowly on its downward journey. The admiral watched it with steady eyes; only the hand holding the folded orders trembled a little as the slackened rope ceased moving and the flag—*his* flag—dropped to the quartermaster's grasp.

Through the long lines of saluting officers, sailors, and marines he walked back to his cabin and disappeared through the narrow door, and, as he changed his uniform for civilian's clothes, he heard the tramp of the crew, the boastful call of the bugles, the shrill crescendo of the boatswain's mate's pipe, the commands of officers, and as eight bells sounded the band fared breezily into the opening bars of an antiquated comic-opera song.

All the intimate, cheerful, unnoticed, every-day sights and sounds loomed large with intolerable loss . . . as the admiral clumsily tied his detested necktie, with groping, unaccustomed fingers. . . .

In the cabin his servants waited in a forlorn group to say good-by. He brushed aside a brusque wish to have the whole business hurried through, and responded with his habitual kindliness; then rang the bell.

"Have my launch got ready—to take me ashore," he told the orderly.

"Your launch is at the gangway, sir," the answer came back.

The admiral hardly noticed the bustle outside as he turned and looked about the silent cabin—with its bare desk and table to where, by the port-hole, the empty, tasselled Chinese cage swung slowly in the offshore wind.

Blindly he walked away and passed out of the cabin door. Across the deck the ship's officers waited, feigning a cheerfulness they did not feel. The air was full of their volubly reiterated good wishes, but several faces were missing.

The admiral hesitated. "Chalmers? Morton? Rees?" he inquired as he went toward the gangway ladder. One glance at the waiting barge answered his question. A pulling-boat, manned by officers, waited to take him ashore, and as he climbed to his seat in the stern the sailors, heedless of half-appeased appetites, gathered on the forecastle and in the starboard gangway and cheered until the echoes answered back the admiral's

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Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

The air was full of their volubly reiterated good wishes.—Page 700.

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name. And when the pulling-boat had landed him, and the last good-by was spoken, he stood, a solitary figure on the dock end, and looked at the receding boat-load of officers . . . and the gray ship with her grim bristling guns—lifting her lacelike cage masts across the blue sky . . . as she rode easily between her anchor chains.

A fine ship, the flag-ship! His . . . no more.

At the hotel his wife, awaiting him, felt the sharp sting of tears as she noted the forlorn droop of his shoulders, but she smiled as he saluted her deferentially. "I have to report that I am permanently at your service," he said with impressive formality.

"Thank goodness, you've come, John!" she said briskly. "I want you to go to the Pullman office and make a reservation on this evening's train while I telegraph Marian. I couldn't make any final arrangements, because I didn't know when you would get back. And will you get some one to fix the lock on my brown trunk? You'll have to hurry!" she added energetically.

The admiral gasped. "Reservations—for where?" he asked.

"Silver City, of course! That's the nearest station to the Cliffords' ranch. They have a lovely young horse for you to train—one that no one has ever tried to ride on before. Marian says she'll guarantee that animal to distract your mind from your . . . she says you'll *have* to keep your mind on the horse. They have a wonderful ranch—with all sorts of wild animals, you know."

"I rather wanted to stay around here—until the ship left," ventured the admiral, but his smile deepened. "I've weathered a good deal . . . to finally end my career on a bucking bronco! Couldn't Marian and you have picked out a less strenuous counter-irritant for me? Why, Caroline!"

The admiral's wife was crying quietly. "I *won't have* you wandering around that pier, looking like a lost soul . . . and grieving about that ship," she sobbed. "I'm sorry you feel badly about it but oh! how glad and thankful I am that . . . at last you've come home!" said the admiral's wife.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By Charles W. Kennedy

God bless this house on Christmas Day,
And all who in it dwell;
And send us work, and send us play,
And many a glad Noël.

God send us store on Christmas Day
Of friends, and health, and mirth;
And bless us with that dream alway,
That blessed the world on Christmas Day:
"Good will, and peace on earth."

And think ye well on Christmas Day
That love is more than art,
And the words of love and cheer alway
Rhyme well within the heart.

So sing we all on Christmas Day
Old songs of Christmas cheer.
God grant us brave, true words to say;
Yea! help us live some better way
In all the glad new year.

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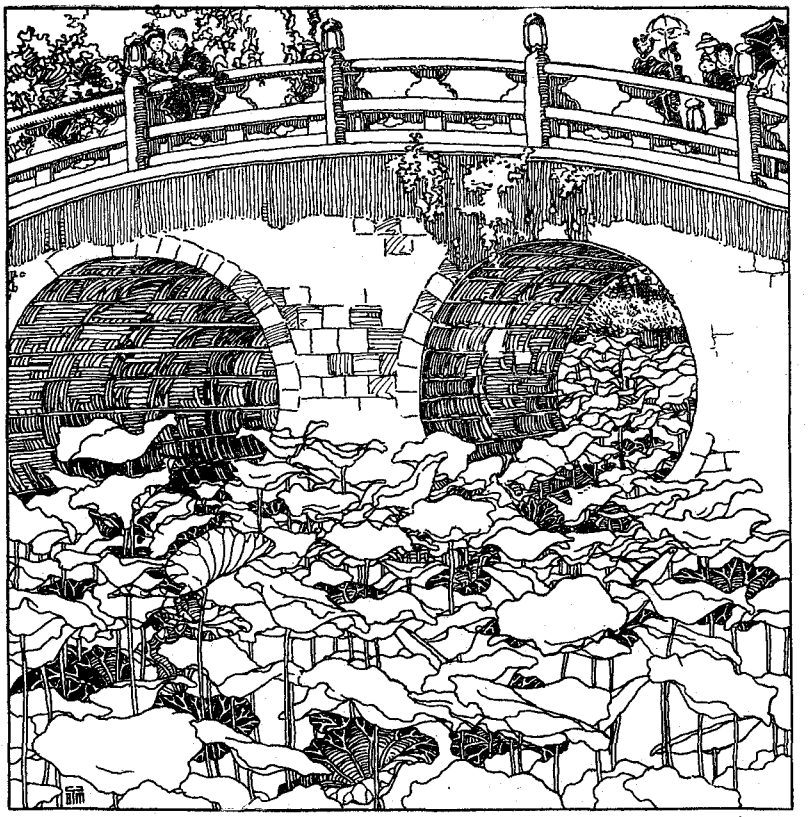

The Spectacle Bridge crosses the pond of white lotus, Nishi Otani, Kyoto.

THE SPIRIT OF THE JAPANESE GARDEN

By B. Y. Morrison

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A NEWCOMER in Japan, unacquainted with Japanese gardens and gardening, often feels that the so-called gardens are scarcely gardens, so different is their character from that to which he is accustomed. That they are not without matters of instant appeal is obvious, for there is scarcely any one who does not find some point for admiration. To one person, the rocks are most beautiful; to another, the waterfall; to yet others, the stone lantern or the well or the arrangement or composition of all these. One who comes studying gardens will find pleasure in all these, and in the first months of his search will remember one garden for its flaunting azaleas or its dark cryptomeria forest, another for its dancing waterfall or its lake bounded with great beds of iris. And equally with these delights he will remember curious trees, trained, tortured out of their normal mode of growth; arrangements of rocks that are neither geologic nor familiarly artificial; and many incidents—pagodas, lanterns, bridges, fences—which are disconcertingly national in their character. But I am persuaded that if he add garden after garden to his store of memories, these features, pleasant and unpleasant, will be-

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come mere details which impressed themselves because of their unfamiliarity, and in the end he will sense only the ideal of the Japanese garden, and that he will secluded shrine, with the red leaves of autumn scattered around"; while Oguri Sotan chose "a grassy wilderness, with plenty of wild flowers." In these three

Kodaiji, Kyoto. A famous garden by Kobori Enshiu.

realize that we are overlooking, in our garden plannings, one of the chief joys to be derived from garden ownership.

It is said that when Kobori Enshiu, one of the famous artist gardeners of Japan, was asked what his ideal for a ceremonial tea-garden might be, he replied: "A sweet solitude of a landscape in clouded moonlight, with a half-gloom between the trees." Rikiu, another artist, preferred "the lonely precincts of a judgments we have the moods which seemed most perfect to three of the famous garden creators of the golden age of gardens in Japan, the age when literature and the arts flourished and when men might take more time to "invite their souls" with the lovely things of life. But, however much we may be stirred by the underlying poetry of these ideals, one will come to a sudden halt if he tries to imagine definitely how to arrange and fashion

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material things to present such moods. And it must be granted eventually that though he might create "a sweet solitude" "the clouded moonlight" comes to discover the spirit of their conception and the underlying ideal of their creation. Enshiu asks for "a sweet solitude," Rikiu for "lonely precincts," and Oguri Sotan

The curved red bridge at Shimogamo Shrine, Kyoto.

and goes beyond his calling and "the half-gloom between the trees" takes years for its accomplishment. Again "the red leaves of autumn" fall but once a twelvemonth and "the wild flowers" may cease to look their part if it is too carefully arranged that there shall always be "plenty."

There is one note common to all three of these expressions which must not be overlooked when we are examining them for "a wilderness." Seclusion is the ideal. We must not forget, of course, that these judgments were expressed in relation to the design of the ceremonial tea-garden, gardens apart from the main garden, devoted to the practice and enjoyment of the tea ceremony and those æsthetic and literary pursuits which clustered about it. Such a garden was not, therefore, a place designed to claim attention for itself, but rather to create an atmosphere in

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Almost always there is the appeal of falling water.

which one might find it easier or more fitting to speak in poetry than in prose and of spiritual rather than mundane matters.

Yet this desire for seclusion is by no means limited to the ceremonial tea-garden. There is no land, perhaps, where one may so easily slip through the garden gate and forget that the great world is going by some few feet away. For here, unlike our American cities, one walks through narrow streets with houses close together or with high walls or hedge-rows lining the way, while back of it all are garden treasures, small and great, often hidden in most unlikely places, and discovered by the casual passer-by only when, in the hot days of summer, the fusima or sliding partitions are taken out and he may catch glimpses of an inner court or of the garden in the rear through the half-opened shoji. Or perhaps, entering a small shop, he may be taken to a back room overlooking a tiny garden, where, if he be an appreciative soul, he will find the point from which the composition is to be viewed and will realize that in Japan ideals of garden construction and enjoyment are somewhat different from our own.

What, then, is a Japanese garden? Briefly, it is an arrangement of land with plants, rocks, and sometimes water, in a representation of a Japanese ideal of natural scenery. It happens oftentimes, that a foreigner looking upon such a garden finds in it only what seems a fanciful contrivance, anything but natural. This comes, perhaps, because he does not know the Japanese canons of expression and judges it only by his own standards. Such a basis of judgment is very dangerous, especially if exercised after sight of very few examples. If many gardens are seen

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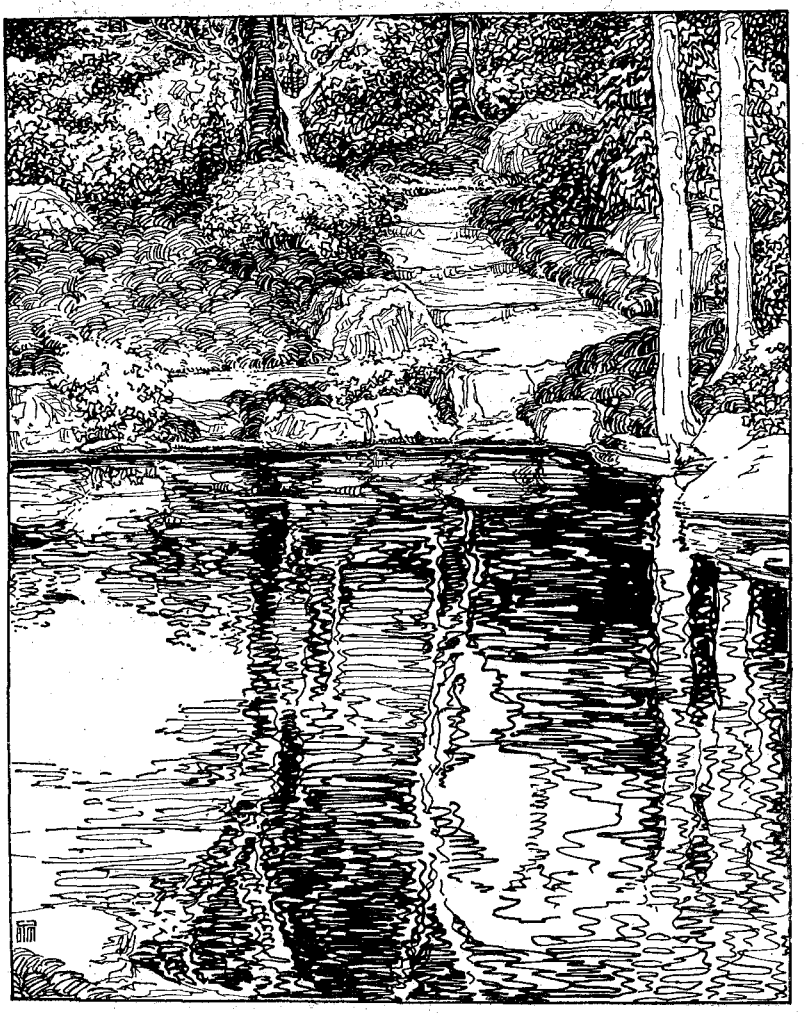
and considered the unfamiliarity of the mode of expression recedes into the background and the observer becomes aware of the real creation. The foreigner is also distracted in his first considerations by the scale of the gardens. It is common knowledge that the Japanese contrive gardens in areas the smallness of which would discourage others. Indeed, the miniature scale of the Japanese garden has been seized upon with joy and delight and has become one of the correct things to prattle about when one speaks of them. While often they are designed on a small scale—are, indeed, built in imitation of some larger landscape—they are not often of a scale different from that of their accompanying buildings. Rather is it the six-foot foreigner who cannot sit gracefully upon the silken *sabuton* who sets the scale in his mind, and his acute realization of his own size and awkwardness makes doubly noticeable the diminutiveness and delicacy of his surroundings. If, therefore, he may overcome the influence of his inherited attitude of mind and accept the mannerisms of the native work, he is in a position to apprehend the spirit of its creations.

Let us turn aside, if you will, from a busy Japanese street, with its crowds and its noise, into some temple court. Per-



. . . The charm of long reflections.

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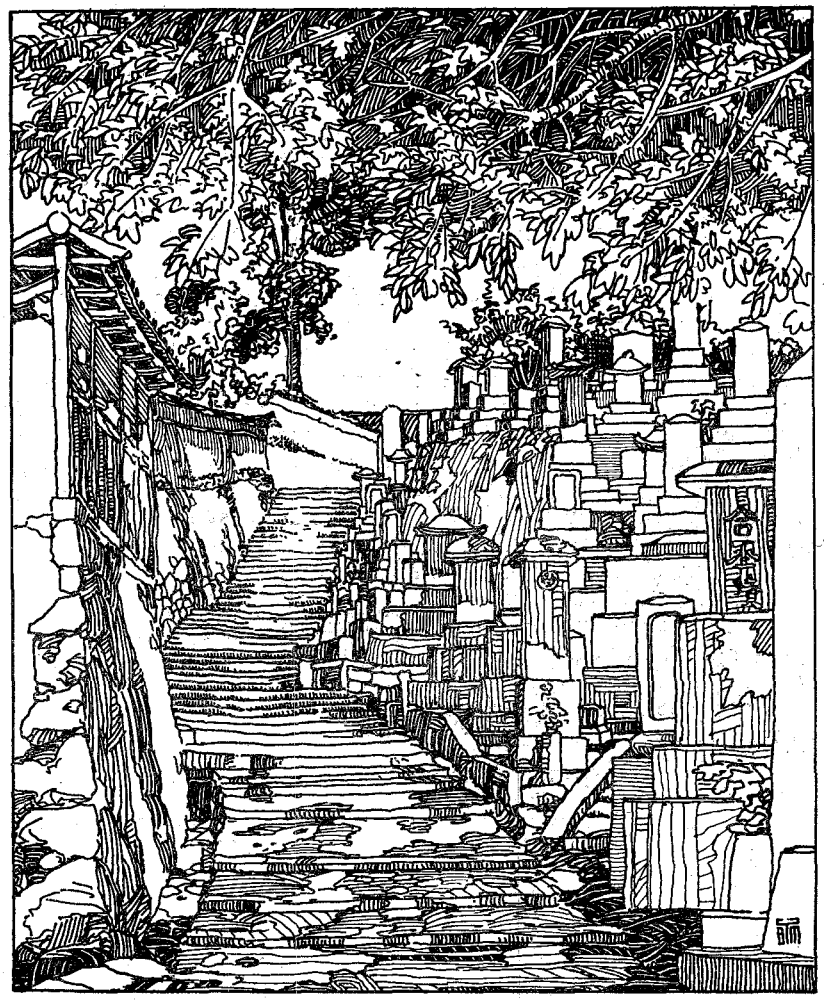

Often the way leads through the populous cemeteries to temple courts and gardens beyond.

haps we go in by a side gate, up long flights of stone steps gray and green with lichens and mosses, till we come to the courtyard of the main buildings, then through the buildings or through some side gate into the garden enclosure. The world is left behind; even the very temple and its worshippers are forgotten. As you sit quietly on the porch of the building you may look out over a lake as at the temple of Daigo Samboin, outside of Kyoto; out over a lake the farther shore of which rises high, hiding the wall beyond, a bank green with mosses and fern and grass, crowned with glorious old trees. In the lake are various islands reached from the shore by curious bridges all curved as if to let some boat go under, bridges built of wood and some of rough logs turfed above so that the band of green rises from island to mainland. Off to the east is the source, a tiny stream, plunging into the lake with a charming fall before it disappears in the quiet waters to flow out again at the western end under the maples which in the autumn flame red as sunset. Here one is, indeed, alone, and one's spirit may go back through the years until it reaches those days when the great Taiko walked

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The temple gates admit one to another world.

these same paths, viewed these same green reflections, or sat in meditation in the rude shelter near the waterfall. But this is not a city garden. Let us go back, then, to the city and, after we have made our polite apologies, ask to see the garden in the shop of a well-known cloisonné-maker.

This, also, is a water garden. It is constructed in an L-shaped court with its chief view from the house wholly confined to one stem of the L. Because of the very small size of the garden there has been no attempt to make a raised embankment about the outer boundaries, and the sense of enclosure is achieved entirely by the planting of young pines and cryptomerias, varied with some smaller broad-leaved evergreen-trees which line the fence and almost completely blot out the neighboring houses. The great sense of space in the garden is brought about by this planting, which becomes higher and higher at the corner farthest removed from the house, and from the fact that a great surface is kept open by the lake which covers the major portion of the garden. As one sits on the porch of the room that commands this view, his gaze is focussed in this corner of the high planting. Here from a tiny waterfall covered by the overhanging bushes, and almost invisible from the house, comes the supply which widens out into the pond

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after it has passed under the single slightly arched stone which carries over it the path from the other wing of the garden. A tiny island and a single stone resembling a tortoise are the only things that break the surface of the water. The island is close before one but slightly nearer the right or far shore, so that when one looks out to the waterfall his view is across the old juniper growing out from the island, across the dancing water with its heavily planted shores to the bridge, beyond which he may faintly discern the thread of water under the dark overhanging foliage. Across the vista falls a great ray of light at the point where the bridge crosses the stream, for here, naturally, is a break in the shore planting, and furthermore the bridge carries over a path to the back garden gate which is open and latticed, casting broken shadows over the moss between the stepping-stones.

If one turns aside from this composed picture he sees only the beautiful arrangement of plants and rocks which are beneath the little gallery that runs out from the main building to other buildings beyond the garden, and his gaze falls inevitably to the pool with the great carp that come up eagerly to be fed. With delightful economy of space the fore shore of the pool is brought forward so far that it comes under the narrow porch of the building, and so gives one the alluring opportunity of hanging indecorously over the porch edge to watch the fish. And as one sits here above this green-encircled pool it is almost impossible to realize that one of the main business streets of the town is the next street parallel to the one on which the garden is situated and that an interurban car-line runs not three hundred yards away.

There are countless other gardens like this one, built in inner courts or back yards, but so arranged, so staged, if one may use that word, that when one looks up to them from his work in the room he may see a great picture of some natural bit to be found in reality some miles from his dwelling. Furthermore, it is arranged so that it is his own. He does not share it with those who pass by. Other plant arrangements in the entrance courts are reserved for them. This is for him alone. It is to bring peace and quiet to his spirit when all else is troubled and disturbed.

And within these secluded spots there is a simplicity of expression which is conducive to contemplation, the object to be gained by the seclusion sought in gardens. Always there is one picture to be viewed. Cross-pictures do exist, but they are not to be discerned from the main view-point. Furthermore, each setting is not required to be at "exhibition pitch" all of the time. The gardens are always immaculate, never barren, but they have their climax, or perhaps their climaxes, which are not so close or so overlapping as the events of our own garden calendar. As every one knows, Japan opens the year with the brave plum blossoms and the last of the *nanten* berries; cherries follow, with wistaria, azaleas, peonies, and iris soon after; then lotus and lespedeza, maple and chrysanthemum, winter camellia and nanten again, and the great cycle of the year is done. Other flowers have their places, but these are paramount, and by no means are they all employed in one garden. In fact, of these, peony, iris, and chrysanthemum rarely come into the garden proper, but are kept outside until their glory is complete, and then, if they are potted, they may be moved into the garden or some room or temporary shelter for their exhibition. The garden is complete without a changing blaze of flowers. Its perfection resides in its pictorial arrangement of materials which shall be always satisfying and which may have periods of transfiguration. For example, it is scarcely conceivable that the temple court at Kameido is ever greatly crowded save at wistaria time; that the Camellia Shrine in Kyoto is an object of pilgrimage save when the old tree is covered with its thousands of blossoms; or that the garden of the Awata Palace is ever as thronged as when the azaleas spread a flame over the mountainside. But surely no one can be unmoved by the green beauty of the garden at Daigo even when the famous cherry is not a shower of pink, or the maples flames of yellow and orange vermilion against the dark blue and black greens of the trees, or by the unflowered charm of the tiny garden at Honen-in in the deep shadow of the hills.

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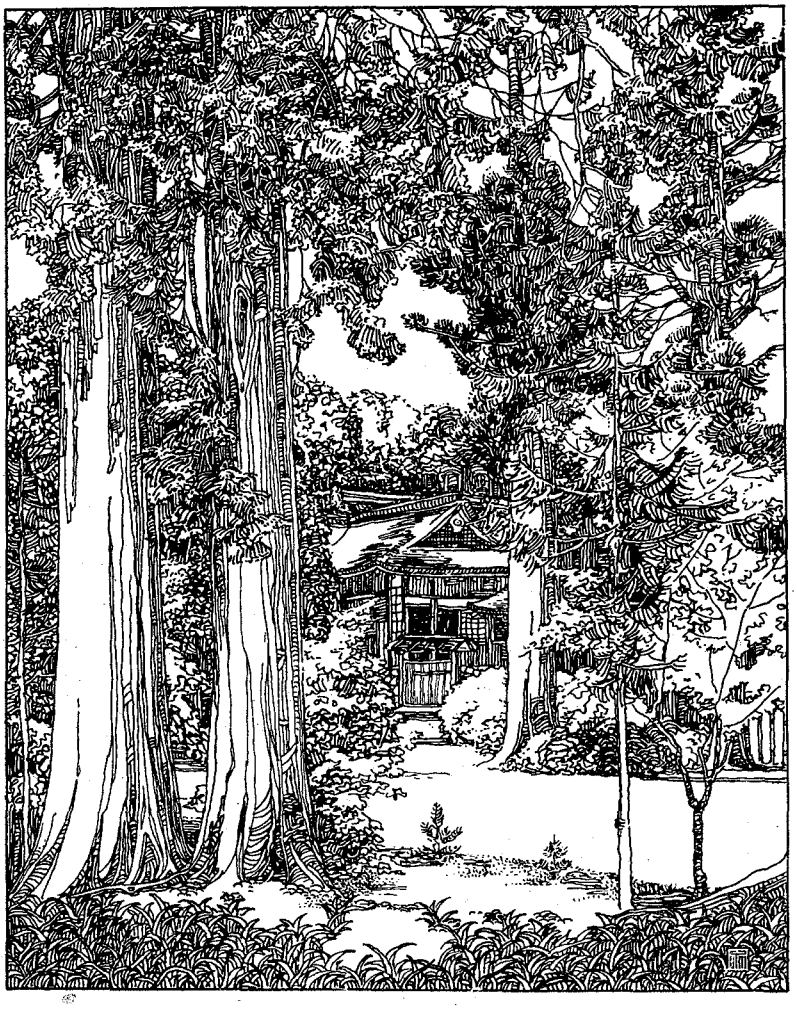

The temple courts still show the garden love of former priests, Kamigamo Shrine, Kyoto.

Contrast with this the demands we make upon our own gardens. Like the Japanese garden, they must never be barren, or at least never while we have to look at them; but, unlike the Japanese garden, their features must pursue one another with never-failing succession. Crocuses and snowdrops must come as soon as winter has gone, and the hosts of bulbs and spring flowering shrubs must follow on their heels until midsummer reigns; she in turn gives place to autumn's final burst of glory, and we resign ourselves again to the evergreen-backgrounded, red-berried, green, red, and yellow twigged picturings of winter. Then we wonder a little, sometimes, why our gardens at times fail in repose, and forthwith, in all probability, we hasten to plan some new distraction to supplement the already over-active circus of our gardening.

And what is the conclusion? We too often practise merely a horticultural system with results enjoyed purely as horticultural achievements; the Japanese practise a pictorial art, enjoyed for its subtleties and for its insidious charm—charm which is discovered by contemplation in solitude.

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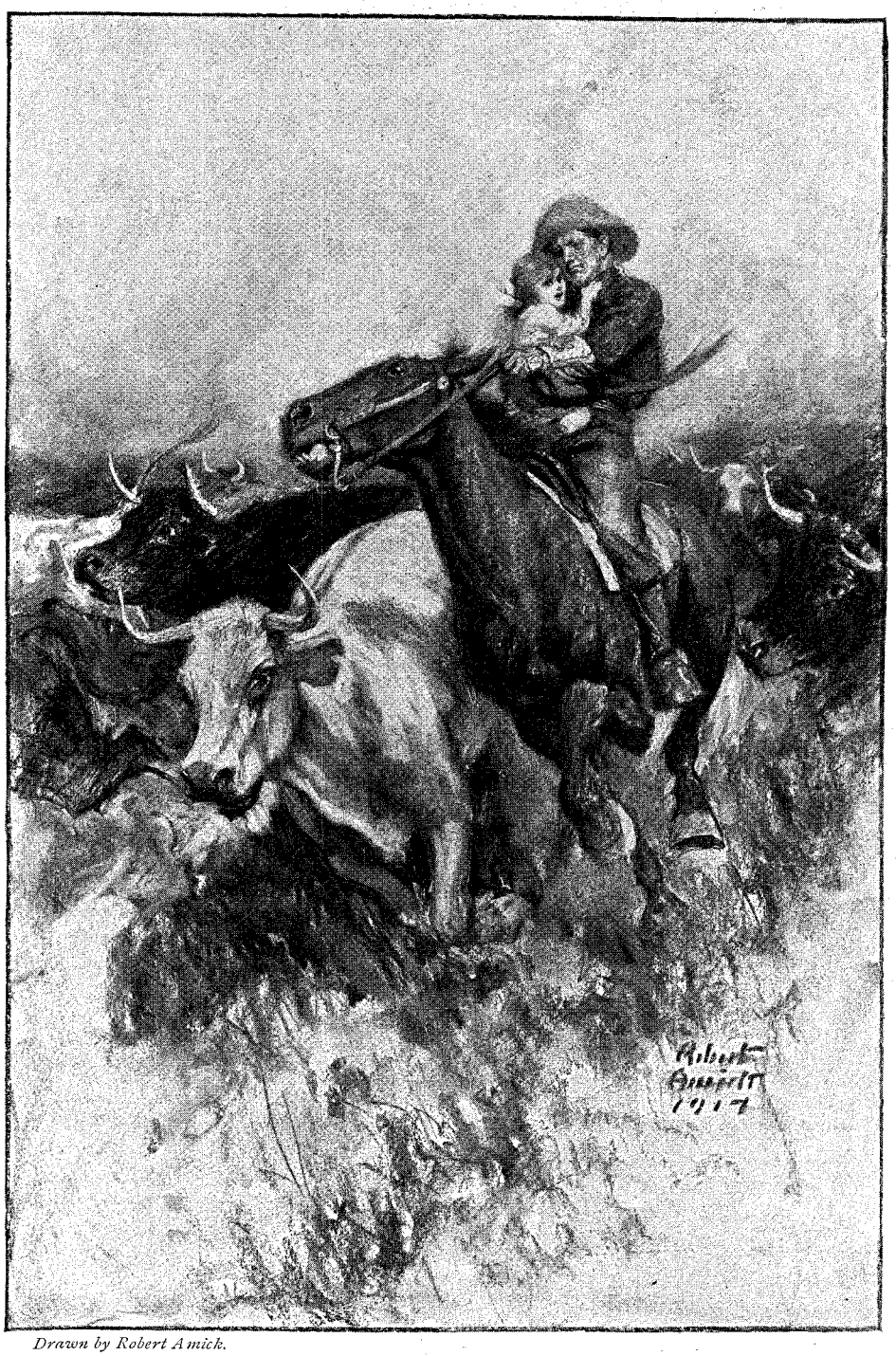

Drawn by Robert Amick.

Then with appalling suddenness the climax came.—Page 722.

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WILDER'S RIDE

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT AMICK

YOU are to try to imagine that the story is being told by Uncle Kaspar: grizzled, austere, old. He sits surrounded by the home circle and maybe a neighbor or two. What player-folk call *business* he introduces by means of his pipe; he fills it, he lights it, he puffs on it, he presses the tobacco down in the bowl. You can do a great deal with a pipe when you wish to emphasize the points of your story. There was that memorable scene in the old English comedy, *Caste*, for example.

For my part, I always think of the story as the story of the cowboy and the baby. I used to think of it so even during Uncle Kaspar's lifetime. The psychological interest, as the critics used to call it, always appealed to me more than the action, the drama. But it isn't my story, and I have decided to let Uncle Kaspar's title stand.

When all the conditions were right I used to say: "Uncle Kaspar, won't you tell us the story about the cowboy and the baby?" And the excellent old man would bring his attention around to me slowly, and frown as if he were somewhat in doubt as to what I meant, and at length he would say: "Oh—you mean the story of Wilder's ride!" And then he would begin that fascinating business with his pipe, and a silence would fall in the room. You might hear Aunt Anna's knitting-needles clicking steadily, or she might still be putting the supper things away, or maybe looking after the lamp or the fire. But she wasn't a disturbing element. She simply played the part of *chorus*, and the story was a great deal better because of her being there.

I ought to say, finally, that by the time I had heard the story for the last time it had become a sort of play, in which different individuals, including myself, took minor parts. You will see what I mean a little later on. Well, then.

Trooper Wilder (here the story begins) made his first appearance at Fort Sill in the garb of a cowboy, and said he wanted to enlist for the troop. He was sent to the post-hospital steward, and then to the doctor, and then to the adjutant, and finally to the quartermaster's store (to get his equipment); and so he became a trooper.

The adjutant may have heard something about his antecedents, but certainly the enlisted men did not—at least, not until a long time afterward. He was merely a silent, determined-looking young fellow who had come mysteriously out of a far horizon which still bounded a strange existence in those days: semidesert wastes, and headstrong red wards of the government, and occasional herds of wild buffalo.

There was an immense cattle-ranch not far from Sill—the Hood Brothers'—and it was generally believed that Wilder had been working for the Hoods, and had gotten tired of cow-ponies and round-ups and branding-irons and such things. But this was perhaps mere speculation.

From the very first he was what the officers would have called a model recruit. He was alertly attentive. He wanted to get at the heart of the thing he had undertaken to do. When his carbine was issued to him and a sergeant took it apart and put it back for him, he watched with shrewd, penetrating eyes; and then he repeated the process himself—with more strength than dexterity at first, and then again and again, with increasing dexterity. He took possession of his bunk in the squad-room as if it were a kingdom. You would never have suspected for a moment that he might finally decide not to stay, after all. He noted how the other troopers arranged their things, and then he surpassed them all in precision and devotion to the task.

And his horse . . . when he had gotten his horse, a fine dark bay, it was as if he

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had received his sceptre and crown. If it had been permitted he would have slept with his horse at nights, it might have seemed, and adorned it gayly: with ribbons braided into its mane, perhaps, and with shining ornaments. But of course all this was out of the question.

There was one thing the regulations did not forbid, however: Wilder speedily got on such intimate terms with his horse, in the matter of mutual comprehension and affection, that even the troop commander, a keen-eyed veteran, had never seen anything like it.

Nevertheless (let me recall Uncle Kaspar's exact words for the moment): "From the day he appeared on the reservation it was clear that he had been rightly named. For he was *wilder* than any other man in the troop."

(This was the first point to be emphasized in the story; and just here the narrator would pause and finish filling his pipe slowly and with exactness. And I would know that my first cue had been given me, and would repeat the word in a perfectly audible murmur—"*wilder!*" Calling attention to it, you see. And everybody would look at everybody else, smiling amiably. By this time the pipe would be filled, and Uncle Kaspar would clear his throat so formidably that I would shrink into the least possible space in my chair and look down at anything or nothing.)

The man's wildness was not, however, to be taken for viciousness, or anything of that sort. It was something like the wildness of a deer. He seemed to know nothing of any kind of community life. He moved among the other fellows with a kind of fierce shyness. He had learned to be sufficient unto himself. Perhaps he had herded cattle thousands of days and nights, with only the winds and the stars for companions. That might seem to account for a certain isolation in his nature. He wanted to be alone as much as possible. He would never come within the radius of that feeling of informal good fellowship which characterizes the typical group of soldiers.

You might have supposed that the other troopers about him were invisible, inaudible. Yet he was not moody. He was in love with his work. He would sit apart for half an hour shining a buckle or doing something of the sort while the other fellows were exchanging those *back-home* reminiscences which hallow even the crudest frontier garrisons. He would steal off to the corral every chance he got, to be with his horse.

"There used to be a joke among the fellows" (I recall Uncle Kaspar's exact words again) "about Wilder taking a saddle to bed with him at night, so he could sleep well; though of course there wasn't any truth in *that*."

(Here I was expected to come to the surface again, so to speak. "Take a saddle to bed with him!" I would repeat derisively; and everybody would smile at such an absurd suggestion, while the narrator would thrust his thumb into the bowl of his pipe two or three times, pressing down the tobacco. After which there would be again that ominous clearing of his throat.)

"And then Brigit came back." (Having made this statement, putting into it a strong intimation of strange things to follow, the old soldier would stop short and begin an absent-minded search for a match, rummaging through this pocket and that. And here my line was always precisely the same, no matter how many times I had heard the story told: "Brigit? Who was Brigit, Uncle Kaspar?" There would be no response until the match was found and the pipe lighted to the sound of short, sharp puffs.)

Brigit was a child of the army; a mere baby whose mother, Mrs. McGee, was the widow of a trooper. Trooper McGee had obtained permission to marry—it was common report that he had done this after the marriage had actually taken place—and had moved his bride into a little house just off the reservation. There he had played his part in bringing three little McGees into the world, in addition to performing all his duties as a soldier in an expert manner; and then it had developed that there was something wrong with his heart.

This malady of McGee's was made the subject of a brief battle between the post-doctor and the local climate, and then the doctor had to admit that he was defeated. The invalid was sent away to a general hospital somewhere, and Mrs. McGee had

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packed up her simple belongings and had taken the children—they were all still babes in arms—and had gone away with her husband, on the ground that she could manage somehow to be near him.

A less rarefied atmosphere had seemed to help at first; but after a time—quite a long time—there was a turn for the worse; and . . . well, Mrs. McGee came back to Sill again. The poor little girlish creature was dressed in black; and when she drove up to the reservation, and across it, in the post carryall, she was clutching her three babies to her as if they were a sort of miniature Three Graces, and her hour of sorest need had come.

Wilder had come to the reservation after the McGees had gone away, and so he had no way of knowing how the troop felt toward Mrs. McGee and her children —particularly Brigit. If he had been friendlier with the fellows he would have heard their names mentioned every day; but we have seen that he seldom talked to any one.

But he could not help catching something of the rapturous excitement that prevailed when the family, without the head of it, returned. The dullest fellows in the lot showed smiling, eager faces. They greeted one another with the good news. Mrs. McGee had come back! Or —much oftener—"Have you seen little Brigit yet?" It seemed really a dramatic event that this poor little widow and her babies had come to be with them again.

Brigit was the oldest of the children. She was four when her mother brought her back to Sill. The troopers had always regarded her as a jewel above price. She had had the freedom of the reservation quite as much as if she had been a bird. Her attitude toward all the fellows had been that of a gracious princess toward faithful subjects. She loved them all; yet with a sort of seriousness and aloofness. It was not the custom to lay hands on her overmuch. She had a way of putting a certain distance between herself and any trooper who sought to pet her, yet without seeming conscious of what it was he wanted to do. She liked to walk by your side and talk to you, much as if she were some matchless little old woman. She had rather dark hair, "and blue eyes to it," to give you Uncle Kaspar's words. She had small features. She was rather delicately built, though she possessed a great deal of energy.

Mrs. McGee's household effects came back to Sill a few days after her arrival, and certain members of the troop set her house to rights for her, under her direction, and then there was a period during which she was permitted to be by herself. Within a few weeks, however, small parties of two or three sauntered over from the barracks to the widow's cottage of an evening, and there were nervous efforts to ascertain the proper key in which to talk and behave in the house of a widow who had just lost her husband.

But it speedily developed that Mrs. McGee did not purpose to nurse her grief. She promptly resumed her old, crisply dominating manner; as if she were the wise sister to a lot of rather stupid boys. In brief, she was quite herself—and the troopers thanked their stars that she was back again.

She announced that she intended to remain in the cottage outside the reservation. She said she would be able to get along very well. She would do washing and mending for the troop. No, it would not be very easy, but the men were to remember to bring their things to her. And they did.

It seemed like old times. There was Brigit, appearing now and again out on the parade-ground, chasing something or other in the sparse, short grass or sitting down, singing to herself. There she was, approaching a trooper and talking to him seriously and wisely.

"The Irish . . . you know how they are." (I am quoting Uncle Kaspar.) "When they're little, there's a sort of mystery about them—as if they were as old as the hills; and when they are old they sometimes behave as if they were born yesterday. You understand."

Unfortunately, little Brigit developed the bad habit of asking a certain question which covered the troopers with confusion. She asked it out of a fell silence, holding you with her eyes: "Do you know where my daddy is?" She went from one to another, stopping midway to ponder darkly. "Do you know where my daddy is?"

She wandered about alone, looking here

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and there, and pausing, with her finger to her lip, as if she were thinking, or listening. She looked away across the plains, and even up into the skies. Oftenest of all she looked away toward the rifle-pits, invisible beyond their buttes two or three miles away. She peered into the corral, through openings. She tried to think of some trooper whom she hadn't already questioned, and sought him. "Do you know where my daddy is?" It got to be a cross which every man in the troop had to bear. "No, Brigit, I don't know *where* he is"—as if he couldn't be very far away. What else could any of them say?

Wilder had no part to play in all this. He was not interested; and he kept so much in the background that he did not encounter Brigit for a good many days. Accident must have had something to do with this, for she entered the barracks often enough, and she wouldn't have treated him as if he were a stranger if she had ever seen him.

And then the inevitable happened. One evening Wilder was standing out on the long gallery which ran the whole length of the barracks. It was nearly time for retreat and he was ready to fall into line. For once he was a perfectly passive — almost a dreamy — creature. His eyes were fixed on the sky-line as if hands were beckoning him, voices calling him. Perhaps the comparative inactivity of the life was beginning to get on his nerves. His attitude was so unusual that a group of the fellows, standing just outside one of the doorways, regarded him furtively.

And then for the first time he saw Brigit. There she was, out near the flagstaff at one end of the parade-ground. She was two hundred yards away, but space seemed to be annihilated; she was so vivid in a certain elfin quality which stood out strongly. She would have attracted almost any man's attention. She held something in her hand, perhaps a string of beads. She was dashing it up into the air and catching it in the palm of her hand. It made her look like a statue meant to represent grace and action. And she was strangely alone, yet seemingly not at all lonely.

. . . And Wilder—it was really dramatic, his seeing her for the first time. He caught his breath; he seemed to straighten and expand. He clinched his fists; his face became ruddy. He seemed unable to take his eyes off her.

"As if a gate in the sky had opened and a little angel had come out." So it was that Uncle Kaspar worded it.

This may sound trite or extravagant; yet the other fellows stood in silence, looking at Wilder as they might have watched a man in a trance. When the trumpet sounded the call for retreat, Wilder rubbed his eyes with both hands, and became a trooper again. He hurried down the steps and took his place, and remained stolid enough while the roll was called and the flag was lowered.

And then he hurried up the steps again, and sought refuge behind a pillar, and searched anxiously for that tiny figure out on the parade-ground. It might have seemed that he was eager to verify some incredible tale his eyes had been telling him.

. . . There she was! She was approaching the barracks. She had put aside her elfin bearing and was advancing with a purposeful air.

Wilder kept his eyes upon her until she was at the very steps, and then he slipped back into the squad-room. He was running away from a too radiant vision. You remember "The Hound of Heaven"? It seemed that he could not bear the ecstasy of being quite close to her. You have known of an emotion like that among children, I am sure. Or among young lovers.

But she climbed the steps and entered the barracks.

She looked from one familiar face to another and then she saw Wilder. Her gaze settled upon him with a strange intentness, while he regarded her with a kind of joyous incredulity, with swift, inquiring glances at one or another of the troopers near by.

She advanced toward him sedately. She fixed him with a solemn look. She held forth a tiny forefinger, arresting him. "Do *you* know where my daddy is?" she asked. She held him almost relentlessly.

Wilder drew his breath in deeply. His face flamed, and there was an odd smile on his lips. He had lost his voice, seemingly.

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He turned helplessly toward the man nearest him, who answered for him:

"No, Brigit, he doesn't know."

She shook her head dubiously and turned and went away. A little later she was crossing the parade-ground, a wee mite of a creature with vast, empty surroundings. Her bearing indicated deep introspection. She was going back to the widow's cottage outside the reservation.

But for the moment she was forgotten in the barracks. The fellows who had noted Wilder's remarkable behavior were thinking only of Wilder. He had laughed almost hysterically and had slipped out to the gallery to watch her go, keeping hidden behind a pillar, for fear she would turn around.

They discussed him in hushed voices, glancing toward the door to be sure he would not return and overhear them. What was the matter with the man, anyway? Had anybody ever seen a man behave so queerly before? And then the amazing truth dawned upon them. He had never seen a little child before. Or if this were not precisely the explanation, it must be near the truth. Possibly it was only that he had spent a good many years where there were no children; or perhaps he had never known a little girl of anything like Brigit's type: lovely, old-fashioned, sedate.

It was not quite an absurd hypothesis. It was reasonable enough to suppose that fellows who rode the trails and spent their days on ranches might live for years where there were only adult companions. The Hoods, on whose ranch Wilder was supposed to have been employed before he came to Sill, were eccentric bachelors whose ranch-house was kept in order for them by men servants. And there were vast sections of the Southwest which were almost wholly unsettled in those days. There were Mexican sheep-herders who were said never to hear the sound of a human voice from one year's end to another. Was it impossible that to Wilder little Brigit might appear as a wonderful and adorable creature whose like he had never before encountered?

At any rate, that was the general conclusion, and it was borne out by Wilder's conduct during the days which followed. He could be seen hiding in likely places, waiting for her to appear or pass; though always at her approach he would slip back cautiously into complete hiding, his color heightened and the same odd smile on his lips. Sometimes for an hour at a time he would sit on the long gallery before the barracks and gaze away across the reservation, in the direction of Mrs. McGee's cottage. A feline creature stalking its prey could not have been more steadfast —nor, in a fashion, more furtive.

Yet I don't mean to convey the impression that there was anything sinister in Wilder's attitude toward Brigit. On the contrary, it was a kind of shy and beautiful worship, and all the troopers saw it in that light.

They took steps to bring about a more comfortable relationship between the man and the little girl. Their efforts in this direction were at first rather crude. They brought Brigit into the barracks and called to Wilder: "Here's Brigit, Wilder; come and talk to her." But Wilder would be gone like one in a panic. It was most extraordinary. "Come here, Wilder; here's Brigit." That call was heard in the barracks repeatedly, but Wilder never came.

And then it was decided that Wilder might be promoted to the somewhat select ranks of those troopers who spent an occasional evening in the cottage of Mrs. McGee.

That was the only mark of aristocracy among the members of the troop—that they were received at Mrs. McGee's house cheerfully and unreservedly whenever they liked to go. There were, perhaps, eighteen or twenty in this class, and sometimes you would find as many as half a dozen in the house in the course of an evening. That had been the rule while McGee was living, and it was resumed little by little after Mrs. McGee came back a widow.

She was a typical army woman. She mothered the younger fellows in the troop —and the older ones, too, for that matter. But there was always something brisk about her kindness—so that the fellows wouldn't forget they were men and must learn to bear their burdens with a smile. She used to put ambition into them. There were promotions to work for, she would say, and there was retirement to

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look forward to if a man did his duty. They ought to put their money with the paymaster—that was her idea. It would come in handy when they got out of the army. They might want to go into business, or something. With the older men, who hadn't so much to look forward to, she had a different way. She would get them to talk about old times; and if they took a despondent shoot she'd see a joke in something and get them to laughing. Some of them used to think they were entertaining Mrs. McGee—that they were doing her a favor to sit and talk to her. And she was satisfied to have them look at it that way. That was the kind of woman she was.

I have a very clear picture of her kitchen of an evening, especially in the winter time. A group of the troopers would come in and have a romp with the babies, if it was still before bedtime; and later they would draw their chairs up around the stove and make themselves comfortable. They would have a little music, as likely as not, singing all together while somebody played the guitar, "and with little Pelty of the band chipping in with tenor notes on his cornet that would send a shiver down your back." (I think Pelty was the name Uncle Kaspar used to mention.) And outside the wind would be roaring over the plains, and desolation would be reigning for hundreds of miles in every direction. But there wouldn't be any desolation in Mrs. McGee's kitchen. It is quite amazing what an influence one woman can exert.

And she wouldn't seem to be a prominent figure in the group, either. There she would be in her corner, near the lamp, with her foot close to the rocker of the baby's cradle, and her eyes bent over her sewing or mending. You wouldn't think of her as the mistress of the house, but as a kind of restful influence. I can imagine her lifting her eyes when one of those tenor notes came in with specially happy effect, or perhaps when a strong gust of wind rattled the casements.

Some of the men had talked among themselves about taking Wilder over to Mrs. McGee's, but they hadn't come to a decision. And then the first field-day in which Wilder participated came around.

Field-day is a gala occasion in the army when the enlisted men have a chance to show what they can do in an athletic way. In the cavalry branch there is always fine work with the horses: fancy riding and various tricks at once spectacular, yet having a bearing upon military duties.

It was on this occasion that Wilder really proved himself. It was astounding the skill he possessed. He rode like an Indian; as if he *couldn't* fall off his horse. One of his achievements won incredulous looks even from the officers. The big event of the day consisted of a contest in which each man rode singly over a difficult course; a handicap race it was called. The rider had to send his horse over a number of hurdles, while practically at the same time he was expected to catch small rings, suspended from beams overhead, on his sabre-point; and now and again he must chop off the head of an imaginary enemy, represented by a sort of dummy close to the ground. At the end of the course it was his task to dismount and remove his saddle and bring his horse to the ground like a kind of fortification, and drop down and fire his pistol at another imaginary enemy. And then he must be up and away, in the saddle again, back over the same course, encountering a new set of obstacles. Time was the chief consideration—and the number of points scored. And it was in this feat, or combination of feats, that Wilder won deafening cheers. Nothing even approaching his work had ever been seen by any of the troopers or officers at Sill. There was a dash about it which made you think of Bedouin riders. He had a way of flinging himself at a horse—and bringing up in the saddle, perfectly balanced, and with his lips twitching and his eyes blazing with ecstasy. It seemed that he talked to his horse all over: with his hands and his knees and his feet.

His field-day exhibition won commendation from the officers, and the men regarded him with almost rapturous approval. He looked all the better to them because of the almost painful modesty which enveloped him as soon as he was dismounted. He shrank back into himself, the fire all deserting him. His eyes became almost slumberous—like those of a panther on a limb. He did not wish to talk about what he had done. It was

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nothing, he said. He was eager to escape notice and comment.

But from that day on he was a more looming figure about the barracks; and it was only a day or two after his field-day exhibition that a little group of the older troopers approached him, with more or less formality, and invited him to spend an evening with them at Mrs. McGee's.

They had an idea they were proffering a suitable reward. They could not dream that any man would look upon such an opportunity lightly.

But Wilder wouldn't even consider the proposal they made. No, he shouldn't care to go. He gave his answer somewhat nervously. The fellows did not get the impression that he was unappreciative. It was his incredible timidity at work. And they watched him, as he made his escape, with wondering eyes which they later turned upon one another. But they perceived that it was no use; there was nothing to do but to permit Wilder to live his life in his own way.

They watched him a bit curiously after that. But he continued to be a closed book to them. He lived in a world which they might not enter—save that he never missed a chance to observe Brigit from a distance, with a repressed adoration which you couldn't possibly have failed to note.

There was the unanimous opinion—which I think must have been reasonable enough—that Wilder was a creature who couldn't be domesticated. And so, while he was much liked by every man at Sill, no further effort was made to interfere with his ways.

"And then the day came when Wilder made his wonderful ride."

(When Uncle Kaspar reached this point in his narrative I might be depended upon to play my part for the first time with perfect spontaneousness. "Oh, we're coming to the ride!" I would clap my hands and change my position in my chair, and my elders would look at me sympathetically and smile. They liked the part where the ride came in, too. And Uncle Kaspar would pause impressively and pack the tobacco down in his pipe and take a steady draw or two, to see that the light hadn't gone out.)

It was a perfect spring day, without a cloud in the sky and with the plains stretching away as distinct as if you were looking at them through a field-glass. For the moment you might have supposed that Fort Sill had been deserted, but for a few objects which indicated that the usual affairs of the place were going on inside the buildings.

The long gallery before the men's quarters was empty; the parade-ground was deserted, so that the flag on its staff whispered its messages to the vagrant air. There was no sign of life about the officers' residences, nor about the headquarters building. But no; there was one living creature before this structure. A saddled and bridled horse was tethered there.

It was Wilder's horse, and it had its place there because Wilder had been chosen orderly to the officer of the day—an honor which was conferred upon him oftener than upon any other member of the troop. He was the kind of man the officers liked to have about them; quiet as a shadow and quick to think and act.

Seeing Wilder's horse, you would have known that Wilder himself was inside the executive building, sitting in the hall, waiting to perform his duties as orderly. And you would have known that the officers were somewhere about the building, attending to their official duties.

That the gallery before the men's quarters was deserted was wholly a matter of chance. It lacked but an hour or so to mess-time (at noon) and the troop had come in from the forenoon drill. The men were waiting for mess-call and were lying on their bunks, or playing games, or reading old copies of newspapers, or books.

And then one man, more restless than the others, strolled out to the gallery. His bored glance wandered about the reservation, taking in Wilder's horse, and the flag, and the generally deserted aspect of things. And then he saw something else, and a queer, exclamatory sound burst from him.

It was such an unusual sound that it created a movement inside the barracks, and a number of men filed out to see what was the matter.

Nothing was the matter, really; but they all speedily saw what the first man

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had seen, and there was a general murmur of amazement.

What they all saw was little Brigit McGee in a spot where she had no business being. She was a good half-mile outside the reservation, on a path which ran away to the rifle-pits where the men had rifle-practice every year. And she was moving still farther away: trudging along steadily, a mere speck in the distance.

She was not in any real danger, seemingly. Of course you could never tell in those days when you might encounter a few Indians roaming away from the Kiowa or Comanche reservations, which were only a short distance from Sill; and occasionally there were other things which might have been considered a menace to a little girl. For example, you might see a few straggling cattle, strayed away from the Hood ranch. But at an hour which was pressing midday, with every man in the troop near by, it would have seemed safe enough for the little girl to go roaming, so long as she remained in sight.

But it seemed that she did not intend to remain in sight—and that was what made the troopers stare after her in amazement. They looked away through the dazzling sunshine with lowered brows; and then they began to speculate audibly as to what she had in mind.

One pointed to the obvious conclusion that she was headed for the rifle-pits. Several of the others doubted if she knew anything about the rifle-pits, or that she would venture to go so far in any case.

Still another averred that she *did* know about the rifle-pits. He said that he had been working at the pits, only a year ago, with McGee and a few others, and that Mrs. McGee had brought Brigit out to see her daddy at work.

This statement threw a clear light upon the case. Discouraged by her failure to get any trace of her daddy anywhere else, Brigit had decided to visit the pits in the hope of finding him.

The conclusion was voiced by half a dozen troopers, speaking all at once: "She's going to look for her daddy!"

They could understand just what the processes of her mind had been. She had questioned every man in the troop—and even the officers; she had looked into every nook and cranny on the reservation. And finally she had thought of the pits, where he had once been employed. Quite naturally she had not thought of the remotest and least likely place of all until she had exhausted all the other possibilities.

There she was, trudging valiantly along; a pathetic sight, certainly; yet the men who watched her smiled nevertheless. She was so persevering, so energetic! It went without saying that somebody would go after her before long and bring her back. There didn't seem to be any reason for haste, and there was the feeling that she might as well enjoy a pleasant delusion as long as possible.

And then, with a suddenness that was paralyzing, the situation changed from pleasant comedy to something horrible, incredible. Beyond a ridge, at a point which seemed perhaps a mile from where Brigit walked along the rifle-pit path, a cloud appeared, rising and spreading. And even as that cloud appeared there was a sound as of muffled thunder.

One unused to the phenomena of that time and place might have remained in doubt an instant as to the meaning of the cloud which arose like an apparition, of that thunder which was muffled and soft. But instantly there appeared, around the shoulder of a far-off knoll, a galloping phalanx of cattle.

It was all terribly plain. The cattle from the Hood ranch were stampeding; and to the men of the troop, the cattle bearing the Hood brand were comparable only to the sands of the desert in number. Only the thin edge of that horrible living weapon was now in sight, but the men who watched knew how to complete the picture. And second by second, hundreds of the frantic cattle swept into view.

On occasions of extreme peril there is always one unmeasured moment during which the human mind seems to go blank; the capacity and the will to do are paralyzed. During that moment the men on the gallery stood in silence, their bodies rigid with the horror of the thing that seemed inevitable. Their eyes were fixed upon that descending avalanche of beasts. It would be a matter of less than minutes before the maddened drove crossed the path to the rifle-pits, and its course must inevitably include the point where little Brigit stood; for she had heard the sound

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of beating hoofs, evidently, and had paused to reason out its meaning.

(Here Uncle Kaspar would pause solemnly, and then his words would come somewhat like hammer-strokes: "You know, six to seven cattle seem a good many; but if you multiply that number by a hundred, you begin to get a herd. And if you multiply it by a thousand . . . !")

Perhaps no more than a second passed before the men on the gallery shook off the grip of horror that held them; and then they were rushing toward the steps—though they couldn't have had any definite plan in mind. There wasn't anything they could do. But at the top of the steps their movements were checked. They had glanced across the parade-ground, and they had perceived that something was happening over there.

Wilder, sauntering out from the headquarters building, had caught sight of the group of men who stood like statues and looked in a common direction from the gallery before the quarters. He too had looked—and to his ears was borne the familiar sound of stampeding hoofs. He had taken in the situation as a whole in one flash of comprehension.

The thing that happened next held those troopers spellbound, although to some of them such things as stampedes, with all their variations of incident and danger, were familiar enough. It was Brigit's figuring in the case—and Wilder's—that gave it the aspects of a thing wholly new and strange.

Wilder flung himself at his horse like a bolt—and like a bolt the horse launched itself across the parade-ground, straight toward the path that led to the rifle-pits. You would have supposed that the animal had read the man's mind. There was something almost unreal in that swift onslaught of a saving force upon a destroying force which no power on earth could have swerved from its course.

You would have said it was just a brave man's unthinking impulse—that there wasn't half enough time to do the thing which Wilder had undertaken to do. Nevertheless, from the instant the lithe rider was in the saddle it was plain that both running and riding would stand as a feat unmatched in the annals of historic Sill. It all seemed unnatural. There was that in Wilder's cunning and spirit which communicated new power to the horse he rode. Man and beast swung across space like a cloud-shadow. Sound and movement were blent into a sweeping effect, in which there was nothing distinct, nothing articulate.

Brigit had stopped. It is not likely that she fully realized her peril, but she must have been dismayed by the strangeness of the sight of the approaching cattle and the sound of the pounding hoofs. And so she stood still, fascinated, without knowing that a horse and rider were attempting the impossible on her behalf.

While you could have counted scarcely more than twenty Wilder had reached the rifle-pit path; and now, with a better footing for his horse, his course lay as direct as that of an arrow. He was moving in a straight line away from the men who watched from the barracks; and he was dwindling in size so wholly as if by magic that they who watched him knew that he had not given a thought to such a thing as failure. Indeed, Wilder did not know the meaning of the word when it came to a question of riding.

And yet there wasn't a man among his witnesses who believed he could achieve the feat he had attempted. The cattle were advancing over an uneven front of perhaps four or five hundred feet; and contact with any point in that falling wall, as it might have been called, would mean instant death.

It was just at that instant that the aspect of things throughout the reservation began to change. There was a sudden awakening. Men and women began to emerge from doorways as if they had heard a summons. The commanding officer came hurriedly from the headquarters building. A chaplain who was visiting the post followed excitedly. Other officers appeared in their wake. Women were emerging from the officers' residences—the mistresses of the houses, and then the servants. There were children too. They all must have heard the thud of hoofs as Wilder launched himself upon his desperate ride. But upon each man and woman and child who appeared there fell instantly a horrified silence. There was no need to ask questions. The thing that was transpiring was all fearfully clear at a glance. And so they stood in

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the sunshine, all looking in a common direction, all stricken into images of horror. There was something almost uncanny in the picture, there in the midst of the placid plains that took no account of human weal or woe.

Wilder seemed to have covered more than three-fourths of the distance to the point where Brigit stood; but the cattle, as it seemed to those who watched, could not be more than a score of leaps from the pit path—and from Brigit.

"He'll never make it!" murmured one trooper in his place on the gallery. He was unconscious that he had put his conviction into words.

"He'll never come back!" declared another, speaking as if he were in a dream.

But an older man, who realized better than the others how a perspective may be misleading, gazed away across the plains with a look which was not quite hopeless. "He'll never come back alone!" he amended; and every man who heard him knew that this, too, was the truth.

A new thrill was added, then, by a movement on Brigit's part. She could not have heard Wilder's horse flinging itself toward her; but she turned toward the reservation—as if, perhaps, she had at last fully realized her peril and need. And then she knew that Wilder was coming.

He sent a message on ahead—by pantomime. He lifted both arms high above his head—in token that she was to do the same. And she understood and obeyed. She was surrendering to Wilder, in fact; yet to those who watched there came the gripping thought that she seemed, instead, to be surrendering to the swift death which awaited her under the stampeding hoofs.

Then with appalling suddenness the climax came. Both Wilder and the herd seemed to have reached Brigit simultaneously. Yet no—Wilder was winning by the margin of a second. He was bending low in the saddle, his right arm flung out with the wariness of a cat. He had caught her about the waist; he was swinging her up beside him. He was trying to bring his horse out of its direct course, so that it should veer away from that thundering avalanche of cattle. . . .

And then the scene was blotted out. The near end of the advancing wall came between Wilder and the men and women who watched.

Like steady rain that follows the tumult of thunder and wind, the stampede swept by. For long moments it continued, the host of beasts moving unswervingly, monotonously, over their course, while the thud of hoofs fell like a dirge on every ear throughout the reservation. Flanks gleamed in the sun and a forest of horns swept onward. The pursuing cloud of dust arose, later, and it stood high and dense even after the receding sound of hoofs indicated that the stampede had passed.

And at last the dust-cloud thinned a little, and then——

A thrilling shout arose from the group of troopers on the gallery. Their eyes blazed; they smote one another like madmen; they dashed down the steps, their campaign hats in their hands. They had taken their hats off because they were cheering, perhaps, though the action may have had a deeper significance, too.

For Wilder was cantering back toward the reservation as easily as if he had performed only some slight trick—like picking up a handkerchief while his horse was at an ordinary gallop.

Brigit had a hand on his shoulder and was looking at him intently—as you might have supposed she would. But the thing you couldn't have counted upon—and which was generally noted as soon as the panting horse reached the parade-ground—was the way Wilder was looking at Brigit.

"I tell you I believe you could have seen Wilder's face if it had been midnight—it shone so!" (I have no doubt that Uncle Kaspar exaggerated a bit here; yet how I used to enjoy hearing him utter that line!) He had his arm about her snugly, of course; and there was something in his bearing . . . it was just as if fear had been suddenly overthrown, leaving worship triumphant. He was almost hysterically happy. And Brigit's eyes were like flowers in the shadow, bending toward the light of his face.

. . . And then he suddenly became pale and reined his horse in with a jerk. He had caught sight of a group of troopers running toward him, behaving as foolishly as colts. And away to his left there was the commanding officer shaking

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hands with the chaplain; and there were women on the porches, smiling toward him as officers' wives are never supposed to smile at an enlisted man.

You might have supposed he had fallen into a trap of some sort. An outlaw couldn't have been more disconcerted. And then he thought of the only way of escaping from an intolerable predicament. He set his horse going at a sharp gallop, and made for Mrs. McGee's cottage. He refused to look toward anybody. And the last that was seen of him just then was when he rounded the corner of the cottage.

He was invisible for quite a long time; and then he trotted back into view alone and made his way to his post before the headquarters building. He had become almost fiercely shy again. You would scarcely have ventured to speak to him. There was, to be sure, a word or two between him and the commanding officer and the chaplain; but nobody ever knew what it was.

("And after that Wilder and Brigit were good friends, weren't they, Uncle Kaspar?" It was my business to ask this question here, whereupon the old man would knock his pipe out slowly while everybody waited impatiently for the rest of the story—for you could tell that there was something yet to follow.)

After that Wilder used to drop in to see Mrs. McGee and the children occasionally. In fact, he lost no time in making himself amazingly at home there—though none of the fellows had the slightest idea of what was about to happen. A group of the "regulars" sauntered over to the house one evening and found Wilder with Brigit on one knee and the little boy who came next to Brigit on the other, and with one toe on the rocker of the cradle. There was a most obvious air of possession and authority about him.

Mrs. McGee explained the situation promptly—and in a very characteristic fashion.

"Get up, Wilder," she said, in that crisp way of hers; and when Wilder got up, smiling and blushing and extravagantly happy, Mrs. McGee put her arms around his neck and kissed him stoutly.

"So you've adopted him?" one of the fellows asked her, with an attempt at jauntiness which was not quite successful.

"It's a longer contract than that," explained Wilder. "She's married me. Those chaplain fellows *do* come in handy once in a while." He stooped down and set the cradle to going with a marked air of concentration.

(It was my duty to watch closely for this point. "Oh, I see—Wilder saved the little girl because he was in love with her mother?" But Uncle Kaspar would ignore this as if it were not worth considering.)

"Wilder fell in love with the mother because he had saved the little girl. If you really want to love anybody, just do something big for them. It'll work every time. If may sound like putting the cart before the horse, but you'll have to do that a lot of times when you get real wisdom."

(It was here that Aunt Anna was required to make her one contribution to the story. She would lift her face a little and smile, though she might keep her eyes on her knitting. "I suppose that's the reason you've always been in love with me, Kaspar," she would say, "because you married me." Whereat Uncle Kaspar would lower his brows and reply gruffly: "Both of us might have done worse." If you looked closely you could see a twinkle in his eyes as he said this. And here the story should have ended, properly; but some one would be sure to ask what finally became of Wilder and his wife and the children, and so there would be a few more details.)

Wilder left the army when his enlistment was finished. It seemed that his father was a wealthy ranchman, living down somewhere near San Angelo; and during Wilder's term in the army his father died, leaving him everything he possessed. It also developed that Wilder had no brothers or sisters—which you might have guessed, I think. And so, not very long after his marriage, he went away with his family, and none of them were ever seen any more.

"But we always used to say that little Brigit had found what she was looking for—a daddy." And now Uncle Kaspar would lay his pipe aside and lean back a little heavily in his chair, and rest his bronzed hand on his knee. He would seem to be looking far away, and there would be a different quality in his voice. A deeper stillness would pervade the

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room, and it would remain unbroken as the narrator went on to the end:

"Right away after that famous ride the image of her own father became dim and a new image became bright—the image of Wilder. In a little time it might have been supposed that he was the only father she had ever known. And during the time Wilder remained with the troop it was a common sight to see little Brigit clinging to the picket fence (she was not allowed to go roaming about alone any more), watching for Wilder. The last time the troop went by the house on a sortie there was a row of little tots inside the fence, waving their hands at their new father. Their mother was there, too. And Wilder's face shone just as it had done on that day when he rode back along the path from the rifle-pits with little Brigit in his arms."

AT DAWN

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

WERE she asleep,—or does she wake—
All in a breath her pulses shake.
One stands there out of her lost days,
Come through heaven knows what wandering ways,
Stands there with long and tender gaze.
The lover of her vanished youth,
Nor young, nor old, but yet in truth
As beautiful in dark and bright
As an archangel touched with light.

He takes her in his arms once more,
She feels his heart beat o'er and o'er,
Beat with the old life never flown
Nor e'er upon the four winds blown.
His warm mouth presses on her own.
Reverent and strong he holds her fast—
She thrills, she stirs, and all is past,
A blowing curtain lifts the gloom,
And a great sunbeam fills the room.

But all day long she seems as one
Who reads the secrets of the sun.
Sure it was he, no more forlorn,
She walks as on her wedding-morn,
And finds the joyous world new-born.
Some subtile sense of the ideal
Expands and makes the moment real,
Till the dear day to shadow slips
She feels that kiss upon her lips.

She sees that neither time nor space
Have robbed him of an ancient grace,
She knows that still he stands and waits
To meet her just beyond the gates
And nothing can divide their fates.
That long close clasp she will divine
Of further life the seal and sign,
As though one paused on balanced wings
And told her of immortal things.

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THE HEART OF LIFE

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

I

"YOU'RE right about it, Welborn; it's a work of genius," remarked Fenton to his assistant. "It's almost unbelievable that it comes from a new hand."

"I'm relieved that it struck you that way. There are so many false alarms I was afraid to say all I thought till you had read the manuscript. There's a power in the thing that makes you think of the big fellows; it's even a little Meredithian in spots, but far from being an imitation. And there's a relentlessness about it that reminds me of the Russians. That chapter he calls 'The Song of the Hammers' fairly pounded the soul out of me. When I got through with it I was tired—actually physically tired. I'm afraid to say it, particularly to you, but there's something in the stroke that reminds me a little of——"

He hesitated and Fenton's arm shot out arrestingly.

"Harlow!"

Welborn flushed with pleasure.

"I hoped I wasn't wrong about that! Harlow was a little before my day, but I have read those three novels of his a dozen times. This Frederic Walters suggests Harlow, but he uses a broader brush. You never knew what became of Harlow? Pardon me!" he added quickly as a pained look came into his chief's eyes. "I know the subject is a forbidden one among his friends."

Fenton swung his chair toward the window and stared over the roofs for a moment before replying.

"There were only two or three of us who really knew him, and we were his friends in college. I've never been so close to another man. He and I were in prep school together and his unusual talents marked him even in those days. He was the most enviable being I ever knew—good looks, charm of the rarest sort, and talent or genius—genius I should say—that never came to flower. He inherited some money—enough to give him freedom, and it seemed impossible that anything short of death could cut him off from a brilliant career. He married early—a girl in every way worthy of him. Two years later she died, leaving a child. He took her death hard but buried himself in his work and turned out 'The Unanswerable Question.' You know its quality—clear-cut, vigorous character studies, but the story was a little thin; it lacked body. And in shifting the scene from America to Italy in the last third of the book he made a mistake. Some of the best critics knocked it a little hard but agreed that it was a work of fine promise."

"I should call it more than that," said Welborn. "The fact is that nobody's appeared since who equals his best stroke. But if you don't mind going back to the man himself—he couldn't have dropped off the earth! Somebody must know what became of him."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders and tossed his glasses aside.

"It's odd, but yesterday I had a slight hint—the slightest—that he's still alive. I had lunch with Moreton, of the Neponset Trust Company in Boston, which had charge of Harlow's affairs—he never bothered with business—honestly hated it. Moreton was another of Harlow's classmates and he knows how close Harlow and I were. He told me an astonishing thing: that Harlow's alive, but that he has drawn only a small amount—something less than a thousand a year—from his income. Moreton hasn't seen him since his disappearance, but once a year Harlow writes to have the money sent to him somewhere. Moreton didn't volunteer the name of the place and of course I couldn't press him. Moreton has so managed the investments that there's seven or eight thousand a year. What's

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the name on this manuscript? Frederic Walters? I've exhausted all the catalogues without finding the name anywhere; I'm sure I never heard it before. Of course it may be assumed, but the fact that no other name is given in his letter rather disposes of that. I dug up some old letters of Harlow's and compared the writing with the signature of Walters's typewritten letter but there's no similarity. Wycherly, given as the address, is one of those big industrial towns just outside of Pittsburgh."

"Some of our strenuous rivals muckraked it a few years ago; it can hardly be the sort of place a man like Harlow would deliberately choose as a place of exile."

"That," said Fenton quickly, "almost disposes of the possibility of Harlow's being responsible for this Walters manuscript. Harlow was a fastidious fellow. I've never known a man so fussy about his personal comfort—food, clothes, things like that. His taste was exquisite—no other word would describe it. He not only knew literature but music and art. In our college days we used to listen to a good deal of music together, and he would flinch and be uncomfortable if an interpretation of something he knew well didn't suit him. Music was a great passion with him, and before the writing bug seized him we used to think he would land high as a composer. He had it in him, I think. His mother was a remarkable amateur, and he had been brought up in a musical atmosphere—studied the piano from boyhood. We got him to write a song for our class, but it was too good for that sort of thing—had to have a full orchestra to get the effects out of it. His extravagances were a joke in those days; he'd been indulged at home to the spoiling-point and never could deny himself anything he coveted strongly. His parents died before he came to college and he was constantly at war with his guardian over the purchase of ceramics, prints, and that kind of loot that doesn't usually attract college boys."

These memories were interrupted by the telephone, and when Fenton had answered it a caller was announced.

"The question is as to the acceptance of the manuscript," said Welborn rising. "It would make a great magazine feature—the best serial in sight; and of course the book rights should be secured for the house. We'd better wire the author and see if he can come to town to talk over the contract and decide on an illustrator."

Fenton laughed. "I've already tried that. Here's an answer, very brief but courteous, saying it isn't convenient for him to come to New York now and asking us to suggest terms. I've already decided that you're to go down there with a contract in your pocket and have a look at him. If we're to serialize the story we ought to announce it in November as our big card for next year."

"I hoped you'd suggest that," said Welborn. "I've never been so aroused by any other manuscript that's come into the office. I'll wire Walters to expect me tomorrow."

"Good—the quicker the better! I notice from your memorandum that points of criticism occurred to you as they did to me. Here and there a chapter shows a slight weakening of the stroke—fatigue perhaps. There are places where he seems too intent upon getting style at the expense of his usual vigor. There are half a dozen such chapters that I think he could work over a little in the interest of consistency."

"Yes," Welborn assented. "It's remarkable that a man of his evident fine critical sense shouldn't have seen for himself that he let down a little here and there. I'll broach the matter cautiously, if I find him supersensitive; we don't want to offend him. I feel that it's important to establish friendly relations with him for the future. Even with these weak spots his work is the most promising that's turned up here in years."

"It's in your hands. You'll be back in a day or two, I suppose; but take all the time necessary."

II

WELBORN had half-expected that Walters would meet him at the Wycherly station, and he lingered on the platform until the other passengers had left before fumbling in his pocket for Walters's last note. No. 451 Wharton Street was written clearly at the top of the page, and after taking counsel of the station-master Wel-

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born set off hurriedly through the gray atmosphere, in which smoke and fog mingled with a cold, drizzling rain.

Wycherly struck Welborn as the oddest conceivable place for genius to flourish—it was difficult to believe that a man of cultivation and literary aspirations had deliberately chosen it as the scene of his labors. Walters very likely was a young man, possibly an intelligent mechanic, who had instinctively sought to express himself in literature without really knowing the worth of what he wrote. There had been such cases. Or he might be the son of a local magnate, who had turned his back upon business for a try at literature. This latter seemed the more plausible theory; but the directions were leading him rapidly away from the homes of the prosperous with their well-kept grounds into a region of tenements and small cottages.

Wharton Street was as uninviting a thoroughfare as he had ever visited, and he sought Walters's number with growing mystification. After traversing several blocks of tenements he was relieved to find No. 451 a detached house, a story-and-a-half frame cottage, in a row that repeated the same simple architecture monotonously. The home of Frederic Walters was differentiated from the others by flower-beds, and white-curtained windows whose cleanliness asserted a certain superiority to the grime of neighboring panes.

Welborn's knock was answered without delay by a tall man with a close-clipped gray beard and noticeably large gray eyes, who settled at once any doubts as to his identity.

"Mr. Welborn? I was expecting you. It's very kind of you to take so much trouble, but I dread journeys and New York seems rather formidable."

It was with a distinct shock of disappointment that Welborn surveyed Walters after calling him by name to assure himself that there was no question of identity. He had hoped to find a young man with a long career before him, but Walters looked fifty and might have been more. His brown beard and scant hair were grizzled; his face and brow were deep-furrowed. The hands clasped upon his knees testified to a life of hard labor. He seemed conscious of Welborn's surprise and, finding in an awkward silence that the young man's gaze was bent upon his hands, he thrust them into his trousers pockets. His clothing was a mechanic's Sunday best. The collar of the ill-fitting coat stuck out behind, perhaps due to the pronounced stoop in the man's shoulders. He wore a gray flannel shirt with a black tie knotted under the soft collar. He was clean and neat; there was something a little pathetic in his neatness. But the gray eyes were arresting; the man's soul published itself there; and there, at least, was some hint of the power that was so ineluctably written in Frederic Walters's manuscript.

"We are pleased, greatly pleased, with your novel," Welborn began, with some feeling that Walters would not care greatly for his praise. However, his eyes lighted, and something of warmth stole into his pale face. He listened attentively, encouragingly, and Welborn repeated what Fenton had said and the deep interest of the house in the manuscript.

"It's a new note in American fiction," Welborn concluded. "It's the kind of thing we've all felt should be done; we've all been waiting for just this."

"Thank you," said Walters quietly. "Of course, it's deeply gratifying to hear such things."

The elation that had sent the blood into his face had passed quickly, and his acknowledgment of Fenton's praise was marked by what the young man accepted as a habitual repression. Innumerable questions struggled for utterance as he saw that Walters was unlikely to volunteer anything.

"You write as though you had known this life always," Welborn remarked, hating himself for attempting to force a citadel so sternly guarded. "I assume that you're a native of Pennsylvania—you could hardly have done 'The Heart of Life' without long and intimate knowledge of the country, the people, and this enormous industrial activity."

"I was not born here, but for twenty years I have lived in such communities as this. I have been in Wycherly ten years—it offers the best blending of elements I have found—everything is here!"

He threw out his arms with a gesture

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that emphasized the breadth of experience afforded by Wycherly. For the first time he smiled and his smile was winning. Welborn's eye fell again upon the labor-worn hands, and his thoughts flew back to the manuscript that had so roused his curiosity. If he had indeed found Harlow, his imagination was unequal to the task of reconciling the traits Fenton had described with the man before him. Several times he mentioned Fenton carelessly in the hope of eliciting some word or a gleam of the gray eyes that would encourage and strengthen suspicion; but Walters met his gaze with perfect serenity. A curtain had fallen between this man and his past, whatever it might be, and Welborn was convinced that he was not likely to startle him into drawing it aside.

"We all feel that the publication of this novel will be an event in the history of the house, and we want you to be satisfied in every particular," he said warmly, feeling that, after all, his chief concern was with the man's work.

Walters expressed his thanks courteously; but when Welborn attempted to speak of terms his mind seemed to have wandered far afield, and then, as though he were thinking aloud, he began speaking of the great masters of fiction. Welborn, momentarily annoyed by this tangential departure from the course of the interview as he had planned it, became aware that he was listening to very unusual talk. In his mind's eye Welborn saw it falling into paragraphs, into pages; it was criticism of the most striking sort, incisive, vigorous, broad in its sweep. He determined that Walters should write it out, that he might carry it back in triumph to Fenton to be published in the number preceding the first instalment of "The Heart of Life." Walters, without lifting his voice and with only an occasional smile, a quiet gesture, was saying memorable things.

"For years," he concluded, "I've schooled myself for such work as I've attempted in 'The Heart of Life.' I have tried to find out what these men think and feel who spend their days underground, who are scorched daily by the great furnaces—what they and their women-folk and their children suffer and hope and gain and lose. That is what I have prayed God to show me how to do! To express something of the deep underlying passion of America, to measure and weigh the happiness striven for, won or lost, by these thousands—that's what I have aimed at, in the hope of making some contribution to my country's literature that would live a little while."

He caught himself up with an impatient shrug of the shoulders. "I hate talking about it," he added, frowning; "there's altogether too much talk about it; and after all I may have failed."

His hands worked convulsively from the stress of his long speech. He placed a tightened fist upon his heart as though to stifle a sudden pain, and paid no heed to Welborn's cordially expressed praise of his high aspirations and stern apprenticeship. Welborn was inured to much discussion of the questions Walters had expounded so freshly and strikingly; in quiet club corners late at night young men had explained in familiar clichés their own theories of the novelist's craft, but here was a man who had entered upon a long and laborious preparation and whose bowed shoulders and scarred, twisted hands testified to his intense sincerity. Welborn was humble, deeply humble, before Frederic Walters, who had probed so deep into the heart of life, who had won all that the senses may yield of the particular thing he had sought to master.

Sounds from the rear of the house hinted of preparations for the noonday meal, and it was in Welborn's mind to withdraw and return later in the day. The raucous blasts of whistles from the mills that rimmed the town brought him to his feet.

"Oh, I want you to stay for luncheon—we call it dinner in our simple menage," Walters remarked. "We live alone—my daughter and I. She takes very good care of me." His smile had an added charm from its rarity and unexpectedness. Seeing that Welborn hesitated, he added: "Helen is up to date in the domestic arts, and you'll find her cooking superior to anything the village inn offers. We expected you to stay."

With deepening mystification Welborn murmured his acceptance. The presence of the daughter, as yet unseen, lent color

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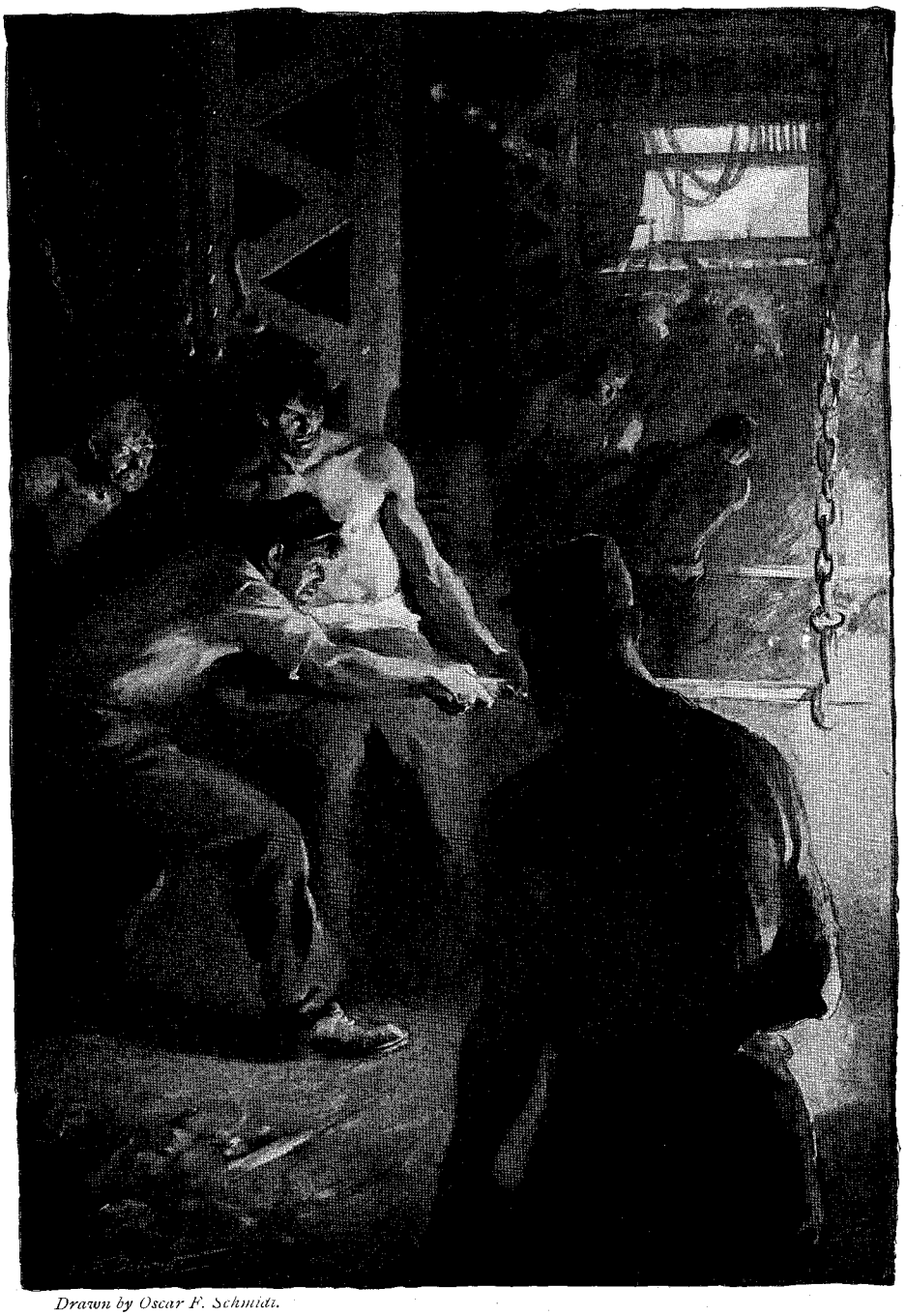

Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

"I have tried to find out what these men think and feel . . . who are scorched daily by the great furnaces."—Page 728.

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to a suspicion that this might indeed be Harlow; and yet Harlow, as Fenton had described him, would be the last man in the world to subject himself to a laborer's lot, much less impose exile upon a daughter, unless spurred by necessity. Welborn saw the already vast area of his ignorance of this man, who had written a novel of challenging power, extending beyond the range of speculation.

The door opened and he rose to confront a tall, fair girl who paused for a moment on the threshold and then advanced quickly into the room. She wore a plain blue skirt and white waist with a wide collar. Her abundant light hair was combed back loosely from her forehead. Her eyes—they were a feminized version of Walters's—met his gravely. She gave her hand cordially, saying:

"It's so kind of you to come when father couldn't go to you. I may know everything, too, papa, mayn't I? Won't you go right on with your talk at the table?"

She had placed a cup of broth at each place before calling them, and after tasting a spoonful Walters praised it, smiling at his daughter in a way that satisfied Welborn of their perfect sympathy and accord.

"Helen is a public-school girl," Walters remarked. "She took what the high school had to offer and stopped there. Beyond that we have made some little experiments at home."

"Knowing father is in itself a liberal education," laughed the girl. "But he's a very, very hard taskmaster!"—this with a smiling glance at Welborn that conveyed all necessary contradiction of this indictment. "I've been fortunate in being allowed to learn without really knowing I was acquiring knowledge. It's an admirable system!"

If Walters himself was a mystery, the girl was even more puzzling. Walters was praising the public schools; they were the great bulwark of democracy, he averred, but they had not yet realized all that had been expected of them. Welborn noticed that any statements Walters made were uttered in such phrases as he might have used in writing; he said nothing carelessly; he had lived intensely and showed the strain of it. The daughter, however, had humor; to her father's manner of speech she had added a lightness that expressed itself drolly in self-mockery.

"I always warn papa that we must remember that democracy isn't a complete thing all tied up in pretty ribbons—and never can be; it's strife, it's struggle for a goal that never can be reached. If it were all perfected, then we shouldn't have anything to work for and fight for! And then there wouldn't be any fun!"

This she uttered quietly, with a smile playing about her lips, that parted upon even, white teeth. The color in her cheeks spoke for health and wholesome living. She imparted a sense of vigor, of youthful zest and spirit, of fathomless reserves. In her wonderful gray eyes alone there were serenity and maturity; they were enormously provocative. Welborn found himself awaiting with trepidation those moments when she turned them upon him, or he caught them subdued to one of the fleeting reveries to which they appeared to be habituated.

"That is true, very true indeed!" Welborn affirmed. "It's a part of the game to be patient and never to stop hoping."

They had put down their spoons and she rose quietly and took the cups away and brought in broiled chops and vegetables and resumed her place. Her movements were informed with a definite grace; it occurred to Welborn that she had probably trained herself to perform these offices with a minimum amount of effort, deftly and quite as a matter of course

"The bread is my own making—if I may brag a little," she remarked, "so you won't mind if I cut the loaf here. It was Queen Victoria, wasn't it, who made a ceremonial of cutting her own bread?"

"I'm glad we haven't altogether abandoned the Victorian customs," said Welborn, noting that her hands, which were long and supple, showed little traces of the labor to which she confessed. He was watching them fixedly when, glancing up from the bread-cutting, she saw the direction of his gaze and reddened. Then immediately she laughed, saying:

"I see I'm in the way; you are really not talking about the book at all! I want to hear you say the things you wrote papa

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Drawn by Oscar F. Schmidt.

"We must remember that democracy isn't a complete thing all tied up in pretty ribbons . . . it's strife."
—Page 730.

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about his novel; I shan't really believe them if you don't."

Walters seemed anxious that she should be satisfied as to all the details of publication. She expressed frank dissent when Welborn spoke of cuts that would be necessary for purposes of serialization.

"It can be done, of course," she agreed reluctantly, when Welborn had mentioned passages which he thought might be compressed. "You see I do papa's typewriting and I know the story by heart. I can see that by dovetailing some of those earlier chapters the story would start more briskly. And it's important to break the instalments so the reader will have something to carry him over the month. I always hate serials myself; you lose the flow and movement of a thing."

"But there will be no such trouble with 'The Heart of Life'!" Welborn declared. "It marches like a mighty phalanx!"

Walters, lapsing into silence, left these matters for her to settle with Welborn. He roused himself presently to protest against illustrations, but on this point she sustained Welborn's plea that pictures were essential for the magazine but could be dispensed with in the book. She showed familiarity with the work of the illustrators Welborn suggested, and left the table to bring a late magazine containing some drawings by Brockton, a new man who had illustrated a series of articles on the steel industry. Walters conceded their excellence and it was agreed that Welborn should telegraph Fenton to engage him.

"I hope I may wire Mr. Fenton that we have agreed on terms and that he may begin laying plans for the publication? You see we have to be forehanded in planning numbers."

The terms Fenton had authorized were more generous than were usually conceded to a new writer, but Walters seemed little interested in this phase of the matter.

"If you think this all right, Helen, we'll consider it settled," he remarked indifferently.

"Yes, I'm sure we're in good hands," said the girl.

She brought a simple fruit pudding and lighted the lamp of a patent coffee-machine.

"One good thing about your coming is that it keeps papa at home for a day. It's very hard to get him to take a holiday."

Walters listened absently as Helen explained, in answer to a question in Welborn's eyes, that her father was busy every day in one of the great steel plants, and that his writing was done at night.

"Only two hours every evening! That's all I'll give him," she said. "It's remarkable how much he does in those hours after a hard day's work. And there are pages and pages in that manuscript that have been rewritten a dozen times."

"You see," Walters roused himself to say, "I have a very stern critic here. It's not my standard but hers that keeps me up to the mark."

"You must have other manuscripts; we want to see anything you have," said Welborn. "The public is going to be impatient for more of Frederic Walters's work."

Walters referred this to his daughter with a glance of uncertainty.

"Oh, there are other things that seem to me quite as good," she said. "Perhaps 'The Iron Hand' would interest Mr. Welborn."

Walters consented that "The Iron Hand" might be submitted, and upon this promise they rose from the table.

"Suppose you go up to the study and I'll come along later. Don't smoke too much, papa!" she admonished as they left the room.

The room above, designated as a study, was a bedroom—one of three the cottage afforded. Walters took a chair behind a long oak table and drew out a box of cigars.

"I prefer a pipe myself, if you don't mind." The cigars were of good quality, and as the box was newly opened it was patent that they had been procured for Welborn's benefit. He seated himself in a low wicker chair which he assumed to be the special property of the daughter, and Walters, his pipe alight, resumed the discussion of books and writers. Welborn had as yet only touched upon the changes he and Fenton had agreed would improve "The Heart of Life," thinking this was better done in the daughter's absence. Writers, he had found, were sensitive in such matters and disposed to resent criti-

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cisms that involved additional labor. As he plunged into the subject he found Walters watching him intently. There was an odd look in his eyes—his lips quivered into a queer smile; but he merely nodded.

"The chapters you refer to are——?"

Welborn drew a memorandum from his pocket and explained the feeling he shared with Fenton that there were a few chapters in "The Heart of Life" that could be improved.

"I think you are right," Walters conceded, fingering his pipe nervously. "I think I get your idea—that the grip relaxes in those places. Very likely you are right. I shan't quarrel with you. I have other attempts at the same chapters that I can substitute."

In spite of this amiable acceptance of his suggestions, Welborn was aware of a distinct disappointment in Walters's manner of agreeing to the changes. He settled back in his big chair and a look of age and weakness crept into his face. He ignored Welborn's eager denial that he or his chief were disposed to insist upon alterations; it was all a matter of Walters's own feeling; they merely thought that he should have the benefit of their views.

"Oh, I see it; I saw it all along, I think!" Walters protested tamely. "I'll attend to it; I want it to be as good as it can be made. You see," he said, sitting upright again, "I believe myself capable of viewing the book with entire detachment; I wanted that kind of thing to be done, and I'm not considering myself—really I am not," he declared earnestly. "I felt that the iron in these hills, the sweat on the faces of thousands of men should be got into a book. It was in the effort to get the secret of this phase of life that I have lived here. I wanted to find out what men think whose backs are bent under heavy toil; I've spent many years trying to learn just that and I think possibly I know. I want it to be in that book. There are other attempts at the same thing; some earlier manuscripts. I want you to read 'The Iron Hand' Helen mentioned—I'll be curious to know what you think of that. But my other stuff I'm going to destroy—it's bloodless, colorless. There's none of the terrible passion of it all in those earlier things."

He was more roused now than at any previous moment of the three hours Welborn had spent with him. He rested his arms on the table, clutching his pipe. Welborn's thoughts turned again to Harlow, and he was debating whether he should wire Fenton to join him on the morrow, to settle the question, when Walters, lowering his voice, made any appeal to Fenton unnecessary.

"I'm a sick man with little more time left me. I saw a doctor a month ago who warned me; my heart's gone bad. I may drop off at any time. There are one or two things I want to say to you—I'll be brief about it. My name is Harlow. Fenton knew me well in the old days; he was my best friend!"

The disclosure was so abrupt that Welborn was unable to frame any comment. He wished to urge Harlow to return with him to New York to see Fenton, to consult physicians—to seek a change of air and scene; but, with a sigh, Harlow continued:

"You will pardon me if I ask you a question I've been waiting to ask some one from—from the big world outside. It's about Helen. She knows no other life than this—" he indicated the town with a sweep of the arm. "She has had just such schooling as is open to any laborer's daughter. Her friends and acquaintances are limited to her schoolmates—our neighbors' sons and daughters. You will pardon me if—if I ask you just how she impresses you? I will put my question concretely—can you imagine her adjusting herself to other conditions, to the higher social levels, we will say?"

The question was dismayingly direct and Welborn hesitated; but Harlow's eyes were upon him with an intentness that brooked no evasion.

"She is very beautiful," he replied slowly; "and she bears all the marks of a cultivated woman. She has charm and distinction—she is wonderful!"

He hated himself for not finding better phrases with which to satisfy the parental pride, but Harlow continued, unheeding:

"Fenton and one or two others of our little group will look after Helen; I have no fears as to that. What bothers me—the thing I shrink from speculating about—is the effect on her of the change. It's going to mean a lot to her. I can't see

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through to the end of it. There's money, quite enough to take care of her. Tom Moreton, in Boston, another of my classmates, has had charge of my affairs ever since I went into exile. I couldn't stand seeing Fenton; but here's a letter I've written him." He took a long envelope from the table and handed it to Welborn. "Neither he nor Helen is to know, you understand—not till——"

He waited for Welborn to thrust the packet into his pocket and continued, still bending across the table and clenching his cold pipe.

"I wanted my daughter to know life on this side of the barricade. My own lacks prompted that feeling. At thirty I felt acutely that I was a failure—a splendid sort of failure, I dare say they thought me; and then it flashed upon me that life—the heart and soul of it—I couldn't know, from the very nature of my upbringing and training. And so for twenty years I have lived in places like this, doing as nearly as I could a man's work—hard physical labor. Helen knows nothing of me that is not in her own memory. She used to ask questions; she is far too keen not to have surmised that I have known other ways of living. But for years she has seen me go daily to labor when the whistles blew. Strange to say, I developed a certain knack and skill that won me promotions; I was a foreman in the rail-mill you see off yonder. I might have gone higher, but I wouldn't have it—it was the taste of labor I wanted. I turned in my keys to the superintendent yesterday and I'm done with it all. But, Welborn, it has been sweet, a wonderfully broadening and inspiring experience! I have been enormously happy, except that I have troubled about Helen. And of course it's a grave question, now that it's all over, whether it's been fair to her. And yet she's amazing, astonishing in what she's got out of it. She has a wonderful mind—you can see she has the sense of things she has never seen. Her penetration is greater than mine; she has been a revelation to me in that. She knows all that I know—vastly more! My experiments with her have worked out exactly as I expected they would, or, that's the way it strikes me. She isn't handicapped by the memory of a different order of things as I have been; she has lived the life, eaten the bread, worn the garb of a daughter of labor. Later she will see the other side—a reversal of my own experience, you know. If I had begun with what she has I might have gone far. As it is——"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned his eyes upon the wall to avoid inviting any response from Welborn.

"As it is," said the young man gently, "'The Heart of Life' marks a new era in our literature; it plants the banner on a height nobody now in sight can reach."

"Now that I've got to leave her," Harlow resumed, earnestly, "I see clearly that it was a great risk; that I had no right to drag her with me through my years of self-discipline and vicissitude. It wasn't fair; and yet I was honest about it—I wanted her to know the world's rough hand. It has been in my mind for years that if I was ever able to do some really big thing I would slip back into my old life and see her established. But it's too late now; I haven't the strength nor inclination to break with things here. I'm really a part of all this; my early years have faded out—all but the friendships—Fenton, Moreton, one or two others. I must leave her to Fenton: I knew his wife as a girl; she and my wife were brought up together, and she will understand Helen, and what her mother would have wanted for her."

Helen came up-stairs humming softly, paused at the door, and stole quietly into the rocker which Welborn placed for her by the table.

"I'll be selfish and take the only comfortable chair in the room," she laughed. "I can always manage papa better from my throne, as he likes to call it."

She had brought some sewing with which she busied herself. Her ignorance of her father's doom, the change imminent in her own affairs, Harlow himself, emerging from the depths that had long engulfed him, bearing a pearl in his hand, only to find death awaiting him—combined to the making of a situation so poignant in every aspect that Welborn wished to escape from it. But Helen's appearance had exerted a tonic influence upon Harlow. He reached across the

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table and caught her fingers, laughingly chiding her for her long delay. No further reference was made to the manuscript; he asked her, as though this were a part of a routine, established for their hours of leisure, about their neighbors and the town's affairs. A basket-ball match was impending between a team of Wycherly high-school girls and a rival in a near-by town. Helen had been acting as coach for Wycherly.

"Helen, you know, was a star athlete in her school-days. You can't imagine how strong she is. She could pitch us both out of the window, Welborn. But for the sad limitations of sex she would have been a great ball-player. The only serious trouble I ever had with her was in getting her to give up playing baseball with the boys."

He was prepared to dwell at length upon her prowess, in a vein of mockery that only veiled his pride, but she quickly turned the talk into other channels. The great lord of the mills had given money for a new recreation building, and Harlow, it seemed, was one of the committee to plan it. Helen talked spiritedly of this; of the theatre in which she hoped they would be able to give plays without outside aid, and of a choral society over which she was particularly enthusiastic.

"Papa and I think the people in a town like this capable of doing almost anything in the way of self-expression if only they are encouraged to take the initiative. It's in them, you know." And then, as though fearing she were making too much of this, she laughingly added: "You know there's a piano in every house on this street!"

Welborn realized that she had, indeed, understanding and penetration, but he was aware also that she was acquainted with the thought, hostile and friendly, of the world beyond the iron circle that hemmed her in. His eyes had swept the shelves that lined the room; they were crammed with books of the twentieth century, many of them recognizable as the comment and opinion of the ablest critics of the social structure.

Welborn mentioned socialism, and as Harlow was dreaming again she answered for her father that he had carefully avoided suggesting any remedy for the evils pictured in "The Heart of Life."

"What papa has tried to do is to tell the truth; he has no ambition to become a propagandist." And then, with humor kindling in her eyes: "You ought to hear him abuse the purpose novel! All he wants is to make the cinders burn his pages; he thinks that if people don't see and understand it's not his affair to drop a hot one down their backs to make them sit up!"

"There is one problem in which all other problems merge," observed Harlow with a sad wistfulness. "It's the small matter of making happiness possible for the greatest number. We shall never realize that until the barriers between the classes are beaten down. I'm not a Joshua to trumpet under the walls; my aim is merely to show what's on the other side. I was disposed to make a concession to popular taste in putting what you call heart interest into the story, but Helen wouldn't have it! no sentiment; no moonlit love scenes! She said *all* the characters must walk through the fiery furnace!"

"Don't believe him, Mr. Welborn! Papa never flinches when it comes to strict realism. Whenever I suggested cheering up the picture he became very cross and scolded me horribly!"

It was four o'clock when Welborn rose to go, explaining that he was running into Pittsburgh to spend the night with friends, but that he would return the next afternoon.

"I'll attend to those changes we were speaking of," said Harlow as they parted. "Helen will help me and we can probably give you most of the manuscript to carry back with you."

Helen accompanied Welborn to the door and gave him her hand on the threshold, smiling happily. He turned away from her thanks and walked the few feet of brick walk that led to the gate bewildered and awed by the day's occurrences. As he looked back she stood framed in the doorway, the embodiment of youth and strength, with the September sunlight falling goldenly upon her fair head. His heart stirred strangely not only for what she was—her pictorial values, her wit, her understanding of things, to which Harlow

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had testified—but her potentialities, the effect upon her of the new world that would open to her when Harlow should be gone.

III

WELBORN found it necessary to visit Wycherly frequently in the ensuing months. Harlow had been unable to conceal his illness and spent many days in bed. The compression and alterations Welborn had suggested were made, however, and Helen, he found, was reading the galley proof aloud to her father on days when his weakened condition permitted.

With many misgivings and not without much difficulty, Welborn had withheld from Fenton the fact that "The Heart of Life" was Harlow's work. The secret was to be kept, Harlow insisted, until after his death. He offered no reason for this save that he was unequal to the strain of facing old friends, and when Welborn tried to reason him out of this attitude, promising that he should not be disturbed, he answered with a wan smile that Fenton and Moreton were not fellows who would suffer him to pass out of existence without making an effort to see him.

He died, very suddenly, one morning when Welborn was in the house expediting the return of the last proofs. He wired Fenton, asking him to come immediately to Wycherly and directing him to Harlow's letter, which he had deposited in the safe of the publishing-house against just such an emergency. . . .

A year passed, and "The Heart of Life," after scoring the magazine success of the year, was launched in book form with Harlow's name on the title-page. First the newspapers and then the more leisurely literary periodicals were filled with Harlow's strange history, in which Helen, too, inevitably figured. The Fentons had shielded her as far as possible from publicity, but she had insisted that it was due her father's memory that nothing should be kept back; he had done a magnificent thing—he had written the most impressive American novel since "The Scarlet Letter"; and the curious world should be denied no essential fact that enhanced the achievement.

The Fentons, who were childless, lived the year round at Stamford, and they had installed Helen as a permanent member of their household. Before the end of the year it was apparent that Welborn had dropped his rôle of friend and adviser for that of lover. He was in Fenton's study one night talking of Helen and taking counsel of him as to whether the time had arrived when he might declare himself.

"It doesn't seem fair; I'm the only man she has known outside of Wycherly. I think—I think perhaps she cares, and you know what she means to me. I was hard hit the first time I saw her—and since she came to you you've seen how it's gone with me."

Fenton looked at him oddly, then rose and crossed the room before he spoke.

"Harlow didn't tell you—didn't tell you all that's in that letter he left for me?"

"Well, no," Welborn replied, surprised by Fenton's gravity; "nothing beyond the confession that he was Harlow and his reasons for hiding himself as he did."

"I think you ought to know the rest of it. If his story, as the world has heard it, is the strangest you and I are ever likely to know, it's staggering when you know the whole. This must die with us, Welborn; I rather advise you against ever letting Helen know you have any notion of it—but that of course is not my affair. We've established Harlow's fame. 'The Heart of Life' plants a white stone that will never be forgotten or neglected in American literature. But"—he spoke slowly with his hand on Welborn's shoulder—"I have his word for it that he did not write the novel—it's Helen's work!"

Welborn stared helplessly, then passed his hand slowly across his face.

"Harlow couldn't do it," Fenton continued; "he frankly and unequivocally states that. She was precocious—astonishingly so, and he taught her to write. She caught something of his style, but the free, broad sweep is hers. They tried working together, and those chapters we thought weak were his own; he mentions them specifically, and the chapters he substituted were hers; hers, mind you!

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In their joint labors she wanted to retain as much of his work as possible—pretended to forget the individual authorship and all that. Our quick detection of the difference probably broke his poor tired heart. The ties between them were unusual. Her love for him was half-maternal; she was like a mother who wants a child to have the thing he craves most and willingly sacrifices herself that he may gain it. She had enjoined silence upon him; she knew how much success meant to him; her joy in it all was the happiness of seeing him succeed, and she thought she was deceiving him into believing she was merely his assistant and copyist. But he knew he couldn't do it! With all his genius, his fineness, his sense of the big thing, he was only an observer and a teacher. Perhaps here and there something stands that is really his—but only a paragraph—an occasional sentence. I've spent many a night over the book and I think I can point out the places, but I challenge any one else to do it."

"Helen has never, by a word, never by any hint—" began Welborn.

"Ah, she would not be his daughter if she told! I admit the tragedy of it all. The whole thing has its embarrassments and they are multiplying," Fenton continued impatiently. "I'm in the position of lending myself to a gigantic fraud! Poor Harlow, of course, realized how it would be; he was a man of strictest honor. He expressed in his letter the hope that Helen would tell the truth. But if I know her she will never acknowledge it. She wanted him to have the fame he coveted, and she got it for him—she conferred immortality upon him! There are aspects of the thing that I don't like, and Harlow would have hated the whole business. Why, Moreton is going to give the college a dormitory in Harlow's memory. It's rather nasty when you think of it. Harlow couldn't straighten it out himself; he left it to me to settle with Helen; he expected me to make it right, but, my God, I can't *mention* it to her. I can't do it; I don't see that you can ever do it. We can't take the risk of spoiling the joy of her sacrifice!"

"It's absurd, preposterous!" cried Welborn. "But there's that other manuscript! 'The Iron Hand' is wholly worthy to stand with 'The Heart of Life.' There are splendid heights in it."

Fenton shook his head. "That's all Helen's; Harlow made no pretense of even helping! We're going through with the publication as another Frederic Harlow book, and it will add materially to his fame. That chapter 'The Crooked Shoulders' alone would make a reputation; it's the sort of thing that will get into school readers—it's perfect writing; it's classic!"

With bent head Welborn pondered.

"It's not possible," he began earnestly, "that a woman who could do such things would stop writing; it's against all the laws that govern creative genius. Harlow tutored her too well! She knows too much to be content with lifelong suppression. She's bound to go on! We've got to persuade her to acknowledge 'The Iron Hand.'"

"It's impossible to approach her about it," said Fenton soberly. "The individuality of 'The Iron Hand' is too marked; she wouldn't dare claim it; she'd be afraid of giving the whole thing away."

"But we can't encourage her to hide the finest genius in America, to bury it forever!" Welborn cried. "We should be endangering her happiness. I can't imagine it; I can think of nothing that would compensate for so enormous a renunciation!"

"Her love for him," said Fenton softly; and averted his eyes.

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RUSKIN IN OLD AGE

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By J. Howard Whitehouse, M.P.
Founder of the Ruskin Society

MRS. LA TOUCHE, to whom these letters were addressed, lived at Harristown, Kildare, in Ireland. She is associated with the great tragedy of Ruskin's life. In the year 1858 she was introduced to Ruskin in London by his friend Lady Waterford. Mrs. La Touche had at this time three young children, two girls, Emily and Rosie, and a boy. She was a devoted admirer of Ruskin's works and a careful student of his teaching. She was very anxious that her children should be taught properly the beginnings of art, and she asked Ruskin if he would take some interest in their education. Ruskin's love for children was, throughout his life, a distinguishing feature of his wonderful personality; he gladly assented to Mrs. La Touche's request, and a friendship began which henceforth was to color and influence his whole life.

Rosie, the younger girl, was at this time nine years old, Emily being fourteen. The little boy disappears from the story, for the only later reference to him in the official life of Ruskin is contained in a letter by Ruskin describing a visit to the home of the La Touches at Harristown, where he arrived late at night and the little boy came running to greet him, barefooted, from his bed.

But other members of the family soon play a great part in his life. Ruskin supervised the art teaching of the girls with great earnestness, and they both entered with sympathy and understanding into his ideals. A deep affection soon united Ruskin to all of them, but for Rosie he felt an increasing love and worship. For nearly nine years the intimacy continued on this basis, Ruskin, their friend and guide, spending all the time he could spare at their house in London. No one could have had a more faithful friend: he would have made any sacrifice that could have added to their happiness.

In 1866 Ruskin declared his love for Rosie and told her parents of his hope to make her his wife. There was a great difference of years between them. Ruskin was now forty-seven; Rosie was in her eighteenth year. There was some natural hesitation on the part of the parents, and it was arranged that the matter should be postponed for three years, when Rosie would be twenty-one years old.

Ruskin waited for the passing of these three years with an intensity of feeling which is beyond description. More and more he idealized the beautiful woman who had grown from childhood under his tuition. He had helped to form her mind and guide her sympathies. She had become a woman of exquisite beauty of character.

But when the period of probation was ended new difficulties arose. There was hesitation not only on the part of the parents but also by Rosie. The remaining facts can be stated in a few words. It would be idle and perhaps unseemly to attempt now to probe the details. It is sufficient to state that Miss La Touche was of a deeply religious nature, but her views were orthodox and she did not share the wider views on spiritual questions which Ruskin increasingly believed in. Her love for him had never wavered since the days of her childhood, but she doubted if, holding the views she did, she could marry him. Both she and Ruskin suffered the deepest distress, and it is better not to raise the veil too far from the events of the next few years. For a little time there was estrangement, and there is a moving entry in Ruskin's diary in the year 1870: "Last Friday about 12 o'clock at noon my mistress passed me and would not speak." In the following year there was reconciliation, and always

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Ruskin was buoyed with the hope that before long they would be united as man and wife. But it was not to be. Their friendship continued. Ruskin saw her whenever it was possible. When they were separated they exchanged letters. The number of these was very great, and they were of the most intimate nature. But Miss La Touche's indecision was not removed.

The end of Ruskin's dream came in 1875. Miss La Touche's health, never strong, began to fail, and she died in May of this year. The effect upon Ruskin was overwhelming, but the nobility of his character was never seen to greater advantage. The sorrow remained with Ruskin all his life, but the memory of the character of the woman he loved and the communion that existed between them inspired all that he was to do in the future. Some immediate relief he found by plunging into fresh work, and the next few years were filled with intense labor.

The letters which Ruskin wrote to Miss La Touche and those which she wrote to Ruskin were destroyed. After her death Ruskin had kept all of them in a special box. They were his most sacred possession. The destruction of the letters is related by Mr. Cook in his "Life of Ruskin":

"On a day in autumn Mr. Severn and Prof. Norton took them to the woodland garden above Brantwood and gave them to the flames. A wind was blowing and one letter fluttered away from the pyre. It was written from Brantwood when Ruskin was first settling in his new home, and in it he wonders whether Rosie will ever give him the happiness of welcoming her there. But she never came to Brantwood. The garden, lake, and shore which became so dear to Ruskin were left without any memory of her presence, though often, as it seemed to him, graced by her spirit."

Opinions will vary as to the wisdom of this destruction. The writer is one of those who regret it, for he believes that the world is the poorer. To have delayed publication of the letters would have been reasonable; to deprive the world for all time of literature so unique, which revealed the fragrance and nobility of the writers in a setting so exquisitely beautiful, was to incur a heavy responsibility.

But before this destruction took place one of Rosie's letters had been given to the world. In 1888 Ruskin, an old man, was writing the last chapter but one of "Præterita" (Chapter III, L'Esterelle). It is about the woman he worshipped.

"Some wise and prettily mannered people have told me," he writes, "that I shouldn't say anything about Rosie at all. But I am too old now to take advice, and I won't have this following letter—the first she ever wrote me—moulder away, when I can read it no more, lost to all loving hearts."

It is a wonderful letter which follows, tender and loving, but showing in its youthful writer an informed judgment, alike on art and nature, tempered by a sense of humor.

In this chapter of "Præterita" Ruskin tells with exquisite feeling the story of the beginning of his friendship with Rosie and her mother and sister. He describes his first meeting with her:

"So presently the drawing-room door opened, and Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room; gave me her hand, as a good dog gives its paw, and then stood a little back. Nine years old on 3rd January, 1858, thus now rising towards ten; . . . the eyes rather deep blue at that time and fuller and softer than afterwards. . . ."

He describes the first visit to Denmark Hill:

"That first day . . . there was much for them to see:—my mother, to begin with, and she also had to see them; on both sides the sight was thought good. Then there were thirty Turners . . . half a dozen Hunts; a beautiful Tintoret; my minerals in the study; the loaded apple trees in the orchard; the glowing peaches on the old red garden wall. The lesson lost itself that day in pomiferous talk, with rustic interludes in the stables and pig sty."

It is only a fragment which Ruskin gives us of the great friendship of his life, but it is one which has enriched the literature of the world.

Mrs. La Touche died in 1906, having survived Ruskin six years. In 1908 her

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letters were published under the title "Letters of a Noble Woman" (Mrs. La Touche, of Harristown), by M. F. Young.

This book contained six letters written to her by Ruskin, but did not include any of the accompanying letters, which are now printed for the first time.

The great library edition of Ruskin's works, edited by Mr. E. T. Cook and Mr. A. Wedderburn, contains eight letters by Ruskin to Mrs. La Touche. Of these eight, six are the letters which appeared in "Letters of a Noble Woman."

It will, perhaps, be for the convenience of readers to state the dates of the letters to Mrs. La Touche which appear in the library edition of Ruskin's works. They are as follows: August 3, 1881; July 4, 1882; October 22, 1882; November 2, 1882; June 9, 1883; June 22, 1883; June 8, 1889; June 12, 1889.

It will be observed that most of the letters now published are signed St. C. This was an abbreviation of Saint Crumpet, the pet name by which the children knew him. Its origin is thus described by Ruskin:

"Rosie had shortly expressed her sense of her governess's niceness by calling her 'Bun,' and I had not been long free of the schoolroom before she wanted a name for me also, significant of like approval. After some deliberation she christened me 'Crumpet'; then, impressed by seeing my gentleness to beggars, canonized me as 'Saint Crumpet' or, shortly and practically, 'St. C,'—which I remained ever afterwards; only Emily said one day to her sister that the C. did in truth stand for 'Chrysostom.'"

In order to assist as far as possible to the fuller understanding of the letters now published, I have added a brief note before each letter giving any relevant details concerning the contents of the letter or the circumstances of Ruskin's life at the time it was written.

The letters possess a unique interest. They come from the pen of the prophet in his old age, and they enable us to realize that in the evening of his life, though broken in health with the strain of sorrow and effort, he kept intact his great enthusiasms, his powers of admiration, hope, and love, his limitless sympathies, and all the winning qualities which endeared him not only to those within the circle of his personal friendship but to a nation.

LETTER I

[In the early part of this year Ruskin had had a serious illness and for some weeks was laid prostrate with brain fever.

The foxglove referred to in this letter was apparently sent to him by Mrs. La Touche, for a letter dated August 3, printed in "Letters of a Noble Woman," makes further reference to it. It was regarded by Ruskin as a remarkable freak in nature.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
22nd July 81.

MY DEAR LUCY: Its ever so nice making you dells of Grampus: but I've a notion I shall carry on a good deal farther with Florence (who is responsible by the way for the whole arrangement!) Suppose it ends in opposite cells—and Bells, on the Old Man and the St. Georges crags—like St. Alpha and St. Dormice at Amiens. I've been rather puzzled this morning to present St. Alpha's great miracle of praying the Frogs (to be) quiet who disturbed her at her prayers, in a manner to command the respect of Protestant readers. I hope to reverse the miracle myself and make E talk, more, for them.

I'm wild to see that mossy Foxglove of your's but I'd rather not have any seed lest our foxgloves should take to any such tricks! I am so glad you found things to gather here, and enjoyed yourself. If I'm here in the Winter (I've some vague notion of being at Monte Cassino instead—but I don't think it will come to any thing) I wish you would come to see the lovely cascades of down-lace—cobwebs—and crystals—all twined and netted over jellies of grass and candies of heath and sugar-conserve of moss—and barley-sugar of fern. Its very wonderful and not a bit cold, and you'll never begin to look at my books.

Ever your loving ST. C.

LETTER II

[Ruskin's biographer, Mr. E. T. Cook, notes in his "Life" that after recovering from the serious illness which he had at

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the beginning of 1881, this year was a time of great mental excitement. He was depressed and restless, and this letter, to some extent, shows this.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
Tuesday.

(Undated. Postmark on envelope 6th Septr. 1881).

MY DEAREST LUCY: I have been depressed and only fit to write you as a bush, or a dog, or a reed, this week back. I've been trying to play, and then my study gets into confusion, and my work into heaps of nightmare in my head—and the last days of soft air are passing from me, and I have got no good of them, and the other day I went up the Old Man and came down stiffer than I went up, and the nice nice curl's gone out of the end of my beard and it looks like the fluff of a cotton rush 'withered before it be grown up.'

But "it's real nice to have letters from *you*" and this is only to say so.

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Miss Rose La Touche.

I shall be better when I get into harness again, and it is rather good for—*you*—that I have been afflicted, for my last breakdown was owing to a woman whom Mrs. Marshall brought to dine here, having been tumbled in upon by her unawares, and she was the perfection of energetic commonplace and had to be listened to like a barrel-organ all dinner time—and hav'nt recovered it.

What a surprise it will be to you and me if we ever understand the meaning of things, and what these kind of people were made for and where they go to.

Ever y. affectionate ST. C.

LETTER III

[The "Norfolk St." referred to in this letter was the old home in London of the La Touches, where Ruskin was a constant visitor. The quotation "my sisters, the moorland roses, nodded at me" is from Rosie's delightful letter to Ruskin when a girl of ten, which he printed with loving words in "Præterita" (Vol. III, Chapter III), but he gives it inaccurately. In Rosie's letter the word used is cousins, not sisters.

The "new grammar of crystals," which Ruskin states he is writing was one of the many schemes left unfinished at his death.

The word Lacertæ which he uses in the last line was a reference to the name "Lacerta" which had been bestowed upon Mrs. La Touche by one of her friends.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
5th Dec. 81.

MY DARLING LUCY: I'm a little consoled for the blue flower, as you're going away to the blue seas—else its every blossom was a reproach to me. I'll send you Acacias to the Riviera, but I can't write there—its sadder to me even than Norfolk Street—you know the first long letter I ever got was of the pass of the Esterelle—"my sisters, the moorland roses, nodded at me."

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I wonder what you and Joanie call being "good." I call being good, to think of the past—& hope for the future—& then I go mad. Joanie calls it good to amuse myself as well as I can, & then I fall lower & lower—till nothing will amuse me but the theatre des Folies.

At present, I'm busy as Faust was—at the end of him—digging—turning all my moor-marshes upside down,—baring the rock—& opening channels for every pool. I'm having another grand try for cranberries in the first fresh earth. I've laid down again: & theres to be a garden of every conceivable spring flower—(please the mice)—under the heathery rocks. I let all the heath be: its only the long rank grass, & actual bog, that I overturn. Then I'm writing a new grammar of crystals—without the schoolgirls in it who spoilt the Ethics. This will be supremely mathematical, and as dull as you please. Fors has sent me some lovely crystals of gold to begin with which you'll have to keep dusting the velvet under every day when you come next.

How long are you to be among the orange groves?

—N. B. I've had half a dozen ripe out of my own greenhouse.

Did Joanie tell you of the guardian I expect I've got in it. My own geological secretary caught a good-sized viper in the course of the turf-cutting—& we've put him with a few comfortable sods under him and a glass over him in the greenhouse—and he's made himself a hole, and gone to sleep.

Mind you always give my love to the Lacertæ.

Ever your affectᵉ St. C.

LETTER IV

[In March of this year Ruskin had a third attack of brain fever. In August he set out with Mr. Collingwood to revisit old scenes in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and he remained abroad until December.

His references to Harristown were founded on personal knowledge, for he had visited the La Touches there in 1861.

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The Ruskin library.

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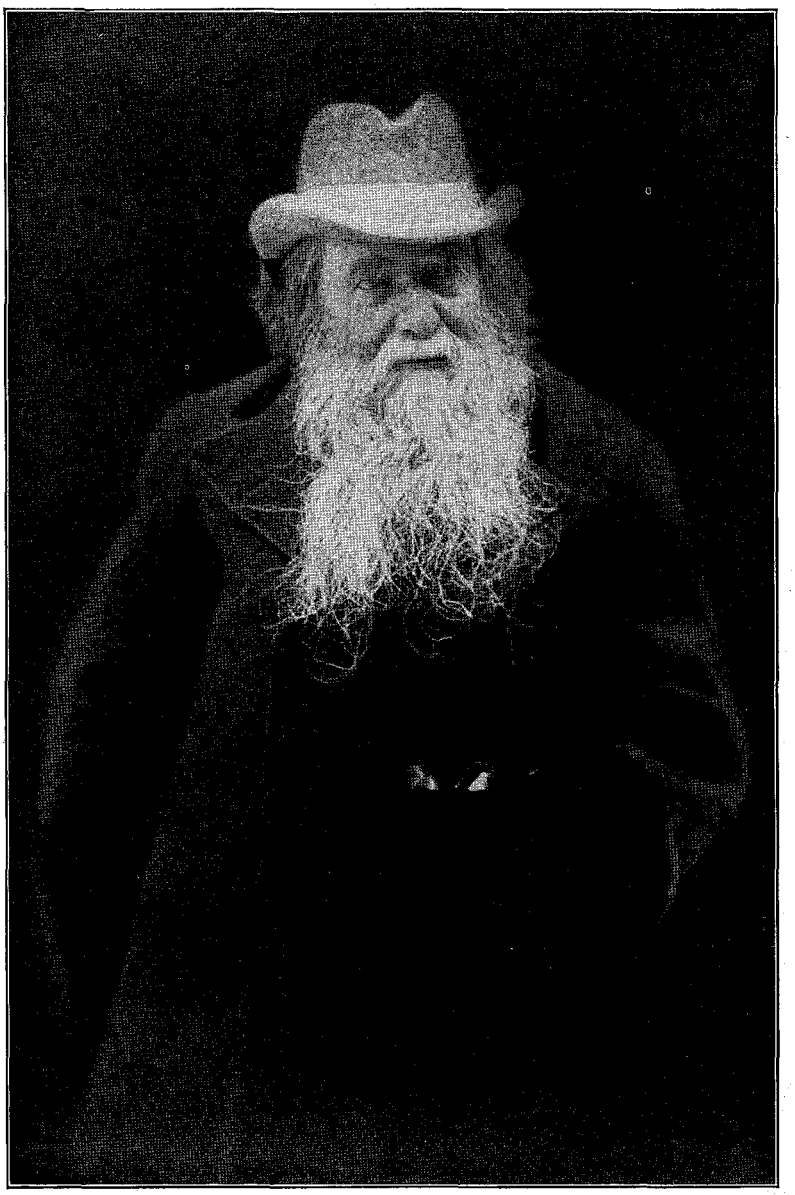

John Ruskin.

Mr. Wedderburn was his friend and one of his literary executors. He was the joint editor of the library edition of Ruskin's works.]

Abbey of Tallories, 15th Nov. 82.

Darling Lucy: It was very pretty of you to write here so quickly. I only got here yesterday, and found after a twilight climb, alone, in perhaps the loveliest scene in the heart of Savoy, found your nice three sheet letter laying on the table beside the dear wood fire.

Yes, even with all the advantages of insidious policemen, and an idolatrous cult, to be variously provoked and tormented, Harristown must be dull in November. But, if Harristown, how much

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more an average English Squire's, with so many acres of level arable clay, round a parkfull of round mushroom-stalked trees, a 'piece of water' instead of the Liffey, and not a rock within 150 miles. You have always your Wicklow hills and Phoca—Poola—place of which I remember—not—the name.

You have also your Irish poor—who must be very precious things when one's kind to them.

And—&c—&c—&c—

but the question—is life worth living—and the deeper one—is death worth dying—cannot be conjured away for any of us who have either life—or thought—whether at Harristown or Tallories.

I am here for a week sectioning Savoy mountains with my secretary—and putting together some notes on the lives of the two St. Bernards. He of the great St. Bernard was born—in—and ran away from—the Castle of Menthon which stands yet just on the other side of the vineyard-browned hills that rise in front of my southward window. At the end of the corridor into which my room opens—some hundred feet long—and bare as monastery-corridor should be—wide and dark in due proportion—the window looks up to the 'Tournette' of Annecy, seven thousand feet of Snow and crag.

Two months ago I was at the native nest of the other St. Bernard—chateau once, also, but now only modern chapel on the mound of La Fontaine above Dijon—looking down on the vast plain of Citeaux far South, Mount Blanc beyond, in clear dawns. And, alas, whether at birthplaces or tombs, I feel myself daily a little more hopeless—a little more hopeless—only always your—and Rosie's and Emily's old

ST. C.

I wish you would think thoroughly out for me how Squires and Squiresses ought to be employed, or can be, Parliament and Fox Hunting being both ended.

Mrs. Steevie Moore is a very good kind girl, the sister of a real disciple—except that he's a lawyer, and most affectionate helper in all ways, Alic Wedderburn. My love to her when you see her.

LETTER V

[Mr. and Mrs. La Touche paid their first visit to Ruskin at Brantwood in this year.

"Letters of a Noble Woman" contain two letters written by Ruskin to Mrs. La Touche in June of this year.

The questions asked by Ruskin show a touch of the old enthusiasms, and it is interesting to recall Professor Norton's impression of him when visiting Brantwood in the summer of this year:

"I had left him in 1873 a man in vigorous middle life, young for his years . . . with smooth face and untired eyes. I found him an old man . . . with the beard of a patriarch. . . . But there were the old affection & tenderness . . . occasionally the unconquerable youthfulness of temperament reasserted itself."]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

[Undated] Postmark on envelope 7 August, 1883.

DARLING LUCY: Please tell my dî ma her note and telegram came all right and were great comfort.

And please tell me how old heath can be, and rhododendron and why they don't grow any bigger. And give my love to Hazel and I'm ever your loving & sleepy

ST. C.

LETTER VI

[This letter was written on the morning of the day when Ruskin delivered his second lecture on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century" at the London Institution.

The children referred to are apparently Coniston village girls, in whom he took much interest. Every Saturday, at one time, he entertained at tea a dozen of the village children ranging from ten to fourteen years old. First they would have a "lesson" on the most diverse topics, or a reading, and afterward tea in his study, "laying it themselves with much laughter and clatter."

This letter is signed Archegosaurus, another of the pet names given him by Rosie.]

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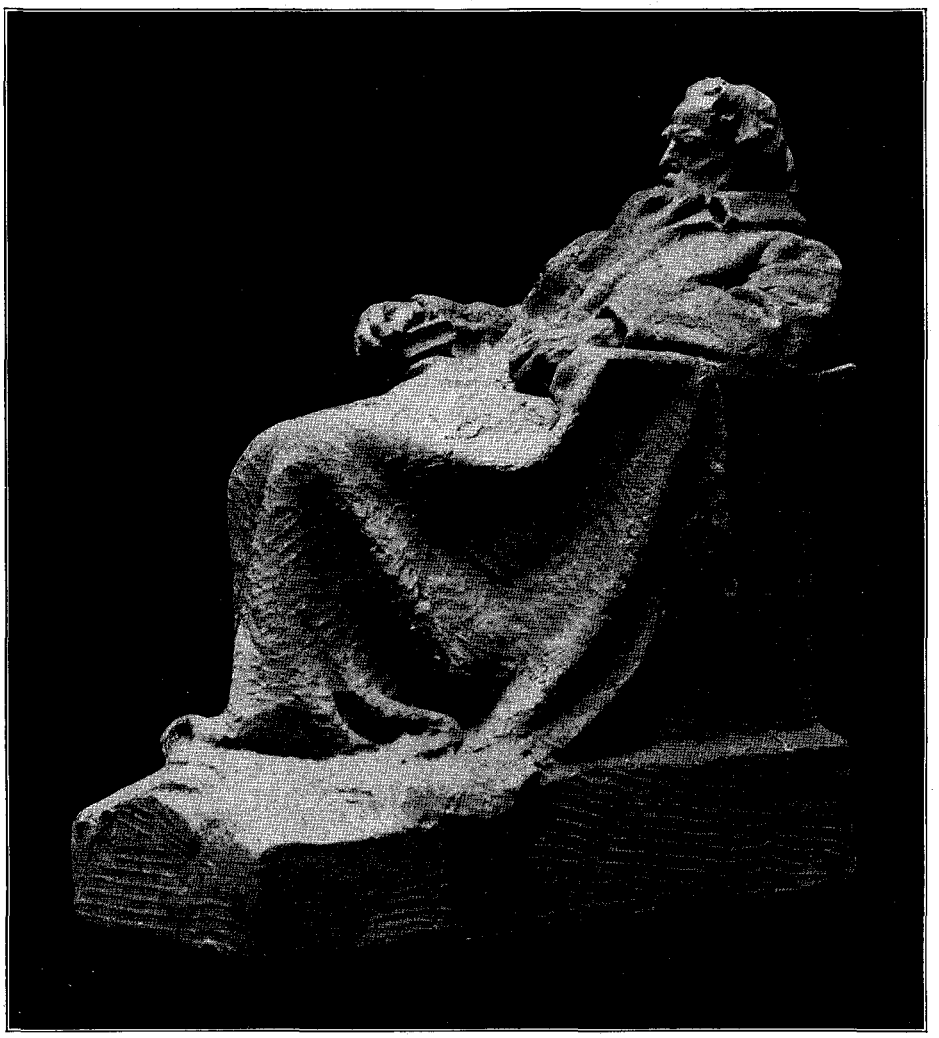
11th Feb. 84.

(No address on letter. Postmark on envelope "Camberwell Feb. 11, 84")

DARLING LUCY: What a shame of me not to have written nor come to see you, but I've been at the end—both ends—of my wits, and legs, this two months, and can't get into the middle again and can't make them any longer, and am a mere heap of can'ts & did'nts and hav'nts.

I'm pretty well however for my second lecture today and have put in a few more bits which you'll like when you can read them in good print. But its very odd that you should have been so near me and heard or seen nothing of me! nor I of you.

I'm so glad you liked those girlies recitations, for they are good girls all. The two I caught and kept at Brant[d]. were Rosalind and Peggy. Rosalind is stupid, but as active as a cat and always nice to look at. Peggy always amusing, and I expected to have made something of her, but she ends—roundly off—and won't be more than she is. Josephine *is* clever, and extremely nice and good—the fuzzy one Ruth, was kept long at dressmaking and is loutish—there's another, the oldest, who paints—in a fuzzy manner. Their



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The Gutzon Borglum statue of Ruskin.

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father has a great deal of quaint character, which is distributed among all the five.

I've no pets, to speak of, at present. A married one wants to make it up with me again; but she wants me to be friends with 'Jack' too, which is absurd. But my sorella, Francesca, is a great treasure to me and I'm always your loving

ARCHEGOSAURUS.

LETTER VII

[The humorous reference which Ruskin makes to the books he was engaged upon was justified, for, although old and broken in health, this year was a time of considerable literary activity. He was planning many books which he was not able to complete. He was writing "Præterita" and other things, and for a part of the year he was busy in London.]

Brantwood,
Coniston. Lancashire

Waterloo Day
1889

Dearest Lucy

I never did see such a seal! Where did it come from — what's it cut on? — did anybody ever guess what it means?

— yes, I should love both those cats and I think I could paint them a little, if they'd show me their topaz eyes. — I really can paint pretty well now, if only I had anybody to squeeze me out the colours. — it does take such a time, this always, tried before I begin.

How pretty it is of you to be still jealous of chits and minxes — I hadn't the least chance of a chit — nor a mite of a minx, — between the Old Man & Jolly Man — or — between old Ireland & me

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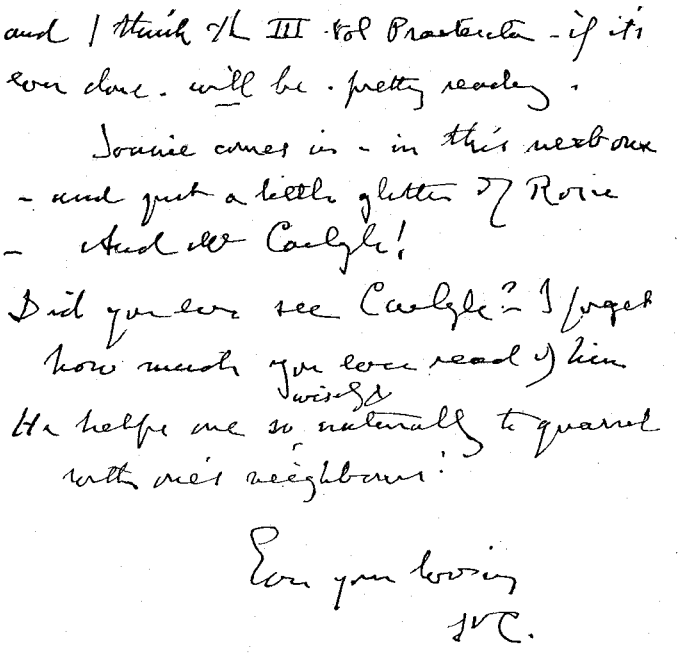

and I think V. & III. Vol Praeterita - if it's ever done - will be - pretty readable -

Joanie comes in - in this next hour - and puts a little glitter of Rose - and Mr Carlyle!

Did you ever see Carlyle? I forget how much you have read of him - wise & He helps me so naturally to quarrel with one's neighbours!

Ever your loving
J. R.

This letter is of unusual interest, for it is almost the last letter written by Ruskin. After the middle of 1889 he placed aside his pen and awaited the end.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
28th April ! ! ! !
1885 ! ! ! !

DARLING LUCY: Where *are* you and what *do* you mean by never sending me a word—snap—or scratch of paw, these months—years—ages. I'm seven years older at least since I had a letter—and ever so jealous of St. D. or Mac D. I'm writing about twenty books at once, and editing twenty more of other peoples, and yet you won't write without my writing begging letters—you might as well be a fish as a Lucy, if you're to go on like that! Tell me all about those Punchestown races directly.

Ever your loving but cross

J. R.

LETTER VIII

[The Susie of this letter is Miss Susan Beever. A deep friendship had existed between them since 1874. She had helped him in his work and had made the extracts from "Modern Painters," published under the title of "Frondes Agrestes." Ruskin published in her lifetime a selection of his letters to her and to her sister under the title of "Hortus Inclusus: Messages from the Wood to the Garden," sent in happy days to the Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston. Miss Susan Beever died in 1893, and one of his last letters was sent to her on her death-bed.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
7th May (Postmark 1885).

DARLING LUCY: I'm just leaving for Herne Hill, and write to say your dear little letter is in my breast pocket, and that I do feel for you in the plantations—and for the Master in the fields of docks—and that it is a Christian duty to be cross, but I'm a Turk, and going to enjoy myself—if I can—with Joanie—and—I'll *write* your message to Susie, but won't you send a little love to Margaret Burne Jones who's coming to see me, and, though she won't allow that, perhaps just a little to be seen by me tomorrow. You could telegraph me a little love for her in time.

I wrote a long letter to the Irish schoolgirl May Queen yesterday on the duties and principles of Monarchy—represent-

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ing to her how nice it would be for Irish girls to exemplify these.

I've left 18 couples of pretty stones to be sent, a couple every other day, to Miss Susie while I'm away, counting on 36 days. I must be back to see the long twilights.

Now I must read my other letters. I liked my account of Punchestown—when I got it—so much.

Ever your lovingest ST. C.

LETTER IX

[The reference is to a letter contributed to the *Tablet* by Mrs. La Touche on the subject of education. The book of fragments on education was never completed.]

BRANTWOOD. CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
16th June 85.

DARLING LUCY: I got home in pure sunlight on Saturday evening, and have the *Tablet* and your nice letter today. The letter is admirable, but may be much developed and made like yourself—there is a sense of supervenient editor in it which you will shake off in preparing it for me and I will print it in a book I am going to collect of fragments on Education.

The Nondevelopment is new, and entirely well stated—but I think even an infant might be able to understand cruelty—without actually seeing it. I do not accept the excuse of not thinking.

I will take due note of the different temper of Irish serrel and explain more completely what I mean about the Swiss and English. It is'nt mere selfish love of lunch.

I have a good many retouches to give the next Proserpina, but I think, between us it will come pretty.

Ever your lovingest ST. C.

LETTER X

[This is one of the last letters Ruskin wrote. In the collection of his letters in the library edition the date of the last letter printed is August 7, 1889.

When he wrote this letter (June 18) he was recovering from another severe illness and was attempting to go on with "Præterita," but it was impossible for him to complete it. All that he could do was the last chapter, "Joanna's Care," which was written in the summer of this year (Chapter IV). The previous chapter of "Præterita" (Chapter III), written in 1888, had been about Rosie. The "little glitter of Rosie" which he speaks of in this letter was a sentence in Chapter IV, "I leave Rosie's letter to tell what it can of the beginning of happiest days; but omit for a little while the further record of them," and one or two other loving references.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
Waterloo Day 1889
[June 18]

DEAREST LUCY: I never did see such a seal! Where did it come from—what's it cut on? did anybody ever guess what it means?

Yes, I should love both those cats and I think I could paint them a little, if they'd show me their topaz eyes. I really *can* paint pretty well now, if only I had any body to squeeze me out the colours—it does take such a time, I'm always tired before I begin.

How pretty it is of you to be still jealous of chits and minxes. I havn't the least chance of a chit, nor a mite of a minx, between the Old Man and Isle of Man, or between old Ireland and me, and I think the III Vol Præterita—if its ever done, *will* be pretty reading.

Joanie comes in in this next one—and just a little glitter of Rosie— And Mr. Carlyle!

Did you ever see Carlyle? I forget how much you ever read of him. He helps one so wisely and naturally to quarrel with one's neighbour.

Ever your loving ST. C.

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THE LAST LEAF IN SPRING

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

WHY am I here?
I, who belonged to that dread season drear
When, wet and cold, November rains did change to formless mould
My comrades—and did sweep
Them all to their last sleep—
But I—
I was passed by.
Even the storm that wild Autumnal night,
When winds, tornado-like, rushed by in might,
And carried my companions on their breast,—
Left me at rest.
I had been happier far with them to fly
Fiercely dissolved, against an avenging sky—
Riding Death's ride upon the sounding gale,
Than, wan and pale,
Against this branch to cling,
And wait a new-born Spring!

I have no place
Where buds do bloom apace.
One near me now,
Burst into adolescence—
How, ah! how?
Her fragrant scents
With youth's impertinence
Importune me to know why I still hold
The branch, with tendrils cold.
"Why," they would ask of me, "have you survived?
Your brothers were short-lived
And went their way,
Why did you stay?"
And I
Can but reply,
A monk at heart,
As though apart, unshrived,
"I know not—nay—I only know
I would not have it so."
And yet, and yet
Perchance 'tis not so sad
To see the earth once more, reborn and glad—
I cannot feel it—not one hollow vein
Can nature's sap retain,
But I can see
The mystery of bloom on bud and tree,
Can hear new leaves
Murmur within their shoots of days to come,
Can almost hear the hum
Of some precocious and marauding bee
Around the roots
Of flowers it may not see.

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And even I—
A skeleton indeed at such a feast,
For one brief moment
From my fate released,
Can chant my threnody—
Can lift my voice
And in the thought rejoice,
As one who, living still, though out of time,
Has heard again the rhythm and the rhyme
Of Earth's renewal. The sublime
Recurrence of the beauty of the days
Born but to praise,
When long and sweet and slow,
The hours linger and the flowers grow.

Ah! me—Ah me!—
I strive to think
I am content to see,
And not to feel.—
It is not true
I long to revel in the Heaven's blue—
I long to dance,
And waver gayly in the wooing breeze
Balanced at ease,
Sure of my strength to brave its harmonies
With no mischance.
I long for mad
Sweet ecstasy, when all the world is glad—
I strain to thrill
When robins trill
The song of passion to their waiting mate;
But no, my fate
Is otherwise.
Come Wind, arise—
Blow, feigning Autumn,
Blow, as though the world
In cold November's fog and mist were furled—
Blow fiercely—till upon the new grass hurled,
I lie, a shattered thing
That none regret.
I had no right
To that stupendous sight—
The promise and the pageant of the Spring—
And yet—! and yet—!
Hurried to Earth at last
Upon the April blast,
I would not quite forget!

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LE PANACHE

By Maxwell Struthers Burt
Author of "John O'May," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN a man comes into Maxim's—the pre-war Maxim's—at ten o'clock of a spring night, just when gayety has reached a zenith, sits down beside you, nods with an air of acquaintanceship to the head waiter, gives him a twenty-franc piece, and requests him in excellent French to have the orchestra play the love-song from "Samson and Delilah," the incident has about it something of interest. When the man in question leans back with speculative intensity in his far-sighted gray eyes and a half-smile hovering about his determined, clean-shaven mouth your interest vacillates between admiration and dislike. No matter how charmingly done, it would impress a spectator as procedure not altogether to be commended if—in hell, say—a shade from a happier climate were to walk rapidly through, carrying in each hand a bucket of water untastable by the lambent-eyed spectres lined up on either side of him. There is about such an action an especial kind of imaginative cruelty.

Out of the babble of voices, the laughter; into the cigarette smoke and the smell of flowers and perfume suddenly threaded the lovely ribbon of the music. A woman across the way laid down her fork and stared; a boy beside her, fresh-colored, charming in his evening clothes, raised his head. One had an impression of a score of amusing stories suspended in

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mid-air; one had an impression of leaving a stifling city in mid-August and coming to a place where pine forests reach down to a blue-and-white sea. Only it isn't fair to take people to such a coast when immediately they must return to the fetid alleys where they live. I turned to the man beside me.

"Do you do this sort of thing often?" I asked.

He started, as if up to the moment he had not been acutely aware of my presence; then he smiled. It was a charming smile, disarming, good-tempered, alert. He pushed back his glass of champagne.

"No." He shook his head. "No; I don't do this sort of thing often. No, never before, as a matter of fact." He studied the quiet, a trifle astonished, greatly sobered people around him. "Probably," he continued, "I shall never do it again. It isn't exactly what the English call 'cricket,' is it? And yet—life's largely a matter of moments, isn't it? and what's best—unrelieved sordidness, or perhaps for once a lark singing above the courtyard of a tenement? Well, I wanted to see, anyway." He reflected. "My impulses are not always kindly," he concluded.

Ingenuousness and subtlety are a rare combination; I studied my new-found companion with interest. He was a slight, tall man of thirty-five or thirty-seven, and his dress clothes expressed to the smallest detail the unusual qualities of precision and intuition. His dark hair was prematurely gray—carefully parted and brushed back from his forehead—and underneath it was a keen and youthful face—an exceptional face, distinctly American in its spare lines and clean-cut chin, and yet with a look about it as if its possessor had seen intimately many lands. Moreover, it was the face of a man who both thought and acted; of a man who had read and a man who had driven ships, or ridden horses, or perhaps both, against winds. Above the fresh coloring of the cheeks were a few little lines and above these again a warm and permanent sunburn; and the thin mouth held a suggestion of grimnesses that could be instantly recaptured should occasion arise—the grimnesses of a mouth accustomed to taste without complaining the incessant vagaries of nature. There is no confusing the inevitable lurking grimness of an outdoor man with the thin acerbity of his indoor neighbor. About the former is a concomitant humor.

We ordered supper; we talked; around us the laughter swelled again.

And life is that way, isn't it? Altogether a matter of chance, except that you can't altogether escape the sense that back of the chance is perhaps an ultimate design. One so often does find important events, important friends-to-be, on a steamer casually taken; on a mountain trail casually chosen; out of the blue; without forewarning. I might so easily have missed Hugh Craig that night. I was on the point of leaving Maxim's when he came in and took the seat beside me.

He had been born, it seems, in Pennsylvania, the northern part of the State, where his father had foundries and a huge acreage. I achieved a picture of a life almost feudal: a great old-fashioned house; workmen, until recently, at all events, descendants of men who had worked for the Craigs since before the War of Independence; wide fields; and a town with, at one end of it, immense iron-shops that lay upon the greenness of the surrounding country like soot knocked from a stovepipe onto a lawn. Craig had a family—a father with a long white beard and certain undiscussable ideas of right and wrong. I gathered that he had worked too hard ever to experience any God except one who was an expert bookkeeper—a sort of minor bureaucrat whose mind never overlooked a single cent on the debit or credit side, no matter how many gold pieces you might otherwise fling to a starving world. There was also a mother, a gentle, charitable soul whose preoccupation was the town and countryside over which, without any questioning on her part of social justice, she found herself mistress. Like many women she labored with hands not too intelligent to assuage the cunning wrongs of a system upon which her men-folk were concentrating all their energies to the task of making it more and more unbearable. Then there was a sister, who had married a Spaniard, and an elder brother who apparently, in the eyes of Craig's father, was all that Craig himself was not. Here,

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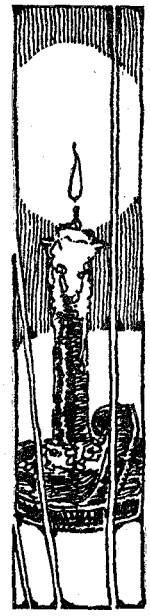
you perceive, was an older generation and two survivals of that generation, and a fifth member of the family who was not a survival at all. Between him and all the rest of his kin was distinct cleavage; and as a rule cleavage makes for history. One surmised the modern vast and vague discontent, a searching for new and —but here is the difficulty—workable ideals.



You must understand me—what I learned of Craig at that first meeting was not in any connected way—not as a narrative, not by direct statement. He was, as I subsequently discovered, the last man in the world to talk his soul out to any one about his personal relationships. Nor was he enough of an egotist to indulge himself in the contemporaneous pastime of deprecating the old order of things and applauding the new. In fact, at that time he was regretting the passing of the old—deplored the breaking down of standards, the resulting confusion. "How the deuce," he said, "is a man to keep his head up in this maelstrom? How can he preserve the integrity of his soul in a 'panic' world? Everything is either nibbling away at it, or else seeking to engulf it." You see, he seldom talked personally at all—almost altogether about abstract matters. But he had the gift of illuminating sentences, sentences that illustrated a point, or explained an incident, and by means of these you eventually pieced together some sort of a portrait. In such a way I learned that he had been a sheep-herder in Arizona; a cattleman in Montana; a settler in Australia; for six lurid months a sailor before the mast; that he had an especial feeling for trades and, in a secondary sense, for sport—anything, you understand, possessing the magic conjunction of hand and mind; that required what he called "Attic directness"—and that at one time he had learned the art of blacksmithing. As for the mere making of money, he was contemptuous. Any one could make money if they were willing to give up everything else to that one end. He had given up ten solid years. Now he had all the money he wanted, and had retired. Ostensibly he was engaged in a tour of the world for the purpose of playing polo wherever polo was to be had.

We paid our bills, and put on our coats and top hats, and walked out into the street. We were unaware that life, in an unpleasant, simian fashion, was at the moment preparing to leap out at us. Life seemed to have a habit of treating Craig in this way.

A young man, a woman beside him, was waiting for his motor under the awning. I had noticed him sitting directly opposite us in the restaurant. He belonged to an easily recognizable type. He was big and bulky and blond-haired; his clothes were expensive and his gestures were those of a person carefully trained in outward things. No doubt he was rich; no doubt he had been to some great university; I was willing to wager that he came from New York and drove a powerful "motor" with a two-fisted disregard of other people's rights. In short, he was the sinister but not unattractive figure that America—in its older communities—is at present producing in rather alarming quantities. He leaned upon his walking-stick and as Craig passed remarked to his companion:

"There's the bounder that tried to break things up."

I don't think he particularly intended Craig to hear; but at the same time I don't think he particularly cared if he did hear.

The effect upon Craig was interesting. He stopped and turned to me. "Do you think," he asked in a slow, precise voice, "that they are talking about me?" There was an odd underlying amusement in his voice. I experienced the restless alertness that impending danger gives one. Back of us I heard a slight rustling movement. Craig faced about and took off his hat and went up to the couple.

He addressed the young man very politely. "You are quite right," he said, "in objecting to what I did, but you are

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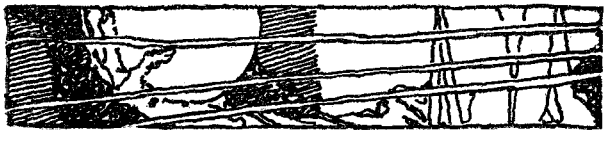
quite wrong in the tone and words you used just now. They showed that you think the world is divided into two classes —the people you like and bounders; and that's a filthy philosophy. Besides, you must never be rude to any one. For instance, I consider you the most objectionable product of a fairly objectionable age, but up to the moment I've been too polite to tell you so." He paused and regarded the young man's excellently fitting white waistcoat. Suddenly his pointed finger shot out and buried itself in the slightly too convex waist-line. It was the most insulting gesture I have ever seen. "You rotten pup!" he hissed. "You haven't even the decency to keep your fat down!" And, with amazing quickness, he leaped back out of range as the young man struck.

"Don't!" he commanded. "Don't! Wait a minute! We'll get arrested! Come around the corner!" He turned to the woman. "Madam," he said, "would you prefer to have my friend wait here with you, or will you accompany us? No—" as she made a movement to interfere. "Don't do that! If you do we'll fight just where we are, and then we'll all go to jail."

The woman shrank back. I was beginning to realize that Craig had the impressiveness and the suggestion of menace that exact obedience.

It was a curious little affair the moonlight and a deserted street leading off the Rue Royale witnessed. About it was a hint of rapiers and fluttering cloaks, despite the grim directness of modern combat. "We won't take off anything but our overcoats," said Craig; "we may have to run for it." He handed me his; then whirled and struck. The change of mood was astonishing. There were no preliminaries, none of the careful courtesy of the preceding conversation and walk; instead, a metamorphosis into something as terrific, as hurtling, as the charge of a wildcat. Craig, I saw at once, was a trained man, but a trained man with all the untrained bully's overpowering bewilderingness of movement. Here was no gentlemanly intent. You perceived a background of mining-camps and border saloons.



For a minute or so there was nothing to be heard in the silent street but the shuffling and the quick breathing of the fighting men. In the shadows of a doorway the woman cowered with her hands over her eyes. Then, suddenly, I saw Craig do an unbelievable thing; with agonizing force he brought his knee up into his opponent's solar plexus. The young man raised a white, incredulous, staring face, before he slowly sank to the ground and rolled over on his back, gasping for breath. Craig examined him briskly. "He's all right," he said. He put on his overcoat and calmly adjusted his collar. "Madam," he said to the woman, "I'll send a cab here." He surmised astonished distaste on my part. "Yes," he admitted, "it's disgusting—the whole thing. I know that." As we walked off in the direction we had come, he vouchsafed a partial explanation. "I used to try to fight rottenness squarely," he said; "but now I finish it off and get rid of it as soon as possible."

We drove in an open carriage to my hotel. I was still excited and distressed, but Craig was entirely gay and discursive and unperturbed. I remember the full moon over the trees, and the scent of chestnut blossoms, and the smell of wet asphalt, and the clock-clock of our horse's feet. We said good-by to each other. A sudden inexplicable intimacy held us silent for a moment. I watched Craig clamber back into the carriage and drive off. There was with me a curious impression that this polished, subtle, abruptly savage and ruthless young man was on a quest that would not end with the playing of polo. There was an underlying suggestion of a crusade. The cabman's whip might have been a spear.

From Spain after a while came a postcard with a picture on it of the Royal Palace in Madrid. "Playing polo," it read. "Rotten polo." Subsequently, following an interval of twelve months, was a letter from Japan. Craig was

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immensely impressed by the theory of personal dignity held by the Japanese, the dignity with which each man, no matter what his position, holds himself and is permitted to hold himself by his neighbors. He saw in it a possible relief for the "engulfing black muck of democratic selfishness."

Then I heard no more of him for two years. On an afternoon in June I ran into Kneass in a New York club.

Kneass is a professor of biology and, behind extremely near-sighted goggles, one of the most amusing men I know. We dined together on the roof-garden. "By the way, I came across a friend of yours the other night," said Kneass. He tried to peer at me over his spectacles. "His name was Hugh Craig. He was one of the most charming fellows I've ever met and—he was very drunk."

I expressed interest and regret.

"You needn't do that," resumed Kneass. "It wasn't unpleasant drunkenness. He'd just landed from a three years' trip around the world. Almost anybody, you know—" And he thereupon unfolded to me an odd tale, a story the perception of which would have been possible only to the mind of a man interested in the hidden drama of human motives.

"You see," he explained reflectively, "it was the queerest thing I have ever witnessed. As a rule, intoxication falls into one of three classes—stupidity, carelessness, or viciousness; but I don't think I ever before saw a man challenge it deliberately—without a trace of insolence or bravado, either—and fight it out as one would fight any other kind of fight. Throw down the glove to poison, as it were." His near-sighted spectacles became misty, as the spectacles of near-sighted people are likely to become when they are very much moved. "Of course," he resumed, "I don't know whether in the beginning his action was intentional or not—perhaps he found that without realizing it he had taken more than he intended, but from that point on the issue was clear—to me at least; as far as the others were concerned, I don't think they suspected Craig of being drunk at all—he was just as amusing, you see, just as alert and charming as ever; but he was engaged in a mortal struggle. I divined the agony of it—the coiled resistance of a mind that refuses to allow itself to be subjugated by anything. An illuminating side-light on the whole situation was that obviously he was refusing the easiest recourse toward regaining sobriety. He didn't want to take any undue advantage of his adversary, if you understand what I mean. He was giving alcohol a more than fair field, and then seeing whether or not he couldn't beat it on its own ground. He not only drank placidly all that was offered to him, but he purchased more himself. Thanks, I will have a light."

Kneass sat back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. "It was rather monstrous," he said, slowly exhaling; "rather frightening. A stark struggle of will usually is. One had the impression of a man fighting with every atom of muscle he possessed against the enveloping folds of a great serpent. I hope this friend of yours doesn't do such things often. If he does he'll kill himself."

I remarked that I had seen Craig only once in my life, but that I did not think he was given to many such unequal contests.

"I'm not sure," hesitated Kneass. "He rather impresses me as a man given to unequal contests. There is some underlying motive at work there. But I don't think his contests are with drink as a rule. He isn't a drinking man. You can tell by his eyes. And the most curious thing—the most curious thing of all—was—I'm on the house committee here, you know—that the next day Craig sent in his resignation. Why? He wasn't in the least objectionably drunk."

I rather expected, after this, the note which I got from Craig a few days later asking me to visit him at Scarboro—Scarboro was the name of his family place. I am glad I went. I attained, at all events, a dim idea of what he was after.

We had been riding, I remember, and were sitting on a fence near the stables

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watching the dusk come up over the distant purple hills, and I had confessed to a curiosity concerning this resignation from the Powhatan Club. For a moment Craig reflected before answering me. "Oh, that," he said carelessly, "that was merely self-inflicted punishment."

"But Kneass said you conquered in the end," I suggested.

He looked at me with awakened interest.

"Kneass is a damned clever chap, isn't he?" he observed. "No, I didn't conquer; not really. I'm afraid you can't conquer against poison." He suddenly got down from the fence and began to walk up and down, his hands in his pockets, his head bent in thought. "I'm not against wine," he said; "I'm not against any mellowing influence in a world that is daily growing starker and grimmer. But wine is like everything else; you can't let it get the better of you, can you? Everything is trying to do that, the rest of humanity included. The whole of the universe trying to crush one back into its own formless shape! We are modelled out of nothing, and then nothing seems to delight to wear away back to nothing the exquisite, subtle, individual thing that is each man's and woman's soul." He stopped in front of me and raised his head. The light of the setting sun touched his hair and face until there seemed about them the misty outline of a casque.

"Do you remember," he asked, "where, at the end of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' Cyrano says, when he dies he hopes to sweep the floor of heaven with the plumes of his hat—his plume—his *panache?* Well, that is all I can make out of life, and perhaps after all it is the answer. We haven't any rules any longer: we must face each contingency by rules of our own inventing, framed as the contingency arises; but maybe out of it will come a greater thing—an instinctive, instantaneous knowledge that each man will have when his plume—his *panache*—is in danger; when there's a chance of soiling it so that he never will be able to sweep with it the floor of heaven." He paused as if a little ashamed of himself and laughed. "Come into the house, now," he said, "and I'll mix you a cocktail."

Those were pleasant weeks at Scarboro—spacious, ductile, fast-going. The earth was ripening to its harvest. Only the roaring foundries—and they were far from the house in which we lived—disturbed the tranquil mood. . . .

It was almost inevitable, wasn't it, that the next time I should see Craig, March of the following winter, he should be in love? The unattached man is subject to love about once every decade, and he is peculiarly susceptible when he begins to question the intrinsic value of most human action. It is as if, reaching down through the on-the-surface things, generally accepted as important, he is endeavoring to find the thing fundamentally important. I came on Craig on the beach at Santa Barbara. I hadn't known he was there. He was talking to a young woman of exceptional beauty. I think she resented my intrusion—one felt a suggestion of irritation under the overcordiality of the present generation of young women. But my surprise and pleasure at finding Craig were too great to permit me to consider in the least her emotions. I sat down.

She was a lovely person to look at; there was a hint of the south about her dark hair and dark, quick eyes and the rose-softness of her cheeks. She suited eminently the tawny warmth of the country she was in. As a matter of fact, she came from New York, was entirely wealthy, and was engrossed—barring an interest in Craig the depth of which I never could altogether fathom—in what she called "pah-ties." Craig evidently found on her lips the clipped syllables adorable; he also apparently found overwhelmingly interesting a vivid, exaggerated discussion of dull people and their duller actions in various quarters of the world. I dug him out of this and asked him what he had been doing. It was odd to see his mood drop from him like shabby clothes from the body of a strong swimmer.

He had been in France driving an ambulance—of course, he would have been sooner or later. He regretted that he was too old to enlist for active service, and now he was back and was going to settle down in charge of the foundries at Scarboro. I hadn't heard, had I? No, of course not. His father and mother were dead, you see, and his older brother had

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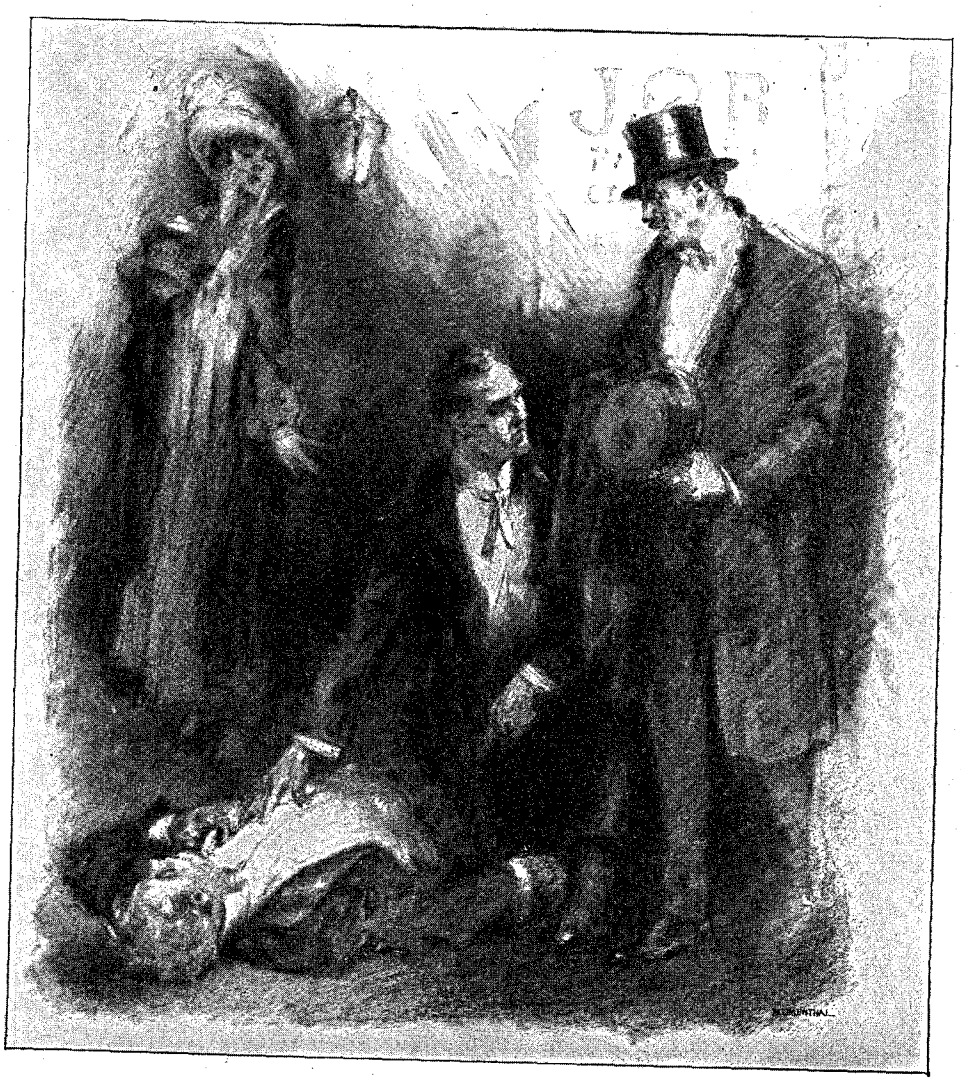
gone to Pittsburgh, where the firm now had its principal plants. This assumption of business responsibility surprised me. I don't think Craig was altogether joyous. "Well, what was a man to do?" he asked.

"I think it's splendid!" announced the girl. "I think it's perfectly splendid!" I cut her short; I feared the inevitable exhortation on "careers" that I knew would follow.

Craig suggested that a man's work did not necessarily affect what he thought. His lovely companion conjectured that too much thought was a bad thing anyhow; it usually made people "dippy." "Life was action."

"Life is action!" Good Lord! And in relation to the word "dippy," I suddenly found myself discovering about the girl who had so blithely used it a curious underlying agitation, a disconnectedness that showed a leakage in the direction of the prevalent disease of uncontrolled nerves. It is a sinister discovery; it is a very common one.

And the two statements quoted were the only ones containing a germ of abstract thought that I heard Miss Hamilton—Mary Hamilton was her name—ut-



Craig examined him briskly. "He's all right," he said.—Page 754.

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ter in the three weeks during which I saw her more or less constantly. For I did see her constantly. Craig was exceptionally generous in this respect. I think, without admitting it to himself, he was glad of an antidote for the constant discussion of personal and not very important facts. Miss Hamilton, I am afraid, realized the cause of Craig's hospitality and resented it. The three of us went on picnics together, alone or with other people; we danced, we motored, we rode, we bathed. We talked about a great many things with disjointed vivacity. I felt as if I was being given a drug not altogether restful in its effect.

Men and women, however, manage to produce drama, even when one has as a factor the stubborn resistance toward drama exhibited by the average American girl. I received the impression that Craig was becoming bitterly unhappy, and I think he was making Mary Hamilton unhappy as well. After all, she probably cared as much for him as it was possible for her to care for any one. He was very charming, very rich, dimly she must have perceived him exceptional and clever. Probably she cherished the illusion common to many women that, once one of them has a man, once he is married to her, she will be able to take—well, at any rate, the uncomfortable edge off this cleverness. As for Craig, his trouble also was that he was cherishing illusions—deluding himself with the belief that Mary Hamilton possessed hidden possibilities, carried in her heart seeds of something beautiful and flowering, when she was, of course, merely a very beautiful, hopelessly spoiled girl, fed on the paprika of life until she had lost all appreciation of ordinary wholesome food. She was, however, yet to taste the sword-like desperation of a man of Craig's temperament. Unfortunately, I was to taste it too. Men of forty-five do not need adventitious thrills; they've had plenty of them. The thrill came about casually. It had to do with a motor ride upon which Craig took the girl he was in love with and myself.

Back of the Pacific coast are hills—mountains really—and through them are winding and narrow and beautiful roads. You zigzag up and up toward the softest and bluest of skies and below you drops away a country of vivid green valleys, with patches of green-gray live-oak, looking like apple orchards, on their sides. You have an extraordinary sensation of leaving behind a concrete world and of entering a world in which dimensions and time are of no account. Perhaps that is what affected Craig.

We had lunch at an inn forty miles or so back from the sea, and started home just at the apex of the afternoon and so did not reach the summit of the hills until immediately before dusk. At our feet the road looped in great spirals. Far off the distant town lay upon the smouldering fire of the sunset like misty blue smoke, and on a burning ocean the coast islands drifted like smoke broken off from the main ascending column.

Craig was driving his powerful car; in the back seat with me was Mary Hamilton. She commended the scenery, after the fashion of the daily ritual of the educated unthinking. After that I am not quite sure when I began to realize what was happening.

Speed is a comparative matter and from swift motion you thrust into great speed imperceptibly. All I knew was that the shadows of the canyons began to fly up at us with sudden, sweeping wings and that we lurched as we rounded a corner. At first, of course, I thought it a temporary carelessness on the part of Craig; but, the corner safely navigated, the great Stutz hunched its shoulders, as it were, and leaped forward into the dusk.

In the beginning I was too puzzled to move; then, very carefully, I reached over to the driving seat and craned my neck so that I could see Craig's face. He was looking straight ahead of him, tense and alert. He was not ill, then; not in the least insane. I fell back into my corner, choking in its inception an idiotic impulse to drag him from his wheel. There was still permitted me a moment or so to wonder what it was all about. Was Craig trying to commit suicide? Evidently not. There was every opportunity for him to do so had he wanted—a momentary indifference, a mere flick of the wheel; but he was driving with all the concentrated skill of which a very experienced driver

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was capable. Sometimes we hung on two wheels, but we always hung. I don't know when a glimmering of the truth dawned on me: this was no deliberate attempt on the part of Craig to kill himself—that wouldn't have been like him, anyway—but he was, unless I was much mistaken, tossing dice with death—giving death, that is, every opportunity and then seeing if death could win. The idea was rather exhilarating. I looked at Mary Hamilton. Her hat had blown off; her dark hair was beginning to cascade about her shoulders; her eyes were like blazing stars. For the first time since I had known her I found myself admiring her—admiring her and at the same time hating her, which, where she was concerned, was also a new emotion; for she wasn't frightened—wasn't frightened at all, merely enraged, angry clear through.

After that we were swallowed up—I say we, I know that at least I was—in the sudden maniacal joy of speed. I lost all knowledge of self, except that once, as if I was listening to some one far off, I heard myself laughing. Otherwise, it was as if a great giant, with ballooning wings, had swept down upon us and was carrying us in locked arms—a trifle too tight, perhaps, but that was all—through an air of incredible thinness. You felt perfectly safe, safer than in the humdrum pursuits of life; you had passed the point where safety is a matter for consideration at all. The earth was a thing of curves and leaps and tawny mist, with, far in front of you, a red sea into which you would presently plunge with a pleasant sense of motion ended.

And then—as unexpectedly, as improbably, as it had begun—we slowed down as we reached the level road that led toward town. We glided through the dusk like any sober motoring party returning home to a sober dinner. And up in the mountains—no, even on the road just behind us—something monstrous and black was drawing in its wings, a puzzled look on its huge, blurred face.

When we came to the hedge-surrounded house where Miss Hamilton lived she descended without a word; Craig followed her. They paused under a street-lamp that threw a circle of orange light. For once the girl had lost the curious, icily reserved lack of reserve of modern manners. There were a few moments of primitive conversation on her part. Craig heard her out in silence; then he said to her an extraordinary thing. I wonder if she will ever forget it. He bowed toward her.

"My dear," he said, "I could die with you gladly, but by God I couldn't live with you."

And he took off his cap and got into the car, and drove me home with an air of odd, cool nonchalance.

Once upon a time this is where the history of Craig would have stopped. The climax of the ordinary biography was supposed to end with the acceptance or rejection by a woman of a man, but recently we have begun to realize that very interesting things may happen even after crucial events such as these, and the most interesting thing—to my mind, at least—that happened to Craig did not happen until the August of the summer that followed.

I was back in the East and there came a letter from him asking me to join him at Scarboro. He was there all alone, hard at work on his new task. The letter hinted at labor troubles. "You may see something interesting," it suggested with a certain grim joyousness; "we are threatened with a strike. The old native element is no longer here, and my brother, with the usual long-sighted near-sightedness of the average business man, before he left encouraged an inroad of delightful but temperamental foreigners. 'Wops,' I believe they are called. Come up. Maybe you'll see me fight 'wops.' And the amusing thing is that I have spent all of a year trying to make myself poor and make them comfortable. They were perfectly contented until I came. If they really want the mills, they can have them, as far as I am concerned; only, the trouble is, I

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don't think they'd know how to run them if they had them." I went up to Scarboro and found myself indeed in the midst of a strike.

There is a cynical, sullen calm that falls before all serious trouble—before a cyclone, before a fight of really murderous intent. I arrived at the end of that calm. In the streets of the town were idle, black-haired men and women standing about in groups. The children were evidently enjoying a rare interval of entire lack of parental supervision. Before the doors of the mills were guards with rifles. It was eerie to find the great chimneys smokeless and the great buildings silent. In the house, a mile beyond the limits of the town, Craig was awaiting me. The contrast between the coolness of the countryside and the coolness of Craig in his white-flannel suit and the dull heat of the place through which I had just driven was dramatic.

"I'm glad you're here," he said; "you'll like it."

I suggested that possibly I wouldn't.

"Oh, yes, you will," he rejoined blithely; "I think in a week, when we begin to bring in strike-breakers, there'll be something really doing. You see," he explained, "there's no chance of coming to terms—I've given in and given in, and now they're asking the impossible. And —well—I'm angry. That's why I'm in such a good humor."

I asked him if he wasn't afraid of being himself so entirely unguarded. There seemed a somewhat sinister parallel between the position of his house and the town and the position of Paris and Versailles.

"You're thinking that I'll be another Marie Antoinette, are you?" he laughed. "Well, at all events, I won't offer them cake alone. I've given them cake, and I've given them bread, and I've given them meat and silver forks to eat it with, and now"—he grew sombre—"I'll give them nothing but fight."

But the "following week" did not come, not for me at least; instead intervened a torrid and breathless Sunday. Little quivering heat waves lay across the country; the hills were misty blue; in the long avenue leading to the house the linden-trees seemed to hold back all the air that stirred. During the morning distant church-bells shivered into broken sound against what seemed a thick, incalescent, crystal globe surrounding one.

At four o'clock up the avenue came a queer, straggling, ominous group of men. Fifty or sixty of them, I suppose; and apparently they had been to a picnic, for they were carrying empty baskets. No doubt a good deal of the fiery liquid that makes Hungarian festivity had been drunken. Craig's butler saw them first and came running back to where we were sitting on the terrace of the formal garden behind the house.

"I'd just go away, Mr. Craig, sir," he said. "Let me talk to them until we can get some guards up from the mills."

Craig got up from his chair and stretched, and very carefully extinguished his cigarette. His face was suddenly extremely weary.

"Oh, no!" he said. "Certainly not. Go and telephone."

He watched the butler's retreating figure. "The damn pitiful loyalty of the hired man!" he commented. "That fellow would die for me, and I pay him eighty dollars a month. Coming? Don't follow me out onto the porch. It would do more harm than good."

"Why do you go at all?" I asked.

He swung around on me and for a moment his face blazed with sudden anger.

"Why not?" he questioned. "Do you think I'd run from a bunch of poor miserable devils like these? Besides, if I talk to them maybe they'll go away. I don't want them shot. To shoot Hungarian working men in a cause like this would be just about as ignoble as shooting rabbits. While, as for men like you and myself, the one thing we do know in a confusing world is that, if any one is to be shot we at least can prove that death is neither conquering nor indecent." Then he laughed, his good humor restored. "There won't be any shooting," he said. "This thing has got on my nerves. Come along!"

I followed him through the coolness of the long hall. Beyond I could hear a confused murmur of voices.

Craig threw open the door and stepped onto the porch, and for a moment surveyed the faces upturned to his.

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Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal.

"You! You lif' up here in your cool house, and . . . there is a *man* here whose *childt* died last night!"—Page 762.

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"Well, my friends?" he asked.

A burly, sweating man in shirt-sleeves stepped forward. "Ve vant," he said, "to talk vit you—you yerselves."

"You have talked with me," said Craig; "your leaders, that is."

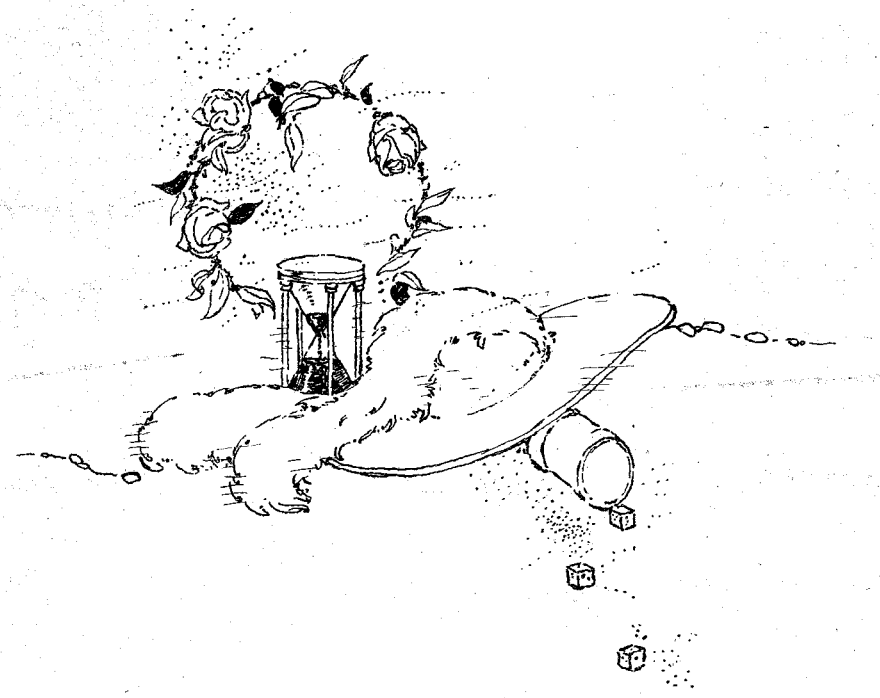
"No, ve!" returned the burly man. Suddenly he seemed to lose control of his studied calm; he swung his arms; his great face swelled and turned purple.

"You!" he roared. "You! You lif' up here in your cool house, and ve—my God!—there iss a man here whose childt died last night!"

Craig threw back his head and made a great upward and downward gesture of weariness with his arm. "The same old thing!" he complained, as if to himself. "The same old thing! The utter lack of consequence of the world in general! What have I to do with that? There's not one of them that isn't living on the money I send them secretly."

And then the thing happened. I dare say it was Craig's gesture that snapped the cord of sanity. I saw a hand raised at the back of the crowd and sunlight glittering along the barrel of a revolver—a cheap, nickel-plated revolver. There was a spurt of flame and Craig caught at his breast, hesitated, and fell forward. The crowd turned and ran down the avenue. In the distance I saw men hurrying toward us. I lifted Craig up. Suddenly he twisted his head from side to side as a man will who has reached the extreme limits of annoyance.

"How silly of them!" he said. "How damnably silly! Oh, well"—his eyes smiled at me,—"I put it through anyway, didn't I?"



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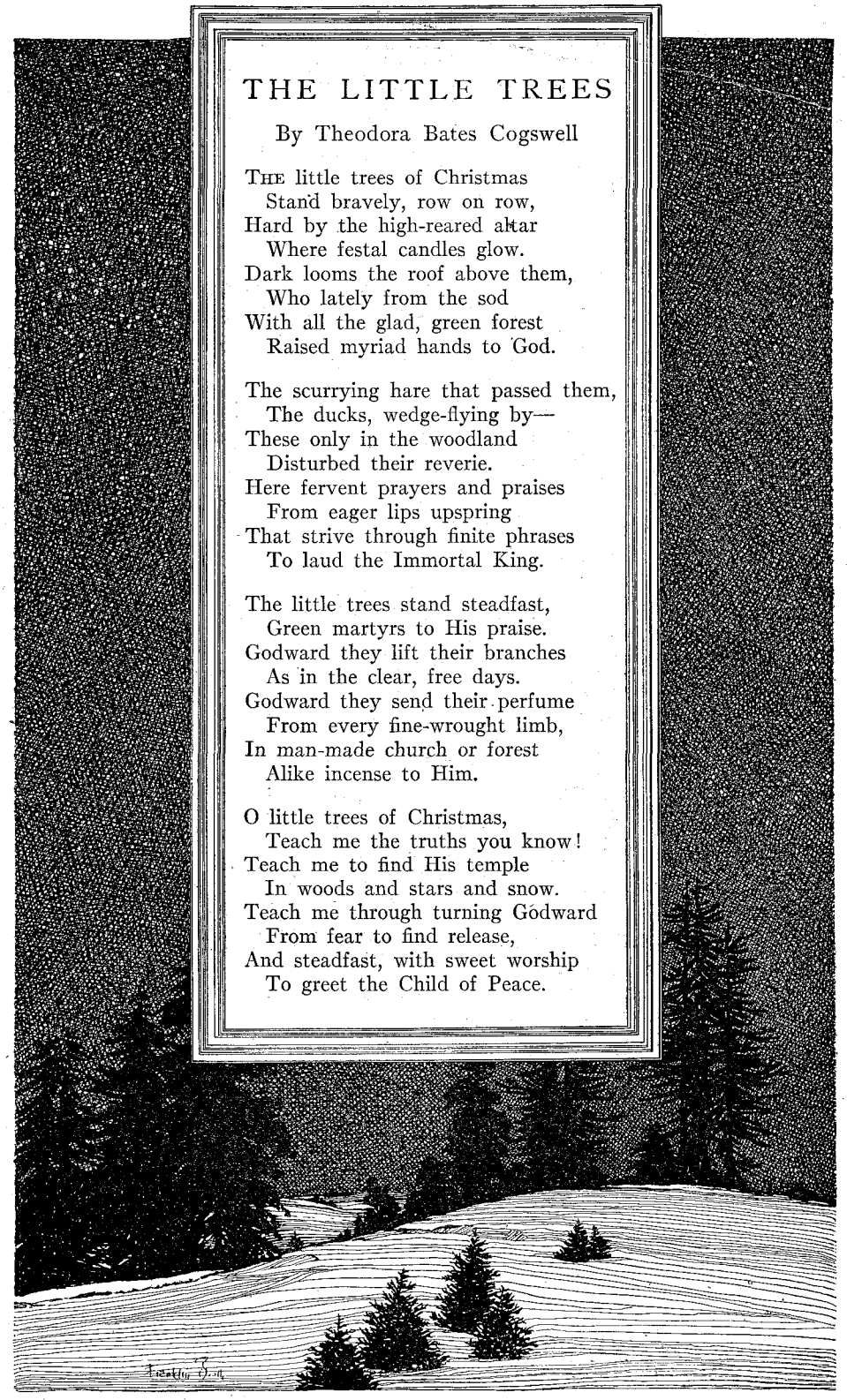

THE LITTLE TREES

By Theodora Bates Cogswell

THE little trees of Christmas
Stand bravely, row on row,
Hard by the high-reared altar
Where festal candles glow.
Dark looms the roof above them,
Who lately from the sod
With all the glad, green forest
Raised myriad hands to God.

The scurrying hare that passed them,
The ducks, wedge-flying by—
These only in the woodland
Disturbed their reverie.
Here fervent prayers and praises
From eager lips upspring
That strive through finite phrases
To laud the Immortal King.

The little trees stand steadfast,
Green martyrs to His praise.
Godward they lift their branches
As in the clear, free days.
Godward they send their perfume
From every fine-wrought limb,
In man-made church or forest
Alike incense to Him.

O little trees of Christmas,
Teach me the truths you know!
Teach me to find His temple
In woods and stars and snow.
Teach me through turning Godward
From fear to find release,
And steadfast, with sweet worship
To greet the Child of Peace.

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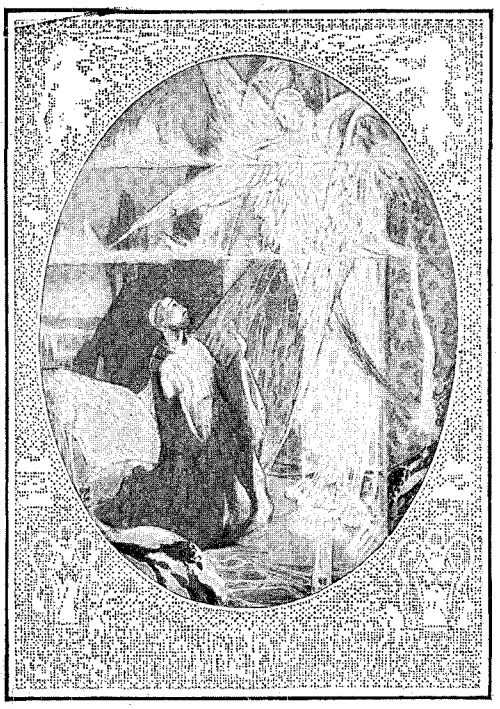

THE STIGMATA

By Thomas Walsh

SILENT the mountain; on the plains below
The morning broke in silent waves afar;
And in the heart of Francis, late aglow
With prayer and passion, silence like a star.
For there had passed an angel in the night
Bearing to heaven his last surrender up:
"Useless and worthless am I in His sight,
But yet His servant!" He had drained the cup
Of ultimate sacrifice, when sudden shone
An orb spread sunlike on the morning skies;
Nearer it flashed and nearer—Seraph-Son
Of God, wast Thou Thyself revealed unto his eyes?
The six great wings spread cross-wise round the form
Of Christ upon the Tree before him bent;
There was a voice celestial sounding warm
Secrets of heaven unto his soul attent.
There was the glory and the anguish twined
On those immortal brows; while darts of fire
From hands and feet and side on his inclined,
Meeting half-way the urge of his desire.
His side—ah, torment mixed with joy!—what wound
Of love has pierced? Through either hand there goes
A hallowed, grievous nail; unto the ground
His feet are clenched as with Love's iron blows.
So were his hands God-sealed, and so his feet
Imprinted on God's way, and so his side
Laid open blooming in Love's fire-heat,
That to the little griefs of earth he died.

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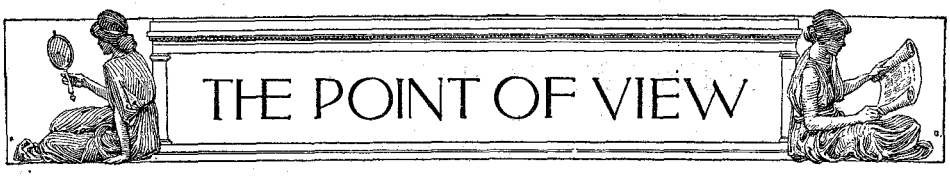

HE still breathes, the "man with soul so dead" that he can say, not only to himself but publicly: "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me." Mercifully for human progress there are signs abroad that give us the hope of his ultimately becoming extinct. He will be survived for a time, but not indefinitely, by his mate whose marvellous prehensile tenacity leads her to believe—and act accordingly—that what was good enough for her great-grandmother is good enough for her. Undoubtedly the least violent modernist would be willing to deal the blow that should rid us of them, but there is a strange resilience in both the male and female of this species that makes them rise unscathed after the sharpest attacks on their benighted tenets. We shall have to wait the slower end that must befall them. Evolution by exclusion, or the killing off of those who persistently go the wrong way is a sure process if not a swift one. So, knowing him to be doomed, let us not waste energy in hopeless argument with him.

Something for the Affections

Yet, if this vanishing man could be brought to believe in an amendment of his doctrine, he could win a right to live. If he would proceed backwardly only so far as to say, "Some things that were good enough for my father are surely good enough for me," he might prove a valuable restraining influence on the extremists of this generation who are too apt to look upon all that our forebears held dear as of no more use to us than most vestigial remains. Such radicals are hardly less of a bar to progress than the sententious stand-patter who prates of his father's day as though it were the Golden Age.

Now and again we may meet with a counsellor who, standing well between these two extremes, can say to us that, while it fares better with our intellects if we accept nothing merely because it is a legacy from the past, it may fare sadly with our humanness if we are not impelled to cling to a few relics solely on that ground. It has dawned on us only recently that there is no irreverence in challenging the manners, morals, and belongings of our fathers. If they are sound they can bear our scrutiny. Intoxicated with this discovery, we are developing a ruthlessness in analysis that threatens to run amuck and to produce a social environment that stimulates our mental powers but wages a war of attrition upon our affections.

How can they survive the prevailing spirit of the day? We are being taught that a concrete personal affection is a small thing compared to the dawning sense of the larger brotherhood of man; that we should strive for the will to power, not the will to tenderness; and that efficiency works miracles that love could never compass. Woman, particularly, has had this brought home to her with a swiftness that has kept pace with her emancipation. For her new freedom she has paid with many of her old untutored affections, and the Moloch of progress cries out for more. She may in the end pay with all the institutions and habits that nourished those qualities which, if they made the world no wiser, perhaps added something to the sum of "human delight." The social economist is storming woman's last outpost —the home. She is being forced to agree that she has been inefficient even in that, her own province, and that if the world's work had advanced as slowly as hers we would still be in sight of the Stone Age. She is urged to give up her personal domestic endeavors in favor of some group scheme where organization will accomplish what well-meaning blundering could never do.

As the economist demands her home, as it stands at present, so the experimental psychologist has designs upon her children. They can be developed into finer citizens if she will intrust them to trained experts. Her inept devotion is hampering. She may even, unless she loves too wisely to be demonstrative, produce in her sons a "mother complex" which is now generally understood to accord with such strange perversions as those of Œdipus and Hamlet.

So one by one all her old softnesses are being challenged and she is yielding them

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with a surprising readiness. Let us hope she will not strip herself of them all until time has added perspective to her suddenly acquired new vision and she is able to see clearly that there may be a few things from the past that while they will not stand the acid test of the intellect are yet quite worth keeping.

The ruthless iconoclasm of to-day is submitting our inheritances to this test to an extent that makes it a happy surprise when one meets with some soul who has clung to a belief out of loyalty to those who labored to make it his. It would be a positive relief to find a home here and there where in full knowledge that disagreeable Great-uncle George's desk is a delight to the artistic sense and Great-aunt Martha's "what-not" a distress, the what-not had been chosen just because Aunt Martha was such an old dear.

Is no home more beautiful because it contains something as rich in association as it is poor in æsthetic value? Is nothing better for being done lovingly than efficiently? Is no life richer for holding to something that has not been sifted through the intelligence but has been enshrined in the heart?

Just as philosophies that exclude the metaphysical world must be in a degree unsatisfying, so the modernist whose platform allows nothing for the affections is surely building up for us a bleak and cheerless social structure.

The "Grind" Peril in a Girls' College

"I WANT Matilda to like her work, but I don't on any account want her to be a grind!" said an "alumna mother," as she confided her freshman daughter to the general mercies of our college and to my special fostering. She had saved for the last this her word of most anxious solicitude. I had been bidden to remove Matilda to a better dormitory if she should feel herself not quite congenially placed. If she should find German too taxing, I was to arrange for the substitution of something easier—literature, for example. If I should judge her to be getting worn as the term advanced, I must see that she went home earlier for the Christmas holidays. But as my good old friend, wistful in noble planning for her daughter's perfect womanhood, went questing back among the traditions of twenty years ago to be sure that no precaution had been omitted, a large-looming fear took a certain shape of resolve. Whatever happened, Matilda should never be a "grind."

I reflected, as I listened, with some ruefulness and more amusement, that the child is mother of the woman, in prejudice at least. And here was surviving a venerable prejudice from the clutch of which no one of us could claim exemption. If I should send out among my academic contemporaries a questionnaire to ascertain the number among them of unqualified "grinds" such as our undergraduate fancy conceived, I should discover that every one would "rather see than be one." And as for myself I would as soon hear that in scholarship I am a "grind" as that in morals I mean well.

For, however our definitions of the creature used to differ in detail, we all agreed that she was a most unpleasant person. In appearance she was untouched by the graces. We used to call her, with a fine scorn of which we were very proud, "an earnest student." You could tell her by her unconscious gait, which "moved altogether if it moved at all," by her disregard for the straggling lock, by her dull superiority to the niceties of trimness, to the romance of fabric color. "Her collar" was traditionally "unhooked, her shoe untied, and her whole aspect denoting a careless desolation."

In mental calibre too she was of the type which never would be missed—intellectual repository of perfectly classified and perfectly useless information, of the sort which it is never quite good form for a girl of spirit to retain exactly. She was not only "up in dates." She could identify every geological specimen from a glyptodont to the hipparionex proximus. She knew the irregular verbs of all the languages and never had to lower her voice when she approached a French subjunctive. She knew who wrote "Gorboduc" and "Handlyng Synne" and the "Testament of Cresseid." She could recite the names of all the kings of Israel. She wore her days out nosing in the library like the toad within the stone, careless of the sun, and could be lured from her researches neither by senior elections nor by a May morning. She gave more offense to the innocent than Aristides by her unmitigated excellence.

I suppose the most modern of us have a tolerably safe assurance that the "grind" among college girls is an extinct monster superseded by the improvements of evolution. Any apparent recurrence of the type we take for the phantom of a preserved specimen escaped for a bit from her alcohol

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to act as a warning among real people. But we can't be sure. At least the story of live "grinds" is still used to frighten children. For my talk with Matilda's mother was not my first on the subject.

Such a pretty girl came to call upon me one day in my office. I had been warning her of pitfalls ahead in the primrose path. She blew in like a fresh spring wind, beamed engagingly upon me, and explained: "You see, I study just as hard as I can without being a grind. And I don't want to be a grind!" The situation was familiar enough, but her attitude toward it was significant. She had come not to seek my help, nor to deprecate my wrath—just to make me feel easy, to show that there was no fault of mine, or indeed of hers, and that we must both just be cheerfully resigned to her delightful limitations. And as I looked at her daintiness and pictured in contrast the dingy wraith which she feared to resemble, I could not blame her. I did not argue.

Still I wished that she would risk it and study just a little harder. The chance seemed remote indeed that she would develop any undue rigors of scholarly austerity. And meanwhile one could not hope to tell her of certain lights shining in darkness which her vision could not comprehend, of a mental zest which could so easily reinforce the pleasure of her days—even of an added prettiness which might well grow in her pretty eyes with growing intellectual grace behind them. Or if the unlikely danger were not negligible—that she might from overstudy become a specially developed monster, turn through scholarly application into a temporary dragon, the prince of all good fairy-tales would be at hand, there was no manner of doubt, to disenchant her back to beauty, if there is any precedent at all in fairy-tales. What need had there been to scare her?

And there came a twinge of compunction for my own irresponsible share in floating the fiction of the "grind" peril. The danger-signal had been set by ourselves, the college girls of yesteryear. That fashionable aversion to obvious studiousness, so lightly conceived and more than half assumed to fit the occasional levities of the last generation, had swollen into an active tyranny. Perhaps my caller had an "alumna mother."

For it is a quaint paradox, if we come to think of it, that the ascription of frightfulness to the passionate student of books among their number comes as often as not from the college-bred women. "Grinds" of a sort are still within our ranks in the middle of life's journey, real scholars of increasing efficiency, who do not look at all like our conventional definition of the type and would give quite another account of their unpretentious activities. But they must be on the defensive. They must hide their attainments under a specious exterior of charm or gracious manner. In olden times the dread of feminine erudition emanated most frequently from some masculine apprehension—that the nicety of the delicate female might take blight from vulgar intellectual contact, or worse—that the housekeeper's knack for the perfect berry-pie might lapse before the new nonsense. Today it is as likely to be the college woman of the world, zealous to secure the just poise of well-rounded character in her Matilda, who holds to the dictum or at least the affectation of Bacon—that "to spend too much time in studies is sloth."

We do not use the word "grind" for one another now that we are grown up. We have developed a more opprobrious term. A scholar among us of mature years, especially if she have the additional stigma of association with some college faculty, we call "an academic person." I can't describe to you how you look, you who are women of the world—the patronage that twists your mouths and tilts your noses when you say that So-and-so used to be very clever but that she has grown frightfully academic. Apparently you divide womankind according to Mr. Chesterton's classification of humanity into "poets, people, and professors," throwing in with professors, as a semi-fossilized formation, all devotees of bookish labor. Even the college girl will often say very kindly of her scholarly teacher: "Why, she is human after all, isn't she?" But when you are an alumna woman of the world you conceive that your scholarly sister settles, in the course of ten years, into a vegetable condition, and thereafter, through about ten more, imperceptibly hardens into mineral. So she dries away among her books and her circulation gradually slows down. If you prick her, she will not bleed. If you tickle her, she will not laugh. Like the Lady of Shallott, she watches the life of real men and women reflected in a mirror. She knows only "the

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theory of husband and lover." So she dwells shut up in cloister, chanting chaste hymns to the cold, fruitless moon, in a decadence of monotone tranquillity.

The academic person would be the last to strike a defiant attitude. It is true that the academic person settling into a comfortable middle age near the campus of a girls' college must often shake herself out of pageantry into reality, must constantly test the wires which connect her with the outside hurly-burly where the general population grows up and grows old. Occasionally an uncommonly restive spirit will cry out with the rebellious shepherdess in the fair old pastoral, "Oh, if only a very little wolf would break in!" Yes, the academic person will not deny that her life is lacking in dramatic effect.

She would, however, be probably the last to suspect that her calling could need defense. Her tameness she would cite as the index of her value. She would call it excuse enough in a hasty and vocational America to uphold the tradition that study is a slow thing.

For our modern world, seeking always new and newer inventions for putting quick girdles round the earth, has not quite given up the notion that it may happen soon on some handy method for the rapid diffusion of general culture. We have not hit upon it yet. We have known now for a long time that the millennium will not happen when everybody goes to college. A college senior once said to me: "You can get a B.A. without knowing much, can't you? I've been thinking about it for four days."

We have most of us been thinking about it for longer than that. The B.A. has not turned out to be an absolute short cut to learning. And the graduate world is pathetically full of attempted short cuts which do not quite arrive, of second-hand expedients for instruction.

We can buy a complete manual of everything from Greek art to psychological pedagogy. We are beginning to study Gothic on the phonograph. We are to go on conveniently with our history and literature by means of the moving-picture show. We get our music so nicely on the Victrola. And even the graduate schools of our universities can show plenty of "earnest students" who would like to acquire their education as the young robin gets its worm—to hold the head up and the mouth open, expecting little junks of learning to be dropped in predigested and cut up.

There may then be a more than ever necessary place, among women as elsewhere, for academic resistance to a too easy progress. There may be a more than ever necessary place, in the girl's college as in the man's, for the frightfully academic person who, though loving the touch of practical affairs, nevertheless gives scholarship her central devotion, who cherishes as a reasonable service that fine ardor for the things of the mind, that zest of purely intellectual curiosity, which we are wont to associate in faint-hearted moments with the lost arts of the lost centuries.

Whether we used to pose as grind or butterfly or philosopher, we all remember an intellectual experience as the essential stuff of college life. As college women we are concerned that intellectual experience should be the increasingly essential stuff of college future, that a more vitally rooted culture should grow more wide-spread in the gardens of young America. And culture, that "plant and flower of light," does seem to require for its health a slow and careful nurture. For the quick-growing vine, the gourd which sprang up in a night, we are told that God prepared the first worm. And since have been sent grasshoppers and caterpillars innumerable for all plants good and bad.

Grubbing is tame business. A life of grubbing among books must have its narrowness. But it need not be too narrow. "For out of olde bokes, in good feith, cometh al this newe science that men lere." And we are brought up in the doctrine that "a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit," not just the dusty urn which contains his ashes.

So there may be grinds still, like Browning's grammarian—among women too, as we may venture to admit—worthy to be buried on the heights because they have found leisure through life to putter around the very little roots of the very little things of learning. Even the despised "grind" of the college girl's dread had the under side of a bright hope. And the day is perhaps at hand when the college girl will lose her dread of scholarly unloveliness, discard her occasional pose of nonchalant detachment, and confess with full sincerity her fundamental preference for the "free liberty of the mind and the garnishing of the same."

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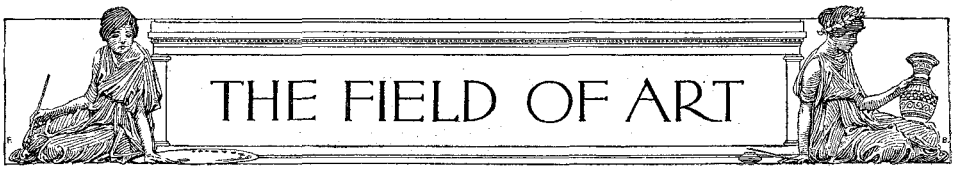

PUTTING ART TO WORK FOR THE MASSES

THE democratizing of art by relating its creative powers to the development of the natural resources of the state is comparatively a new movement for this country, though in Europe art has been a popular, democratic institution, enjoyed alike by poor and rich for generations. Americans have poured hundreds of millions of dollars of their money into the pockets of European tradesmen in order that they, too, might participate in the enjoyment of this far-reaching utilization of art. Now comes an American State with a well-defined programme for the adaptation of art to the work of developing its industries and natural resources, which in time will add many millions to the wealth of the people.

Rich in the art heritage which has come to it from the Old World through the medium of its alien citizens, Minnesota is harnessing art for the development of the common people. This is rather a difficult undertaking, due to the fact that the average American has looked upon art as the fad of the excessively rich, or a drawing-room profession, but Minnesota has made appreciable progress in this new undertaking. The coming of millions of immigrants from the art centres of the Old World has made it possible for the United States to reap the benefit of a splendid foundation for such work, but failure to make use of this opportunity has permitted American industries to remain in the background while European manufacturers have reaped the profits of commercial art. The sudden halt in the flow of European artisans to America has given the nation an opportunity to take an inventory of its resources in the ranks of the common people for the first time.

Ten years ago Minnesota set out to prove that art is related to the good of the masses as well as the classes. It created a State Art Commission, a bureau patterned on the same lines as the State Bureau of Mines or any other department of State government. It was the first American State to take this step and even to-day stands alone in this respect. The commission has undertaken the task of showing the common people that art has a dollar-and-cents value, and is extremely democratic, despite misleading appearances. Its sphere of influence has been extended beyond that of creating fine canvases and statuary to the development of industries having in them latent art possibilities.

Seventy-five per cent of the State's population is of Old World descent. Most of these people found themselves unable to compete with machine-made articles, despite their superior ability in craftsmanship, and have allowed their art instinct to be crowded out by attempting to adapt themselves to the competition of American machinery. This accounts in no small way for the huge sums Americans have been spending annually for goods bearing such trade-marks as "Made in Germany," "Made in Belgium," or "Made in France," which are guarantees of beauty as well as serviceability.

Minnesota's greatest resource, in the opinion of Maurice I. Flagg, director of the State Art Commission, is her people, and the first work of the commission has been devoted to the development of better ideals and an increased earning capacity among the workers in the homes and factories. Art has been harnessed and put to work building more attractive farm homes, planning attractive lawns and yards for farmers and city residents, fostering infant industries having in them great art possibilities, making farm life more attractive for the young people, and doing the thousand-and-one things which Minnesotans have neglected heretofore. Nor has the struggling artist been neglected, for it is Minnesota's aim to foster the fine as well as the common arts.

The Minnesota manufacturer is being shown how to utilize art in the development of his business along broader lines. He is now adapting something of the beauty of designs and patterns used in European industries of the same character, improv-

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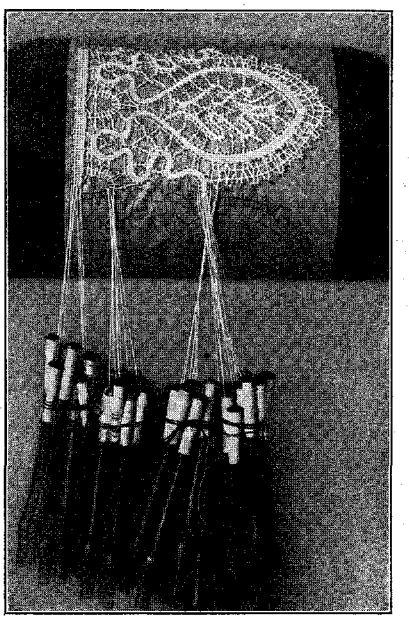
ing the working and living conditions of his workers, and encouraging the individual stamp of quality and beauty in every article made in his plant, whether it be clothespins or farming implements. On the other side, the farmer is finding that better and more attractive homes encourage greater efficiency and content among the members of his family and his workers. His crops are being benefited thereby, though the average farmer would have to laugh if he were told that art could help in growing better and larger crops. The working man is learning that quality as well as quantity are demanded by his employer, and that each finished article he turns out establishes his standing as an artist. Flower-pots and shrubbery are taking the places of the tin cans and dumping spots in the back yards of the workers, and there has been an increased demand for paint among this class of people in an effort to beautify and improve their homes. Fatter pay envelopes have been the result in every factory where art has been put to work by employer and employee.



Pillow lace.

The incorporation of art into the work of the manufacturing plants and industries of America will in time serve to wean the average American away from the shopping counters of Europe to his own stores and shops, as he will find that he can obtain the same beauty and quality for which he has been going to Europe to pay the foreign merchant fancy prices. When that time comes the trade-mark "Made in America" will have attained something more of world-wide significance, inasmuch as it will have opened new markets and channels of trade which have been swamped with European goods. The vision of an American trade-mark with other distinguishing marks than the sign of the dollar is one which is beginning to appeal to the far-sighted manufacturer, thanks to the work of the art commission.

"To study the consular reports of current trade journals is to realize that art needs no defense as a practical, vital force in the development of economic and industrial Europe," said Mr. Flagg in outlining the plans of the State Art Bureau. "These foreign trade-marks are being accepted by Americans as guarantees of beauty and quality, and the American public has been willing to pay the price demanded. We have had no other choice because there has been little or no American competition. Not only are we willing to pay the price, but we insist on going abroad for the purpose of purchasing. In 1913 the citizens of the United States paid four hundred millions of dollars for enjoying the beauty side of Europe."

The secret of the success of the European manufacturer of chinaware is explained in a recent trade report, which says that the American manufacturer cannot compete at the present time with the foreign trade-mark. The American product lacks quality, says this report, because we do not have the right kind of clay and do not put beauty into our designs.

Americans are apt to boast of the immensity of their wheat and corn crops, but only a few years ago the value of the industrial art products of France exceeded that of a bumper American wheat crop.

Having been awakened somewhat by the European war, the American manufacturer has been entertaining a vision of a better and wider market for his products. He has begun to realize that he must begin to study the art side of his business if he is to engage in the commercial scramble into which the starved European industries will plunge at the end of the war. The love of beauty —whether it be on canvas, in woman, or

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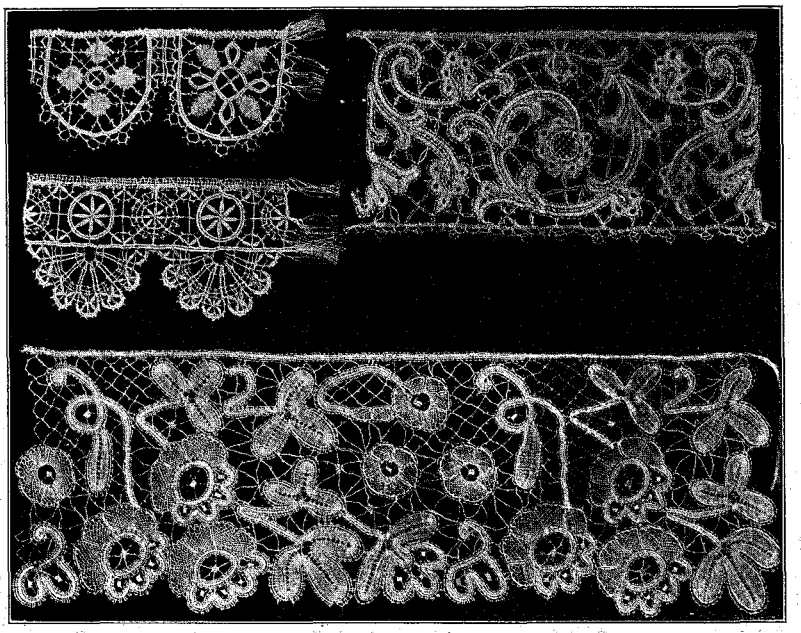

Venetian and duchess laces made by German and Bohemian women of Minnesota under leadership of Minnesota State Art Commission.

in the manufactured article—is inherent in the Spanish-speaking nations of South America, a fact which has been ignored too long by the American industries. This is the first attempt by any State to lend concrete assistance to the exporter who has designs on the South American trade. On every hand there is plenty of evidence that the American public is to be treated to an awakened national conscience as far as the development of art in industry is concerned.

At some time not far distant Minnesota plans to build a great art school, which will be founded on the idea of making art the common possession of all the people. The art commission will serve as a clearing-house for the fine and industrial arts, standing ready to find a market for everything worth while produced by Minnesota artists, whether they be painters or brickmakers. Just now the commission is lending its assistance to the preparation of programmes for civic gatherings, an extensive educational programme being conducted with the aid of the State club-women.

A concrete illustration of how art has been put to work in Minnesota is the lace-making industry among the foreign-born women. There are in Minnesota many thousands of women who came from Vienna and Old World art centres as are found in Sweden, Norway, Bohemia, Russia, and central Europe. Because of inability to find a worth-while market for their fine laces, these women had allowed the industry in which their mothers and grandmothers were engaged to die out with them or to become commercialized in a cheap fashion. The women in the smaller towns had formed the habit of exchanging their laces for groceries and other supplies, receiving only meagre credit for their handiwork. The result was it soon deteriorated in quality and quantity. They saw no reason for spending their hard-earned money to buy new patterns from their old homes, and lace-making became almost a lost art among the younger women, especially those born in this country. One day Director Flagg dropped off a train at New Ulm, a quiet little town overlooking the Minnesota River, in search of latent industries into which he could inject new life with art as the medium.

To the foreign-born women of the town, once a well-known lace-making centre, he made the proposition of State aid, which aroused new aspirations and hopes. Di-

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rector Flagg promised the aid of the State in obtaining better grades of materials and more attractive patterns from the Old World art centres, providing the women would agree to re-engage in the lace-making business in their homes, as they did before coming to America. The commission promised to find a market for better-qualitied laces, and later collected samples of the best work of these women for a State exhibition. The department-store buyers and women fanciers of laces were surprised to find that such artistic laces were being made inside the State and became interested in the new industry. The result was that everything of merit was snapped up by department stores and well-to-do women. Cash prizes were also awarded to the makers of the best designs, and with the money received from this sale most of the women sent to their old homes for the more costly patterns and materials and began making even more beautiful laces. The women of one small colony cleared one thousand dollars in one winter season by working a few hours each evening at lace-making, and their profits have increased each year as the demand for these domestic laces has continued to grow.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the attempt to put an Old World industry on its feet in Minnesota is the interest being taken in their mothers' work by the young girls of New Ulm, and other centres of foreign-born people, who preferred careers as bundle-wrappers and cash-girls at precarious salaries in large department stores to following the old-fashioned business of making laces at home. These young women began to find they could make more money at home making laces and that lace-making had been a recognized instead of a despised industry. The result has been that fewer young women are leaving the small towns for the cities. The addition of hundreds of young women to the lace-making colonies has justified the faith of the art commission in believing that this home industry could be conducted quite as profitably in Minnesota as in Europe.

Minnesotans have been shown other practical ways in which art can be put to work for the public good. Four years ago the commission inaugurated a contest for the best design for a rural home to cost no more than three thousand five hundred dollars complete, hoping thereby to lay the foundation for a campaign to encourage the building of better homes on the farms of the State. Fifty leading architects of the State competed for the honors, and those who failed to win presented their ideas to the State free of charge. The commission, with this wealth of material, made arrangements to make it available for the use of every farmer home-builder in the State. For a fee of three and a half dollars, which barely covered the cost of blue-prints, any citizen of the State is able to obtain a complete set of any of these fifty plans.

More than one hundred thousand copies of plans of Minnesota's model farm home have been circulated around the State, and the entire world, in fact.

The Minnesota model farm home was designed chiefly for the farmer's wife, who has been the most neglected individual in the nation until recent times. Every comfort and convenience enjoyed by the city housewife has been transplanted to the country, and the farm wife no longer works in a dingy, dark, inconvenient home which makes a poor comparison indeed when set up alongside the average big red barn on the farm.

Another campaign was inaugurated to interest citizens living in villages and suburban communities in building more artistic homes, and contests were held to obtain model village and suburban homes which could be built by the average man without stretching his purse to the breaking-point. Later, similar contests resulted in the adoption of model farmyards and landscaping plans for city homes.

There is hardly an occupation or calling in Minnesota into which art cannot reach out and better conditions, in the opinion of the commission, and gradually public indifference and scepticism to the development of a common, every-day art is disappearing. Had the Minnesota farmer been told a few years ago that art could increase the value of his corn crop he would have laughed the informant to scorn. But when he began building better and more comfortable farm homes, he found his farm-hands and his own sons and daughters more content to remain on the farm, and all were more willing workers. And the discovery that two ears of corn were growing where one grew before is the surest evidence that art is coming into its own, on the farm, at least. And there is the place where it has been most needed. O. R. Geyer.

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